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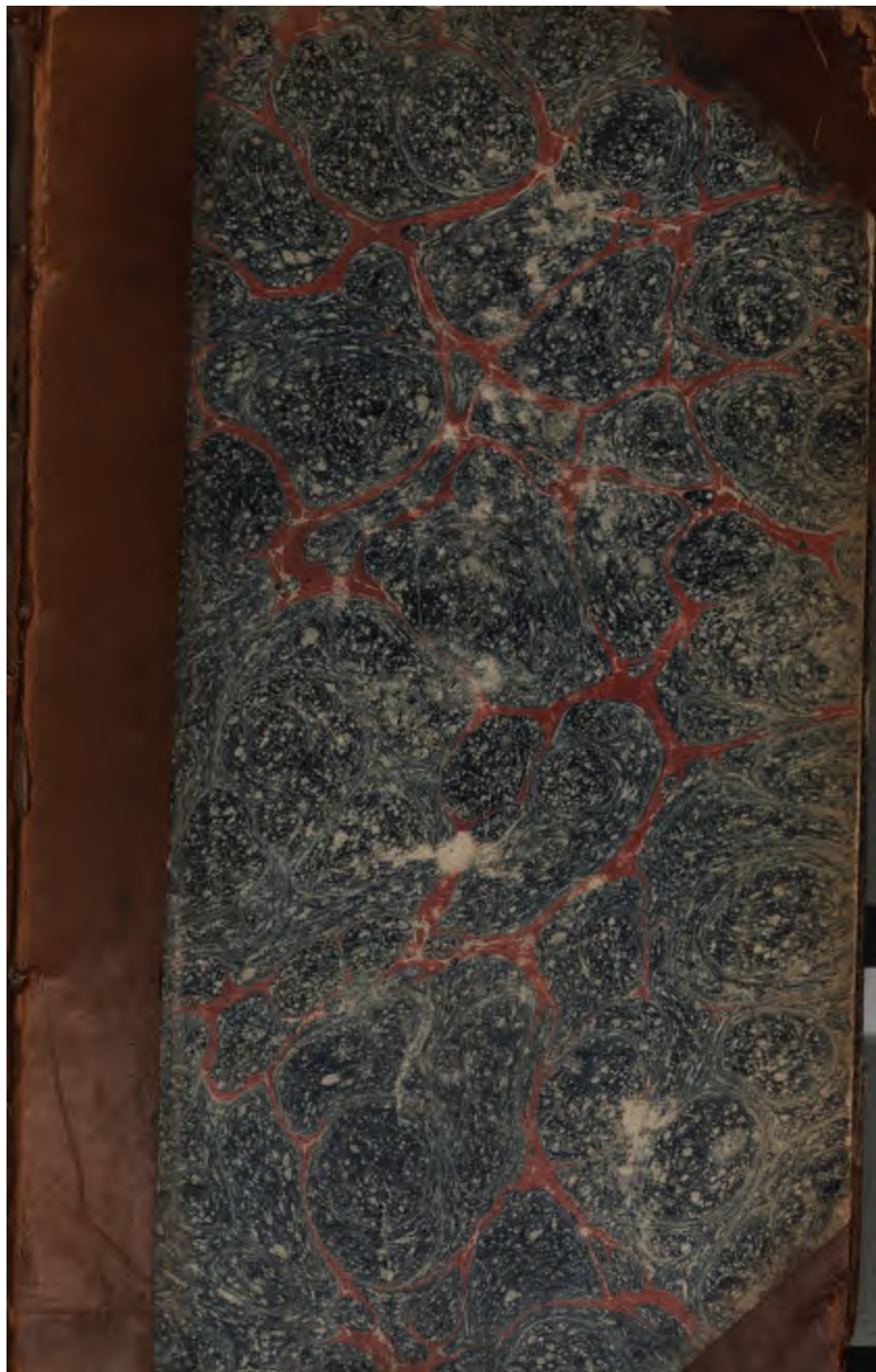
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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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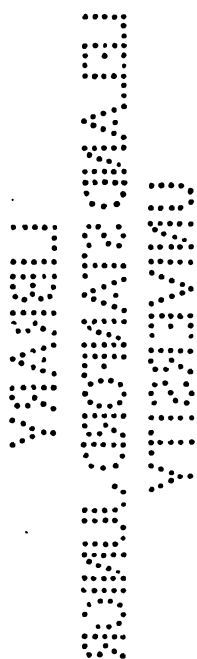
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2. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By Lord Lindsay. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.

THERE is, perhaps, no phenomenon connected with the history of the first half of the nineteenth century, which will become a subject of more curious investigation in after ages, than the coincident development of the Critical faculty, and extinction of the Arts of Design. Our mechanical energies, vast though they be, are not singular nor characteristic; such, and so great, have before been manifested—and it may perhaps be recorded of us with wonder rather than respect, that we pierced mountains and excavated valleys, only to emulate the activity of the gnat and the swiftness of the swallow. Our discoveries in science, however accelerated or comprehensive, are but the necessary development of the more wonderful reachings into vacancy of past centuries; and they who struck the piles of the bridge of Chaos will arrest the eyes of Futurity rather than we builders of its towers and gates—theirs the authority of Light, ours but the ordering of courses to the Sun and Moon. But the Negative character of the age is distinctive. There has not before appeared a race like that of civilized Europe at this day, thoughtfully unproductive of all art—ambitious—industrious—investigative—reflective, and incapable. Disdained by the savage, or scattered by the soldier, dishonoured by the voluptuary, or forbidden by the fanatic, the arts have not, till now, been extinguished by analysis and paralyzed by protection. Our lecturers, learned in history, exhibit the descents of excellence from school to school, and clear from doubt the pedigrees of powers which they cannot re-establish, and of virtues no more to be revived: the scholar is early acquainted with every department of the Impossible, and expresses in proper terms his sense of the deficiencies of Titian and the errors of Michael Angelo: the metaphysician weaves from field to field his analogies of gossamer, which shake and glitter fairly in the sun, but must be torn asunder by the first plough that passes; geometry measures out, by line and

VOL. LXXXI. NO. CLXI. B rule,

rule, the light which is to illustrate heroism, and the shadow which should veil distress; and anatomy counts muscles, and systematizes motion, in the wrestling of Genius with its angel. Nor is ingenuity wanting—nor patience; apprehension was never more ready, nor execution more exact—yet nothing is of us, or in us, accomplished;—the treasures of our wealth and will are spent in vain—our cares are as clouds without water—our creations fruitless and perishable; the succeeding Age will trample ‘*sopra lor vanita che par persona,*’ and point wonderingly back to the strange colourless tessera in the mosaic of human mind. No previous example can be shown, in the career of nations not altogether nomade or barbarous, of so total an absence of invention,—of any material representation of the mind’s inward yearning and desire, seen, as soon as shaped, to be, though imperfect, in its essence good, and worthy to be rested in with contentment, and consisting self-approval—the Sabbath of contemplation which confesses and confirms the majesty of a style. All but ourselves have had this in measure; the Imagination has stirred herself in proportion to the requirements, capacity, and energy of each race: reckless or pensive, soaring or frivolous, still she has had life and influence; sometimes aiming at Heaven with brick for stone and slime for mortar—anon bound down to painting of porcelain, and carving of ivory, but always with an inward consciousness of power which might indeed be palsied or imprisoned, but not in operation vain. Altars have been rent, many—ashes poured out,—hands withered—but we alone have worshipped, and received no answer—the pieces left in order upon the wood, and our names writ in the water that runs round about the trench.

It is easier to conceive than to enumerate the many circumstances which are herein against us, necessarily, and exclusive of all that wisdom might avoid, or resolution vanquish. First, the weight of mere numbers, among whom ease of communication rather renders opposition of judgment fatal, than agreement probable; looking from England to Attica, or from Germany to Tuscany, we may remember to what good purpose it was said that the magnetism of iron was found not in bars, but in needles. Together with this adversity of number comes the likelihood of many among the more available intellects being held back and belated in the crowd, or else prematurely outwearied; for it now needs both curious fortune and vigorous effort to give to any, even the greatest, such early positions of eminence and audience as may feed their force with advantage; so that men spend their strength in opening circles, and crying for place, and only come to speech of us with broken voices and shortened time. Then follows the diminution of importance in peculiar places and public edifices,



edifices, as they engage national affection or vanity; no single city can now take such queenly lead as that the pride of the whole body of the people shall be involved in adorning her; the buildings of London or Munich are not charged with the fullness of the national heart as were the domes of Pisa and Florence:—their credit or shame is metropolitan, not acropolitan; central at the best, not dominant; and this is one of the chief modes in which the cessation of superstition, so far as it has taken place, has been of evil consequence to art, that the observance of local sanctities being abolished, meanness and mistake are anywhere allowed of, and the thoughts and wealth which were devoted and expended to good purpose in one place, are now distracted and scattered to utter unavailableness. In proportion to the increasing spirituality of religion, the conception of worthiness in material offering ceases, and with it the sense of beauty in the evidence of votive labour; machine-work is substituted for hand-work, as if the value of ornament consisted in the mere multiplication of agreeable forms, instead of in the evidence of human care and thought and love about the separate stones; and—machine-work once tolerated—the eye itself soon loses its sense of this very evidence, and no more perceives the difference between the blind accuracy of the engine, and the bright, strange, play of the living stroke—a difference as great as between the form of a stone pillar and a springing fountain. And on this blindness follow all errors and abuses—hollowness and slightness of frame-work, speciousness of surface ornament, concealed structure, imitated materials, and types of form borrowed from things noble for things base; and all these abuses must be resisted with the more caution, and less success, because in many ways they are signs or consequences of improvement, and are associated both with purer forms of religious feeling and with more general diffusion of refinements and comforts; and especially because we are critically aware of all our deficiencies, too cognizant of all that is greatest to pass willingly and humbly through the stages that rise to it, and oppressed in every honest effort by the bitter sense of inferiority. In every previous development the power has been in advance of the consciousness, the resources more abundant than the knowledge—the energy irresistible, the discipline imperfect. The light that led was narrow and dim—streakings of dawn—but it fell with kindly gentleness on eyes newly awakened out of sleep. But we are now aroused suddenly in the light of an intolerable day—our limbs fail under the sun-stroke—we are walled in by the great buildings of elder times, and their fierce reverberation falls upon us without pause, in our feverish and oppressive consciousness of



captivity; we are laid bedridden at the Beautiful Gate, and all our hope must rest in acceptance of the 'such as I have,' of the passers by.

The frequent and firm, yet modest expression of this hope, gives peculiar value to Lord Lindsay's book on Christian Art; for it is seldom that a grasp of antiquity so comprehensive, and a regard for it so affectionate, have consisted with aught but gloomy foreboding with respect to our own times. As a contribution to the History of Art, his work is unquestionably the most valuable which has yet appeared in England. His research has been unwearied; he has availed himself of the best results of German investigation—his own acuteness of discernment in cases of approximating or derivative style is considerable—and he has set before the English reader an outline of the relations of the primitive schools of Sacred art which we think so thoroughly verified in all its more important ramifications, that, with whatever richness of detail the labour of succeeding writers may illustrate them, the leading lines of Lord Lindsay's chart will always henceforth be followed. The feeling which pervades the whole book is chastened, serious, and full of reverence for the strength ordained out of the lips of infant Art—accepting on its own terms its simplest teaching, sympathizing with all kindness in its unreasoning faith; the writer evidently looking back with most joy and thankfulness to hours passed in gazing upon the faded and faint touches of feeble hands, and listening through the stillness of uninvaded cloisters for fall of voices now almost spent; yet he is never contracted into the bigot, nor inflamed into the enthusiast; he never loses his memory of the outside world, never quits nor compromises his severe and reflective Protestantism, never gives ground of offence by despite or forgetfulness of any order of merit or period of effort. And the tone of his address to our present schools is therefore neither scornful nor peremptory; his hope, consisting with full apprehension of all that we have lost, is based on a strict and stern estimate of our power, position, and resource, compelling the assent even of the least sanguine to his expectancy of the revelation of a new world of Spiritual Beauty, of which whosoever

'will dedicate his talents, as the bondsman of love, to his Redeemer's glory and the good of mankind, may become the priest and interpreter, by adopting in the first instance, and re-issuing with that outward investiture which the assiduous study of all that is beautiful, either in Grecian sculpture, or the later but less spiritual schools of painting, has enabled him to supply, such of its bright ideas as he finds imprisoned in the early and imperfect efforts of art—and secondly, by exploring further on his own account in the untrodden realms of feeling that lie before

before him, and calling into palpable existence visions as bright, as pure, and as immortal as those that have already, in the golden days of Raphael and Perugino, obeyed their creative mandate, Live!—vol. iii. p. 422.

But while we thus defer to the discrimination, respect the feeling, and join in the hope of the author, we earnestly deprecate the frequent assertion, as we entirely deny the accuracy or propriety, of the metaphysical analogies, in accordance with which his work has unhappily been arranged. Though these had been as carefully, as they are crudely, considered, it had still been no light error of judgment to thrust them with dogmatism so abrupt to the forefront of a work whose purpose is assuredly as much to win to the truth as to demonstrate it. The writer has apparently forgotten that of the men to whom he must primarily look for the working out of his anticipations, the most part are of limited knowledge and inveterate habit, men dexterous in practice, idle in thought; many of them compelled by ill-ordered patronage into directions of exertion at variance with their own best impulses, and regarding their art only as a means of life; all of them conscious of practical difficulties which the critic is too apt to underestimate, and probably remembering disappointments of early effort rude enough to chill the most earnest heart. The shallow amateurship of the circle of their patrons early disgusts them with theories; they shrink back to the hard teaching of their own industry, and would rather read the book which facilitated their methods, than the one that rationalized their aims. Noble exceptions there are, and more than might be deemed; but the labour spent in contest with executive difficulties renders even these better men unapt receivers of a system which looks with little respect on such achievement, and shrewd discerners of the parts of such system which have been feebly rooted, or fancifully reared. Their attention should have been attracted both by clearness and kindness of promise; their impatience prevented by close reasoning and severe proof of every statement which might seem transcendental. Altogether void of such consideration or care, Lord Lindsay never even so much as states the meaning or purpose of his appeal, but, clasping his hands desperately over his head, disappears on the instant in an abyss of curious and unsupported assertions of the philosophy of human nature: reappearing only, like a breathless diver, in the third page, to deprecate the surprise of the reader whom he has never addressed, at a conviction which he has never stated; and again vanishing ere we can well look him in the face, among the frankincensed clouds of Christian mythology; filling the greater part of his first volume with a resumé of its symbols and traditions, yet never vouchsafing the slightest hint of the objects  
for



for which they are assembled, or the amount of credence with which he would have them regarded: and so proceeds to the historical portion of the book, leaving the whole theory which is its key to be painfully gathered from scattered passages, and in great part from the mere form of enumeration adopted in the preliminary chart of the schools; and giving as yet, account only of that period to which the mere artist looks with least interest—while the work, even when completed, will be nothing more than a single pinnacle of the historical edifice whose ground-plan is laid in the preceding essay, ‘Progression by Antagonism:’—a plan, by the author’s confession, ‘too extensive for his own, or any single hand to execute,’ yet without the understanding of whose main relations it is impossible to receive the intended teaching of the completed portion.

It is generally easier to plan what is beyond the reach of others than to execute what is within our own; and it had been well if the range of this introductory essay had been something less extensive, and its reasoning more careful. Its search after truth is honest and impetuous, and its results would have appeared as interesting as they are indeed valuable, had they but been arranged with ordinary perspicuity, and represented in simple terms. But the writer’s evil genius pursues him; the demand for exertion of thought is remorseless, and continuous throughout, and the statements of theoretical principle as short, scattered, and obscure, as they are bold. We question whether many readers may not be utterly appalled by the aspect of an ‘Analysis of Human Nature’—the first task proposed to them by our intellectual Eurystheus—to be accomplished in the space of six semi-pages, followed in the seventh by the ‘Development of the Individual Man,’ and applied in the eighth to a ‘General Classification of Individuals;’ and we infinitely marvel that our author should have thought it unnecessary to support or explain a division of the mental attributes on which the treatment of his entire subject afterwards depends, and whose terms are repeated in every following page to the very dazzling of eye and deadening of ear (a division, we regret to say, as illogical as it is purposeless), otherwise than by a laconic reference to the assumptions of Phrenology.

‘The Individual Man, or Man considered by himself as an unit in creation, is compounded of three distinct primary elements,

1. Sense, or the animal frame, with its passions or affections;
2. Mind or Intellect;—of which the distinguishing faculties—rarely, if ever, equally balanced, and by their respective predominance determinative of his whole character, conduct, and views of life—

are,

- i. Imagination,

i. Imagination, the discerner of Beauty,—

ii. Reason, the discerner of Truth,—

the former animating and informing the world of Sense or Matter, the latter finding her proper home in the world of abstract or immaterial existences—the former receiving the impress of things Objectively, or *ab externo*, the latter impressing its own ideas on them Subjectively, or *ab interno*—the former a feminine or passive, the latter a masculine or active principle; and

iii. Spirit—the Moral or Immortal principle, ruling through the Will, and breathed into Man by the Breath of God.—*Progression by Antagonism*, pp. 2, 3.

On what authority does the writer assume that the moral is alone the *Immortal* principle—or the only part of the human nature bestowed by the breath of God? Are imagination, then, and reason perishable? Is the Body itself? Are not all alike immortal, and when distinction is to be made among them, is not the first great division between their active and passive immortality, between the supported body and supporting spirit; that spirit itself afterwards rather conveniently to be considered as either exercising intellectual function, or receiving moral influence, and, both in power and passiveness, deriving its energy and sensibility alike from the sustaining breath of God—than actually divided into intellectual and moral parts? For if the distinction between us and the brute be the test of the nature of the living soul by that breath conferred, it is assuredly to be found as much in the imagination as in the moral principle. There is but one of the moral sentiments enumerated by Lord Lindsay the sign of which is absent in the animal creation:—the enumeration is a bald one, but let it serve the turn—‘Self-esteem and love of Approbation,’ eminent in horse and dog; ‘Firmness,’ not wanting either to ant or elephant; ‘Veneration,’ distinct as far as the superiority of man can by brutal intellect be comprehended; ‘Hope,’ developed as far as its objects can be made visible; and ‘Benevolence,’ or Love, the highest of all, the most assured of all—together with all the modifications of opposite feeling, rage, jealousy, habitual malice, even love of mischief and comprehension of jest:—the one only moral sentiment wanting being that of responsibility to an Invisible being, or conscientiousness. But where, among brutes, shall we find the slightest trace of the Imaginative faculty, or of that discernment of beauty which our author most inaccurately confounds with it, or of the discipline of memory, grasping this or that circumstance at will, or of the still nobler foresight of, and respect towards, things future, except only instinctive and compelled? The fact is, that it is not in intellect added to the bodily sense, nor in moral sentiment superadded



superadded to the intellect, that the essential difference between brute and man consists: but in the elevation of all three to that point at which each becomes capable of communion with the Deity, and worthy therefore of eternal life;—the body more universal as an instrument—more exquisite in its sense—this last character carried out in the eye and ear to the perception of Beauty, in form, sound, and colour—and herein distinctively raised above the brutal sense; intellect, as we have said, peculiarly separating and vast; the moral sentiments like in essence, but boundlessly expanded, as attached to an infinite object, and labouring in an infinite field: each part mortal in its shortcoming, immortal in the accomplishment of its perfection and purpose; the opposition which we at first broadly expressed as between body and spirit, being more strictly between the natural and spiritual condition of the entire creature—body natural, sown in death, body spiritual, raised in incorruption: Intellect natural, leading to scepticism; intellect spiritual, expanding into faith: Passion natural, suffered from things visible; passion spiritual, centred on things unseen: and the strife or antagonism which is throughout the subject of Lord Lindsay's proof, is not, as he has stated it, between the moral, intellectual, and sensual elements, but between the upward and downward tendencies of all three—between the spirit of Man which goeth upward, and the spirit of the Beast which goeth downward.

We should not have been thus strict in our examination of these preliminary statements, if the question had been one of terms merely, or if the inaccuracy of thought had been confined to the Essay on Antagonism. If upon receiving a writer's terms of argument in the sense—however unusual or mistaken—which he chooses they should bear, we may without further error follow his course of thought, it is as unkind as unprofitable to lose the use of his result in quarrel with its algebraic expression; and if the reader will understand by Lord Lindsay's general term 'Spirit' the susceptibility of right moral emotion, and the entire subjection of the Will to Reason; and receive his term 'Sense' as not including the perception of Beauty either in sight or sound, but expressive of animal sensation only, he may follow without embarrassment to its close, his magnificently comprehensive statement of the forms of probation which the heart and faculties of man have undergone from the beginning of time. But it is far otherwise when the theory is to be applied, in all its pseudo-organization, to the separate departments of a particular art, and analogies the most subtle and speculative traced between the mental character and artistical choice or attainment of different races of men. Such analogies are always treacherous, for  
the

the amount of expression of individual mind which Art can convey is dependent on so many collateral circumstances, that it even militates against the truth of any particular system of interpretation that it should seem at first generally applicable, or its results consistent. The passages in which such interpretation has been attempted in the work before us, are too graceful to be regretted, nor is their brilliant suggestiveness otherwise than pleasing and profitable too, so long as it is received on its own grounds merely, and affects not with its uncertainty the very matter of its foundation. But all oscillation is communicable, and Lord Lindsay is much to be blamed for leaving it entirely to the reader to distinguish between the determination of his research and the activity of his fancy—between the authority of his interpretation and the aptness of his metaphor. He who would assert the true meaning of a symbolical art, in an age of strict inquiry and tardy imagination, ought rather to surrender something of the fulness which his own faith perceives, than expose the fabric of his vision, too finely woven, to the hard handling of the materialist; and we sincerely regret that discredit is likely to accrue to portions of our author's well-grounded statement of real significancies, once of all men understood, because these are rashly blended with his own accidental perceptions of disputable analogy. He perpetually associates the present imaginative influence of Art with its ancient hieroglyphical teaching, and mingles fancies fit only for the framework of a sonnet, with the decyphered evidence which is to establish a serious point of history; and this the more frequently and grossly, in the endeavour to force every branch of his subject into illustration of the false division of the mental attributes which we have pointed out. His theory is first clearly stated in the following passage:—

‘Man is, in the strictest sense of the word, a progressive being, and with many periods of inaction and retrogression, has still held, upon the whole, a steady course towards the great end of his existence, the re-union and re-harmonizing of the three elements of his being, dislocated by the Fall, in the service of his God. Each of these three elements Sense, Intellect, and Spirit, has had its distinct development at three distant intervals, and in the personality of the three great branches of the human family. The race of Ham, giants in prowess if not in stature, cleared the earth of primeval forests and monsters, built cities, established vast empires, invented the mechanical arts, and gave the fullest expansion to the animal energies. After them, the Greeks, the elder line of Japhet, developed the intellectual faculties, Imagination and Reason, more especially the former, always the earlier to bud and blossom; poetry and fiction, history, philosophy and science, alike look back to Greece as their birthplace; on the one hand they put a soul into  
Sense,



Sense, peopling the world with their gay mythology—on the other they bequeathed to us, in Plato and Aristotle, the mighty patriarchs of human wisdom, the Darius and the Alexander of the two grand armies of thinking men whose antagonism has ever since divided the battle-field of the human intellect:—While, lastly, the race of Shem, the Jews, and the nations of Christendom, their *locum tenentes* as the Spiritual Israel, have, by God's blessing, been elevated in Spirit to as near and intimate communion with Deity as is possible in this stage of being. Now the peculiar interest and dignity of ART consists in her exact correspondence in her three departments with these three periods of development, and in the illustration she thus affords—more closely and markedly even than literature—to the all-important truth that men stand or fall according as they look up to the Ideal or not. For example, the Architecture of Egypt, her pyramids and temples, cumbrous and inelegant, but imposing from their vastness and their gloom, express the ideal of Sense or Matter—elevated and purified indeed, and nearly approaching the Intellectual, but Material still; we think of them as of natural scenery, in association with caves or mountains, or vast periods of time; their voice is as the voice of the sea, or as that of “many peoples,” shouting in unison:—But the Sculpture of Greece is the voice of Intellect and Thought, communing with itself in solitude, feeding on beauty and yearning after truth:—While the Painting of Christendom—(and we must remember that the glories of Christianity, in the full extent of the term, are yet to come)—is that of an immortal Spirit, conversing with its God. And as if to mark more forcibly the fact of continuous progress towards perfection, it is observable that although each of the three arts peculiarly reflects and characterises one of the three epochs, each art of later growth has been preceded in its rise, progress, and decline, by an antecedent correspondent development of its elder sister or sisters—Sculpture, in Greece, by that of Architecture—Painting, in Europe, by that of Architecture and Sculpture. If Sculpture and Painting stand by the side of Architecture in Egypt, if Painting by that of Architecture and Sculpture in Greece, it is as younger sisters, girlish and unformed. In Europe alone are the three found linked together, in equal stature and perfection.”—*Sketches*, vol. i. pp. xii.—xiv.

The reader must, we think, at once perceive the bold fallacy of this forced analogy—the comparison of the architecture of one nation with the sculpture of another, and the painting of a third, and the assumption as a proof of difference in moral character, of changes necessarily wrought, always in the same order, by the advance of mere mechanical experience. Architecture must precede sculpture, not because sense precedes intellect, but because men must build houses before they adorn chambers, and raise shrines before they inaugurate idols; and sculpture must precede painting, because men must learn forms in the solid before they can project them on a flat surface, and must learn to conceive designs in light and shade before they can conceive them in colour, and must learn to

treat



treat subjects under positive colour and in narrow groups, before they can treat them under atmospheric effect and in receding masses: and all these are mere necessities of practice, and have no more connexion with any divisions of the human mind than the equally paramount necessities that men must gather stones before they build walls, or grind corn before they bake bread. And that each following nation should take up either the same art at an advanced stage, or an art altogether more difficult, is nothing but the necessary consequence of its subsequent elevation and civilization. Whatever nation had succeeded Egypt in power and knowledge, after having had communication with her, must necessarily have taken up art at the point where Egypt left it—in its turn delivering the gathered globe of heavenly snow to the youthful energy of the nation next at hand, with an exhausted 'à vous le dé!' In order to arrive at any useful or true estimate of the respective rank of each people in the scale of mind, the architecture of each must be compared with the architecture of the other—sculpture with sculpture—line with line; and to have done this broadly and with a surface glance, would have set our author's theory on firmer foundation, to outward aspect, than it now rests upon. Had he compared the accumulation of the pyramid with the proportion of the peristyle, and then with the aspiration of the spire; had he set the colossal horror of the Sphinx beside the Phidian Minerva, and this beside the Pietà of M. Angelo; had he led us from beneath the iridescent capitals of Denderah, by the contested line of Apelles, to the hues and the heaven of Perugino or Bellini, we might have been tempted to assoilzie from all staying of question or stroke of partizan the invulnerable aspect of his ghostly theory; but, if, with even partial regard to some of the circumstances which physically limited the attainments of each race, we follow their individual career, we shall find the points of superiority less salient, and the connexion between heart and hand more embarrassed. Yet let us not be misunderstood:—the great gulf between Christian and Pagan art we cannot bridge—nor do we wish to weaken one single sentence wherein its breadth or depth is asserted by our author. The separation is not gradual, but instant and final—the difference not of degree, but of condition; it is the difference between the dead vapours rising from a stagnant pool, and the same vapours touched by a torch. But we would brace the weakness which Lord Lindsay has admitted in his own assertion of this great inflaming instant by confusing its fire with the mere phosphorescence of the marsh, and explaining as a successive development of the several human faculties, what was indeed the bearing of them all at once, over a threshold

threshold strewed with the fragments of their idols, into the temple of the One God.

We shall therefore, as fully as our space admits, examine the application of our author's theory to Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, successively, setting before the reader some of the more interesting passages which respect each art, while we at the same time mark with what degree of caution their conclusions are, in our judgment, to be received.

Accepting Lord Lindsay's first reference to Egypt, let us glance at a few of the physical accidents which influenced its types of architecture. The first of these is evidently the capability of carriage of large blocks of stone over perfectly level land. It was possible to roll to their destination along that uninterrupted plain, blocks which could neither by the Greek have been shipped in sea-worthy vessels, nor carried over mountain-passes, nor raised except by extraordinary effort to the height of the rock-built fortress or seaward promontory. A small undulation of surface, or embarrassment of road makes large difference in the portability of masses, and of consequence, in the breadth of the possible intercolumniation, the solidity of the column, and the whole scale of the building. Again, in a hill-country, architecture can be important only by position, in a level country only by bulk. Under the overwhelming mass of mountain-form it is vain to attempt the expression of majesty by size of edifice—the humblest architecture may become important by availing itself of the power of nature, but the mightiest must be crushed in emulating it: the watch-towers of Amalfi are more majestic than the Superga of Piedmont; St. Peter's would look like a toy if built beneath the Alpine cliffs, which yet vouchsafe some communication of their own solemnity to the smallest chalet that glitters among their glades of pine. On the other hand, a small building is in a level country lost, and the impressiveness of bulk proportionably increased; hence the instinct of nations has always led them to the loftiest efforts where the masses of their labour might be seen looming at incalculable distance above the open line of the horizon—hence rose her foursquare mountains above the flat of Memphis, while the Greek pierced the recesses of Phigaleia with ranges of columns, or crowned the sea-cliffs of Sunium with a single pediment, bright, but not colossal.

The derivation of the Greek types of form from the forest-hut is too direct to escape observation; but sufficient attention has not been paid to the similar petrification, by other nations, of the rude forms and materials adopted in the haste of early settlement, or consecrated by the purity of rural life. The whole  
system



system of Swiss and German Gothic has thus been most characteristically affected by the structure of the intersecting timbers at the angles of the *châlet*. This was in some cases directly and without variation imitated in stone, as in the piers of the old bridge of Aarburg; and the practice obtained—partially in the German after-Gothic—universally, or nearly so, in Switzerland—of causing mouldings which met at an angle to appear to interpenetrate each other, both being truncated immediately beyond the point of intersection. The painfulness of this ill-judged adaptation was conquered by association—the eye became familiarized to uncouth forms of tracery—and a stiffness and meagreness, as of cast-iron, resulted in the mouldings of much of the ecclesiastical, and all the domestic Gothic of central Europe; the mouldings of casements intersecting so as to form a small hollow square at the angles, and the practice being further carried out into all modes of decoration—pinnacles interpenetrating crockets, as in a peculiarly bold design of archway at Besançon. The influence at Venice has been less immediate and more fortunate; it is with peculiar grace that the majestic form of the ducal palace reminds us of the years of fear and endurance when the exiles of the *Prima Venetia* settled like homeless birds on the sea-sand, and that its quadrangular range of marble wall and painted chamber, raised upon multiplied columns of confused arcade,\* presents but the exalted image of the first pile-supported hut that rose above the rippling of the lagoons.

In the chapter on the 'Influence of Habit and Religion,' of Mr. Hope's Historical Essay, the reader will find further instances of the same feeling, and, bearing immediately on our present purpose, a clear account of the derivation of the Egyptian temple from the excavated cavern; but the point to which in all these cases we would direct especial attention, is, that the first perception of the great laws of architectural *proportion* is dependent for its acuteness less on the æsthetic instinct of each nation than on the mechanical conditions of stability and natural limitations of size in the primary type, whether hut, *châlet*, or tent.

As by the constant reminiscence of the natural proportions of his first forest-dwelling, the Greek would be restrained from all inordinate exaggeration of size—the Egyptian was from the first left without hint of any system of proportion, whether constructive, or of visible parts. The cavern—its level roof supported by amorphous piers—might be extended indefinitely into the interior of the hills, and its outer façade continued almost without term along their flanks—the solid mass of cliff above

\* The reader must remember that this arcade was originally quite open, the inner wall having been built after the fire, in 1574.

forming one gigantic entablature, poised upon props instead of columns. Hence the predisposition to attempt in the built temple the expression of infinite extent, and to heap the ponderous architrave above the proportionless pier.

The less direct influences of external nature in the two countries were still more opposed. The sense of beauty, which among the Greek peninsulas was fostered by beating of sea and rush of river, by waving of forest and passing of cloud, by undulation of hill and poise of precipice, lay dormant beneath the shadowless sky and on the objectless plain of the Egyptians; no singing winds nor shaking leaves nor gliding shadows gave life to the line of their barren mountains—no Goddess of Beauty rose from the pacing of their silent and foamless Nile. One continual perception of stability, or changeless revolution, weighed upon their hearts—their life depended on no casual alternation of cold and heat—of drought and shower; their gift-Gods were the risen River and the eternal Sun, and the types of these were for ever consecrated in the lotus decoration of the temple and the edge of the enduring Pyramid. Add to these influences, purely physical, those dependent on the superstitions and political constitution; of the overflowing multitude of 'populous No'; on their condition of prolonged peace—their simple habits of life—their respect for the dead—their separation by incommunicable privilege and inherited occupation—and it will be evident to the reader that Lord Lindsay's broad assertion of the expression of 'the Ideal of Sense or Matter' by their universal style, must be received with severe modification, and is indeed thus far only true, that the mass of Life supported upon that fruitful plain could, when swayed by a despotic ruler in any given direction, accomplish by mere weight and number what to other nations had been impossible, and bestow a pre-eminence, owed to mere bulk and evidence of labour, upon public works which among the Greek republics could be rendered admirable only by the intelligence of their design.

Let us, for the present omitting consideration of the debasement of the Greek types which took place when their cycle of achievement had been fulfilled, pass to the germination of Christian architecture, out of one of the least important elements of those fallen forms—one which, less than the least of all seeds, has risen into the fair branching stature under whose shadow we still dwell.

The principal characteristics of the new architecture, as exhibited in the Lombard cathedral, are well sketched by Lord Lindsay:—

'The three most prominent features, the eastern aspect of the sanctuary, the cruciform plan, and the soaring octagonal cupola, are borrowed from Byzantium—the latter in an improved form—the cross with



with a difference—the nave, or arm opposite the sanctuary, being lengthened so as to resemble the supposed shape of the actual instrument of suffering, and form what is now distinctively called the Latin Cross. The crypt and absis, or tribune, are retained from the Romish basilica, but the absis is generally pierced with windows, and the crypt is much loftier and more spacious, assuming almost the appearance of a subterranean church. The columns of the nave, no longer isolated, are clustered so as to form compound piers, massive and heavy—their capitals either a rude imitation of the Corinthian, or, especially in the earlier structures, sculptured with grotesque imagery. Triforia, or galleries for women, frequently line the nave and transepts. The roof is of stone, and vaulted. The narthex, or portico, for excluded penitents, common alike to the Greek and Roman churches, and in them continued along the whole façade of entrance, is dispensed with altogether in the oldest Lombard ones, and when afterwards resumed, in the eleventh century, was restricted to what we should now call Porches, over each door, consisting generally of little more than a canopy open at the sides, and supported by slender pillars, resting on sculptured monsters. Three doors admit from the western front; these are generally covered with sculpture, which frequently extends in belts across the façade, and even along the sides of the building. Above the central door is usually seen, in the later Lombard churches, a S. Catherine's-wheel window. The roof slants at the sides, and ends in front sometimes in a single pediment, sometimes in three gables answering to three doors; while, in Lombardy at least, hundreds of slender pillars, of every form and device—those immediately adjacent to each other frequently interlaced in the true lover's knot, and all supporting round or trefoil arches—run along, in continuous galleries, under the eaves, as if for the purpose of supporting the roof—run up the pediment in front, are continued along the side-walls and round the eastern absis, and finally engirdle the cupola. Sometimes the western front is absolutely covered with these galleries, rising tier above tier. Though introduced merely for ornament, and therefore on a vicious principle, these fairy-like colonnades win very much on one's affections. I may add to these general features the occasional and rare one, seen to peculiar advantage in the cathedral of Cremona, of numerous slender towers, rising, like minarets, in every direction, in front and behind, and giving the east end, especially, a marked resemblance to the mosques of the Mahometans.

'The Baptistry and the Campanile, or bell-tower, are in theory invariable adjuncts to the Lombard cathedral, although detached from it. The Lombards seem to have built them with peculiar zest, and to have had a keen eye for the picturesque in grouping them with the churches they belong to.

'I need scarcely add, that the round arch is exclusively employed in pure Lombard architecture.

'To translate this new style into its symbolical language is a pleasurable task. The three doors and three gable ends signify the Trinity, the Catherine-wheel window (if I mistake not) the *Trinitas*, as concentrated in Christ, the Light of the Church.

sion in larger masses ; the Italian, even at the period of his most exquisite art in glass, retaining the small Lombard window, whose expediency will hardly be doubted by any one who has experienced the transition from the scorching reverberation of the white-hot marble front, to the cool depth of shade within, and whose beauty will not be soon forgotten by those who have seen the narrow lights of the Pisan duomo announce by their redder burning, not like transparent casements, but like characters of fire searing the western wall, the decline of day upon Capraja.

Here, then, arose one great distinction between Northern and Transalpine Gothic, based, be it still observed, on mere necessities of climate. While the architect of Santa Maria Novella admitted to the frescos of Ghirlandajo scarcely more of purple lancet light than had been shed by the morning sun through the veined alabasters of San Miniato ; and looked to the rich blue of the quinquipartite vault above, as to the mosaic of the older concha, for conspicuous aid in the colour decoration of the whole ; the northern builder burst through the walls of his apse, poured over the eastern altar one unbroken blaze, and lifting his shafts like pines, and his walls like precipices, ministered to their miraculous stability by an infinite phalanx of sloped buttress and glittering pinnacle. The spire was the natural consummation. Internally, the sublimity of space in the cupola had been superseded by another kind of infinity in the prolongation of the nave ; externally, the spherical surface had been proved, by the futility of Arabian efforts, incapable of decoration ; its majesty depended on its simplicity, and its simplicity and leading forms were alike discordant with the rich rigidity of the body of the building. The campanile became, therefore, principal and central ; its pyramidal termination was surrounded at the base by a group of pinnacles, and the spire itself, banded, or pierced into aerial tracery, crowned with its last enthusiastic effort the flame-like ascent of the perfect pile.

The process of change was thus consistent throughout, though at intervals accelerated by the sudden discovery of resource, or invention of design ; nor, had the steps been less traceable, do we think the suggestiveness of Repose, in the earlier style, or of Imaginative Activity in the latter, definite or trustworthy. We much question whether the Duomo of Verona, with its advanced guard of haughty gryphons—the mailed peers of Charlemagne frowning from its vaulted gate,—that vault itself ribbed with variegated marbles, and peopled by a crowd of monsters—the Evangelical types not the least stern or strange ; its stringcourses replaced by flat cut friezes, combats between gryphons and chain-clad



clad paladins, stooping behind their triangular shields and fetching sweeping blows with two-handed swords; or that of Lucca—its fantastic columns clasped by writhing snakes and winged dragons, their marble scales spotted with inlaid serpentine, every available space alive with troops of dwarfish riders, with spur on heel and hawk in hood, sounding huge trumpets of chase, like those of the Swiss Urus-horn, and cheering herds of gaping dogs upon harts and hares, boars and wolves, every stone signed with its grisly beast—be one whit more soothing to the contemplative, or less exciting to the imaginative faculties, than the successive arch, and visionary shaft, and dreamy vault, and crisped foliage, and colourless stone, of our own fair abbeys, chequered with sunshine through the depth of ancient branches, or seen far off, like clouds in the valley, risen out of the pause of its river. And with respect to the more fitful and fantastic expression of the ‘Italian Gothic,’ our author is again to be blamed for his loose assumption, from the least reflecting of preceding writers, of this general term, as if the pointed buildings of Italy could in any wise be arranged in one class, or criticised in general terms. It is true that so far as the church interiors are concerned, the system is nearly universal, and always bad; its characteristic features being arches of enormous span, and banded foliage capitals divided into three fillets, rude in design, unsuggestive of any structural connexion with the column, and looking consequently as if they might be slipped up or down, and had been only fastened in their places for the temporary purposes of a festa. But the exteriors of Italian pointed buildings display variations of principle and transitions of type quite as bold as either the advance from the Romanesque to the earliest of their forms, or the recoil from their latest to the cinquecento.

The first and grandest style resulted merely from the application of the pointed arch to the frequent Romanesque window, the large semicircular arch divided by three small ones. Pointing both the superior and inferior arches, and adding to the grace of the larger one by striking another arch above it with a more removed centre, and placing the voussoirs at an acute angle to the curve, we have the truly noble form of domestic Gothic, which—more or less enriched by mouldings and adorned by penetration, more or less open of the space between the including and inferior arches—was immediately adopted in almost all the proudest palaces of North Italy—in the R of Como, Bergamo, Modena, and Siena—in the Scaligers at Verona—of the Gambacorti at Pini at Lucca—besides inferior buildings in

there any form of civil Gothic except the Venetian, which can be for a moment compared with it in simplicity or power. The latest is that most vicious and barbarous style of which the richest types are the lateral porches and upper pinnacles of the Cathedral of Como, and the whole of the Certosa of Pavia:—characterised by the imitative sculpture of large buildings on a small scale by way of pinnacles and niches; the substitution of candelabra for columns; and the covering of the surfaces with sculpture, often of classical subject, in high relief and daring perspective, and finished with delicacy which rather would demand preservation in a cabinet, and exhibition under a lens, than admit of exposure to the weather and removal from the eye, and which, therefore, architecturally considered, is worse than valueless, telling merely as unseemly roughness and rustication. But between these two extremes are varieties nearly countless—some of them both strange and bold, owing to the brilliant colour and firm texture of the accessible materials, and the desire of the builders to crowd the greatest expression of value into the smallest space. Thus it is in the promontories of serpentine which meet with their polished and gloomy green the sweep of the Gulf of Genoa, that we find the first cause of the peculiar spirit of the Tuscan and Ligurian Gothic—carried out in the Florentine duomo to the highest pitch of coloured finish—adorned in the upper story of the Campanile by a transformation, peculiarly rich and exquisite, of the narrowly pierced heading of window already described, into a veil of tracery—and aided throughout by an accomplished precision of design in its mouldings which we believe to be unique. In St. Petronio of Bologna, another and a barbarous type occurs; the hollow niche of Northern Gothic wrought out with diamond-shaped penetrations enclosed in squares; at Bergamo another, remarkable for the same square penetrations of its rich and daring foliation;—while at Monza and Carrara the square is adopted as the leading form of decoration on the west fronts, and a grotesque expression results—barbarous still;—which, however, in the latter duomo is associated with the arcade of slender niches—the translation of the Romanesque arcade into pointed work, which forms the second perfect order of Italian Gothic, entirely ecclesiastical, and well developed in the churches of Santa Caterina and Santa Maria della Spina at Pisa. The Veronese Gothic, distinguished by the extreme purity and severity of its ruling lines, owing to the distance of the centres of circles from which its cusps are struck, forms another, and yet a more noble school—and passes through the richer decoration of Padua and Vicenza to the full magnificence of the Venetian—  
distinguished



distinguished by the introduction of the ogee curve without pruriency or effeminacy, and by the breadth and decision of mouldings as severely determined in all examples of the style as those of any one of the Greek orders.

All these groups are separated by distinctions clear and bold—and many of them by that broadest of all distinctions which lies between disorganization and consistency—accumulation and adaptation, experiment and design;—yet to all one or two principles are common, which again divide the whole series from that of the Transalpine Gothic—and whose importance Lord Lindsay too lightly passes over in the general description, couched in somewhat ungraceful terms, ‘the vertical principle snubbed, as it were, by the horizontal.’ We have already alluded to the great school of colour which arose in the immediate neighbourhood of the Genoa serpentine. The accessibility of marble throughout North Italy similarly modified the aim of all design, by the admission of undecorated surfaces. A blank space of freestone wall is always uninteresting, and sometimes offensive; there is no suggestion of preciousness in its dull colour, and the stains and rents of time upon it are dark, coarse, and gloomy. But a marble surface receives in its age hues of continually increasing glow and grandeur: its stains are never foul nor dim; its undecomposing surface preserves a soft, fruit-like polish for ever, slowly flushed by the maturing suns of centuries. Hence, while in the Northern Gothic the effort of the architect was always so to diffuse his ornament as to prevent the eye from permanently resting on the blank material, the Italian fearlessly left fallow large fields of uncarved surface, and concentrated the labour of the chisel on detached portions, in which the eye, being rather directed to them by their isolation than attracted by their salience, required perfect finish and pure design rather than force of shade or breadth of parts; and further, the intensity of Italian sunshine articulated by perfect gradations, and defined by sharp shadows at the edge, such inner anatomy and minuteness of outline as would have been utterly vain and valueless under the gloom of a northern sky; while again the fineness of material both admitted of, and allured to, the precision of execution which the climate was calculated to exhibit. All these influences working together, and with them that of classical example and tradition, induced a delicacy of expression, a slightrness of salience, a carefulness of touch, and refinement of invention, in all, even the rudest, Italian decorations, utterly unrecognised in those of Northern Gothic: which, however picturesquely adapted to their place and purpose, depend for most of their effect upon bold undercutting, accomplish little beyond graceful embarrassment of the eye, and cannot for an instant be

separated

separately regarded as works of accomplished art. Even the later and more imitative examples profess little more than picturesque vigour or ingenious intricacy. The oak leaves and acorns of the Beauvois mouldings are superbly wreathed, but rigidly repeated in a constant pattern; the stems are without character, and the acorns huge, straight, blunt, and unsightly. Round the southern door of the Florentine duomo runs a border of fig-leaves, each leaf modulated as if dew had just dried from off it—yet each alike, so as to secure the ordered symmetry of classical enrichment. But the Gothic fullness of thought is not therefore left without expression; at the edge of each leaf is an animal, first a cicada, then a lizard, then a bird, moth, serpent, snail—all different, and each wrought to the very life—panting—plumy—writhing—glittering—full of breath and power. This harmony of classical restraint with exhaustless fancy, and of architectural propriety with imitative finish, is found throughout all the fine periods of the Italian Gothic, opposed to the wildness without invention, and exuberance without completion, of the North.

One other distinction we must notice, in the treatment of the Niche and its accessories. In Northern Gothic the niche frequently consists only of a bracket and canopy—the latter attached to the wall, independent of columnar support, pierced into open-work profusely rich, and often prolonged upwards into a crocketed pinnacle of indefinite height. But in the niche of pure Italian Gothic the classic principle of columnar support is never lost sight of. Even when its canopy is actually supported by the wall behind, it is apparently supported by two columns in front, perfectly formed with bases and capitals:—(the support of the Northern niche—if it have any—commonly takes the form of a buttress):—when it appears as a detached pinnacle, it is supported on four columns, the canopy trefoliated with very obtuse cusps, richly charged with foliage in the foliating space, but undecorated at the cusp points, and terminating above in a smooth pyramid, void of all ornament, and never very acute. This form, modified only by various grouping, is that of the noble sepulchral monuments of Verona, Lucca, Pisa, and Bologna; on a small scale it is at Venice associated with the cupola, in St. Mark's, as well as in Santa Fosca, and other minor churches. At Pisa, in the Spina chapel it occurs in its most exquisite form, the columns there being chased with chequer patterns of great elegance. The windows of the Florence cathedral are all placed under a flat canopy of the same form, the columns being elongated, twisted, and enriched with mosaic patterns. The reader must at once perceive how vast is the importance of the difference in system with respect to this member; the whole of the  
rich,



rich, cavernous chiaroscuro of Northern Gothic being dependent on the accumulation of its niches.

In passing to the examination of our Author's theory as tested by the progress of Sculpture, we are still struck by his utter want of attention to physical advantages or difficulties. He seems to have forgotten from the first, that the mountains of Syene are not the rocks of Paros. Neither the social habits nor intellectual powers of the Greek had so much share in inducing his advance in Sculpture beyond the Egyptian, as the difference between marble and syenite, porphyry or alabaster. Marble not only gave the power, it actually introduced the *thought* of representation or realization of form, as opposed to the mere suggestive abstraction: its translucency, tenderness of surface, and equality of tint tempting by utmost reward to the finish which of all substances it alone admits:—even ivory receiving not so delicately, as alabaster endures not so firmly, the lightest, latest touches of the completing chisel. The finer feeling of the hand cannot be put upon a hard rock like syenite—the blow must be firm and fearless—the traceless, tremulous difference between common and immortal sculpture cannot be set upon it—it cannot receive the enchanted strokes which, like Aaron's incense, separate the Living and the Dead. Were it otherwise, were finish possible, the variegated and lustrous surface would not exhibit it to the eye. The imagination itself is blunted by the resistance of the material, and by the necessity of absolute predetermination of all it would achieve. Retraction of all thought into determined and simple forms, such as might be fearlessly wrought, necessarily remained the characteristic of the school. The size of edifice induced by other causes above stated, further limited the efforts of the sculptor. No colossal figure can be minutely finished; nor can it easily be conceived except under an imperfect form. It is a representation of Impossibility, and every effort at completion adds to the monstrous sense of Impossibility. Space would altogether fail us were we even to name one-half of the circumstances which influence the treatment of light and shade to be seen at vast distances upon surfaces of variegated or dusky colour; or of the necessities by which, in masses of huge proportion, the mere laws of gravity, and the difficulty of clearing the substance out of vast hollows neither to be reached nor entered, bind the realization of absolute form. Yet all these Lord Lindsay ought rigidly to have examined, before venturing to determine anything of the mental relations of the Greek and Egyptian. But his overlooking these inevitablenesses of material is connected with the worst flaw of his theory—his Perfection resultant from a balance of elements:

which all experience has shown to be neither desirable nor possible.

His account of Niccola Pisano, the founder of the first great school of middle age sculpture, is thus introduced:—

‘Niccola’s peculiar praise is this,—that, in practice at least, if not in theory, he first established the principle that the study of nature, corrected by the ideal of the antique, and animated by the spirit of Christianity, personal and social, can alone lead to excellence in art:—each of the three elements of human nature—Matter, Mind and Spirit—being thus brought into union and co-operation in the service of God, in due relative harmony and subordination. I cannot over-estimate the importance of this principle; it was on this that, consciously or unconsciously, Niccola himself worked—it has been by following it that Donatello and Ghiberti, Leonardo, Raphael and Michael Angelo have risen to glory. The Sienese school and the Florentine, minds contemplative and dramatic, are alike beholden to it for whatever success has attended their efforts. Like a treble-stranded rope, it drags after it the triumphal car of Christian Art. But if either of the strands be broken, if either of the three elements be pursued disjointedly from the other two, the result is, in each respective case, grossness, pedantry, or weakness:—the exclusive imitation of Nature produces a Caravaggio, a Rubens, a Rembrandt—that of the Antique, a Pellegrino di Tibaldo and a David;—and though there be a native chastity and taste in religion, which restrains those who worship it too abstractedly from Intellect and Sense, from running into such extremes, it cannot at least supply that mechanical apparatus which will enable them to soar:—such devotees must be content to gaze up into heaven, like angels crompt of their wings.’—vol. ii. pp. 102, 103.

This is mere Bolognese eclecticism in other terms, and those terms incorrect. We are amazed to find a writer usually thoughtful, if not accurate, thus indolently adopting the worn-out falsities of our weakest writers on Taste. Does he—can he for an instant suppose that the ruffian Caravaggio, distinguished only by his preference of candlelight and black shadows for the illustration and reinforcement of villany, painted nature—mere nature—exclusive nature, more painfully or heartily than John Bellini or Raphael? Does he not see that whatever men imitate must be nature of some kind, material nature or spiritual, lovely or foul, brutal or human, but nature still? Does he himself see in mere, external, copiable nature, no more than Caravaggio saw, or in the Antique no more than has been comprehended by David? The fact is, that all artists are primarily divided into the two great groups of Imitators and Suggestors—their falling into one or other being dependent partly on disposition, and partly on the matter they have to subdue—(thus Perugino imitates line by line with pencilled gold, the hair which Nino  
Pisano



Pisano can only suggest by a gilded marble mass, both having the will of representation alike). And each of these classes are again divided into the faithful and unfaithful imitators and suggestors; and that is a broad question of blind eye and hard heart, or seeing eye and serious heart, always co-existent; and then the faithful imitators and suggestors—artists proper, are appointed, each with his peculiar gift and affection, over the several orders and classes of things natural, to be by them illumined and set forth. And that is God's doing and distributing; and none is rashly to be thought inferior to another, as if by his own fault; nor any of them stimulated to emulation, and changing places with others, although their allotted tasks be of different dignities, and their granted instruments of differing keenness; for in none of them can there be a perfection or balance of all human attributes;—the great colourist becomes gradually insensible to the refinements of form which he at first intentionally omitted; the master of line is inevitably dead to many of the delights of colour; the study of the true or ideal human form is inconsistent with the love of its most spiritual expressions. To one it is intrusted to record the historical realities of his age; in him the perception of character is subtle, and that of abstract beauty in measure diminished; to another, removed to the desert, or enclosed in the cloister, is given, not the noting of things transient, but the revealing of things eternal. Ghirlandajo and Titian painted men, but could not angels; Duccio and Angelico painted Saints, but could not senators. One is ordered to copy material form lovingly and slowly—his the fine finger and patient will: to another are sent visions and dreams upon the bed—his the hand fearful and swift, and impulse of passion irregular and wild. We may have occasion further to insist upon this great principle of the incommunicableness and singleness of all the highest powers; but we assert it here especially, in opposition to the idea, already so fatal to art, that either the aim of the antique may take place together with the purposes, or its traditions become elevatory of the power, of Christian art; or that the glories of Giotto and the Sienese are in any wise traceable through Niccola Pisano to the venerable relics of the Campo Santo.

Lord Lindsay's statement, as far as it regards Niccola himself, is true.

‘His improvement in Sculpture is attributable, in the first instance, to the study of an ancient sarcophagus, brought from Greece by the ships of Pisa in the eleventh century, and which, after having stood beside the door of the Duomo for many centuries as the tomb of the Countess Beatrice, mother of the celebrated Matilda, has been recently removed to the Campo Santo. The front is sculptured in bas-relief, in two compartments,



partments, the one representing Hippolytus rejecting the suit of Phædra, the other his departure for the chace:—such at least is the most plausible interpretation. The sculpture, if not super-excellent, is substantially good, and the benefit derived from it by Niccola is perceptible on the slightest examination of his works. Other remains of antiquity are preserved at Pisa, which he may have also studied, but this was the classic well from which he drew those waters which became wine when poured into the hallowing chalice of Christianity.—I need scarcely add that the mere presence of such models would have availed little, had not nature endowed him with the quick eye and the intuitive apprehension of genius, together with a purity of taste which taught him how to select, how to modify and how to reinspire the germs of excellence thus presented to him.—vol. ii. pp. 104, 105.

But whatever characters peculiarly classical were impressed upon Niccola by this study, died out gradually among his scholars; and in Orcagna the Byzantine manner finally triumphed, leading the way to the purely Christian sculpture of the school of Fiesole, in its turn swept away by the returning wave of classicalism. The sculpture of Orcagna, Giotto, and Mino da Fiesole, would have been what it was, if Niccola had been buried in his sarcophagus; and this is sufficiently proved by Giotto's remaining entirely uninfluenced by the educated excellence of Andrea Pisano, while he gradually bent the Pisan down to his own uncompromising simplicity. If, as Lord Lindsay asserts, 'Giotto had learned from the works of Niccola the grand principle of Christian art,' the sculptures of the Campanile of Florence would not now have stood forth in contrasted awfulness of simplicity, beside those of the south door of the Baptistery.

'Andrea's merit was indeed very great; his works, compared with those of Giovanni and Niccola Pisano, exhibit a progress in design, grace, composition and mechanical execution, at first sight unaccountable—a chasm yawns between them, deep and broad, over which the younger artist seems to have leapt at a bound,—the stream that sank into the earth at Pisa emerges a river at Florence. The solution of the mystery lies in the peculiar plasticity of Andrea's genius, and the ascendancy acquired over it by Giotto, although a younger man, from the first moment they came into contact. Giotto had learnt from the works of Niccola the grand principle of Christian art, imperfectly apprehended by Giovanni and his other pupils, and by following up which he had in the natural course of things improved upon his prototype. He now repaid to Sculpture, in the person of Andrea, the sum of improvement in which he stood her debtor in that of Niccola:—so far, that is to say, as the treasury of Andrea's mind was capable of taking it in, for it would be an error to suppose that Andrea profited by Giotto in the same independent manner or degree that Giotto profited by Niccola. Andrea's was not a mind of strong individuality; he became completely Giottesque in thought and style, and as Giotto and he continued intimate friends

friends through life, the impression never wore off:—most fortunate, indeed, that it was so, for the welfare of Sculpture in general, and for that of the buildings in decorating which the friends worked in concert.

‘Happily, Andrea’s most important work, the bronze door of the Baptistery, still exists, and with every prospect of preservation. It is adorned with bas-reliefs from the history of S. John, with allegorical figures of virtues and heads of prophets, all most beautiful,—the historical compositions distinguished by simplicity and purity of feeling and design, the allegorical virtues perhaps still more expressive, and full of poetry in their symbols and attitudes; the whole series is executed with a delicacy of workmanship till then unknown in bronze, a precision yet softness of touch resembling that of a skilful performer on the piano-forte. Andrea was occupied upon it for nine years, from 1330 to 1339, and when finished, fixed in its place, and exposed to view, the public enthusiasm exceeded all bounds; the Signoria, with unexampled condescension, visited it in state, accompanied by the ambassadors of Naples and Sicily, and bestowed on the fortunate artist the honour and privilege of citizenship, seldom accorded to foreigners unless of lofty rank or exalted merit. The door remained in its original position—facing the Cathedral—till superseded in that post of honour by the ‘Gate of Paradise,’ cast by Ghiberti. It was then transferred to the Southern entrance of the Baptistery, facing the *Misericordia*.’—vol. ii. pp. 125-128.

A few pages farther on, the question of *Giotto*’s claim to the authorship of the designs for this door is discussed at length, and, to the annihilation of the honour here attributed to *Andrea*, determined affirmatively, partly on the testimony of Vasari, partly on internal evidence—these designs being asserted by our author to be ‘thoroughly Giottesque.’ But, not to dwell on Lord Lindsay’s inconsistency, in the ultimate decision his discrimination seems to us utterly at fault. Giotto has, we conceive, suffered quite enough in the abduction of the work in the Campo Santo, which was worthy of him, without being made answerable for these designs of Andrea. That he gave a rough draught of many of them, is conceivable; but if even he did this, Andrea has added cadenzas of drapery, and other scholarly commonplace, as a bad singer puts ornament into an air. It was not of such teaching that came the ‘Jabal’ of Giotto. Sitting at his tent door, he withdraws its rude drapery with one hand: three sheep only are feeding before him, the watchdog sitting beside them; but he looks forth like a Destiny, beholding the ruined cities of the earth become places, like the valley of Achor, for herds to lie down in.

We have not space to follow our author through his very interesting investigation of the comparatively unknown schools of Teutonic sculpture. With one beautiful anecdote, breathing the whole spirit of the time—the mingling of deep piety with the modest, manly pride of art—our readers must be indulged:—

‘The



"The Florentine Ghiberti gives a most interesting account of a sculptor of Cologne in the employment of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, whose skill he parallels with that of the statuaries of ancient Greece; his heads, he says, and his design of the naked, were "*maravigliosamente bene*," his style full of grace, his sole defect the somewhat curtailed stature of his figures. He was no less excellent in minuter works as a goldsmith, and in that capacity had worked for his patron a "*tavola d'oro*," a tablet or screen (apparently) of gold, with his utmost care and skill; it was a work of exceeding beauty—but in some political exigency his patron wanted money, and it was broken up before his eyes. Seeing his labour vain and the pride of his heart rebuked, he threw himself on the ground, and uplifting his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed in contrition, "Lord God Almighty, Governor and disposer of heaven and earth! thou hast opened mine eyes that I follow from henceforth none other than thee—Have mercy upon me!"—He forthwith gave all he had to the poor for the love of God, and went up into a mountain where there was a great hermitage, and dwelt there the rest of his days in penitence and sanctity, surviving down to the days of Pope Martin, who reigned from 1281 to 1284. "Certain youths," adds Ghiberti, "who sought to be skilled in statuary, told me how he was versed both in painting and sculpture, and how he had painted in the Romitorio where he lived; he was an excellent draughtsman and very courteous. When the youths who wished to improve visited him, he received them with much humility, giving them learned instructions, showing them various proportions, and drawing for them many examples, for he was most accomplished in his art. And thus," he concludes, "with great humility, he ended his days in that hermitage."—vol. iii. pp. 257-259.

We could have wished that Lord Lindsay had further insisted on what will be found to be a characteristic of all the truly Christian or spiritual, as opposed to classical, schools of sculpture—the scenic or painter-like management of effect. The marble is not cut into the actual form of the thing imaged, but oftener into a perspective suggestion of it—the bas-reliefs sometimes almost entirely under-cut, and sharp-edged, so as to come clear off a dark ground of shadow; even heads the size of life being in this way rather shadowed out than carved out, as the Madonna of Benedetto da Majano in Santa Maria Novella, one of the cheeks being advanced half an inch out of its proper place—and often the most audacious violations of proportion admitted, as in the limbs of Michael Angelo's sitting Madonna in the Uffizii; all artifices, also, of deep and sharp cutting being allowed, to gain the shadowy and spectral expressions about the brow and lip which the mere actualities of form could not have conveyed;—the sculptor never following a material model, but feeling after the most momentary and subtle aspects of the countenance—striking these out sometimes suddenly, by rude chiselling, and stopping the instant they are attained—never risking the loss of thought by the finishing of flesh surface.

The

The heads of the Medici sacristy we believe to have been thus left unfinished, as having already the utmost expression which the marble could receive, and incapable of anything but loss from further touches. So with Mino da Fiesole and Jacopo della Quercia, the workmanship is often hard, sketchy, and angular, having its full effect only at a little distance; but at that distance the statue becomes ineffably alive, even to startling, bearing an aspect of change and uncertainty, as if it were about to vanish, and withal having a light, and sweetness, and incense of passion upon it that silences the looker-on, half in delight, half in expectation. This daring stroke—this transfiguring tenderness—may be shown to characterize all truly Christian sculpture, as compared with the antique, or the pseudo-classical of subsequent periods. We agree with Lord Lindsay in thinking the Psyche of Naples the nearest approach to the Christian ideal of all ancient efforts; but even in this the approximation is more accidental than real—a fair type of feature, further exalted by the mode in which the imagination supplies the lost upper folds of the hair. The fountain of life and emotion remains sealed; nor was the opening of that fountain due to any study of the far less pure examples accessible by the Pisan sculptors. The sound of its waters had been heard long before in the aisles of the Lombard; nor was it by Ghiberti, still less by Donatello, that the bed of that Jordan was dug deepest, but by Michael Angelo (the last heir of the Byzantine traditions descending through Orcagna), opening thenceforward through thickets darker and more dark, and with waves ever more soundless and slow, into the Dead Sea wherein its waters have been stayed.

It is time for us to pass to the subject which occupies the largest portion of the work—the History

‘of Painting, as developed contemporaneously with her sister, Sculpture, and (like her) under the shadow of the Gothic Architecture, by Giotto and his successors throughout Italy, by Mino, Duccio, and their scholars at Siena, by Orcagna and Fra Angelico da Fiesole at Florence, and by the obscure but interesting primitive school of Bologna, during the fourteenth and the early years of the fifteenth century. The period is one, comparatively speaking, of repose and tranquillity,—the storm sleeps and the winds are still, the currents set in one direction, and we may sail from isle to isle over a sunny sea, dallying with the time, secure of a cloudless sky and of the greetings of innocence and love wheresoever the breeze may waft us. There is in truth a holy purity, an innocent naïveté, a child-like grace and simplicity, a freshness, a fearlessness, an utter freedom from affectation, a yearning after all things truthful, lovely and of good report, in the productions of this early time, which invest them with a charm peculiar in its kind, and which few even of the most perfect works of the maturer era can boast of,—and hence the risk and  
danger



danger of becoming too passionately attached to them, of losing the power of discrimination, of admiring and imitating their defects as well as their beauties, of running into affectation in seeking after simplicity and into exaggeration in our efforts to be in earnest,—in a word, of forgetting that in art, as in human nature, it is the balance, harmony, and co-equal development of Sense, Intellect and Spirit, which constitute perfection.’—vol. ii. pp. 161-163.

To the thousand islands, or how many soever they may be, we shall allow ourselves to be wafted with all willingness, but not in Lord Lindsay’s three-masted vessel, with its balancing topmasts of Sense, Intellect, and Spirit. We are utterly tired of the triplicity; and we are mistaken if its application here be not as inconsistent as it is arbitrary. Turning back to the introduction, which we have quoted, the reader will find that while Architecture is there taken for the exponent of Sense, Painting is chosen as the peculiar expression of Spirit. ‘The painting of Christendom is that of an immortal spirit conversing with its God.’ But in a note to the first chapter of the second volume, he will be surprised to find painting become a ‘twin of intellect,’ and architecture suddenly advanced from a type of sense to a type of spirit:—

‘Sculpture and Painting, twins of Intellect, rejoice and breathe freest in the pure ether of Architecture, or Spirit, like Castor or Pollux under the breezy heaven of their father Jupiter.’—vol. ii. p. 14.

Prepared by this passage to consider painting either as spiritual or intellectual, his patience may pardonably give way on finding in the sixth letter—(what he might, however, have conjectured from the heading of the third period in the chart of the schools)—that the peculiar prerogative of painting—colour, is to be considered as a *sensual* element, and the exponent of sense, in accordance with a new analogy, here for the first time proposed, between spirit, intellect, and sense, and expression, form, and colour. Lord Lindsay is peculiarly unfortunate in his adoptions from previous writers. He has taken this division of art from Fuseli and Reynolds, without perceiving that in those writers it is one of convenience merely, and, even so considered, is as injudicious as illogical. In what does expression consist but in form and colour? It is one of the ends which these accomplish, and may be itself an attribute of both. Colour may be expressive or inexpressive, like music; form expressive or inexpressive, like words; but expression by itself cannot exist; so that to divide painting into colour, form, and expression, is precisely as rational as to divide music into notes, words, and expression. Colour may be pensive, severe, exciting, appalling, gay, glowing, or sensual; in all these modes it is expressive: form may be tender or abrupt, mean or majestic,



majestic, attractive or overwhelming, discomfortable or delightful; in all these modes, and many more, it is expressive; and if Lord Lindsay's analogy be in anywise applicable to either form or colour, we should have colour sensual (Correggio), colour intellectual (Tintoret), colour spiritual (Angelico)—form sensual (French sculpture), form intellectual (Phidias), form spiritual (Michael Angelo). Above all, our author should have been careful how he attached the epithet 'sensual' to the element of colour—not only on account of the glaring inconsistency with his own previous assertion of the spirituality of painting—(since it is certainly not merely by being flat instead of solid, representative instead of actual, that painting is—if it be—more spiritual than sculpture); but also, because this idea of sensuality in colour has had much share in rendering abortive the efforts of the modern German religious painters, inducing their abandonment of its consecrating, kindling, purifying power. Lord Lindsay says, in a passage which we shall presently quote, that the most sensual as well as the most religious painters have always loved the brightest colours. Not so: no painters ever were more sensual than the modern French, who are alike insensible to, and incapable of colour—depending altogether on morbid gradation, waxy smoothness of surface, and lusciousness of line, the real elements of sensuality wherever it eminently exists. So far from good colour being sensual, it saves, glorifies, and guards from all evil: it is with Titian, as with all great masters of flesh-painting, the redeeming and protecting element; and with the religious painters, it is a baptism with fire, an under-song of holy Litanies. Is it in sensuality that the fair flush opens upon the cheek of Francia's chanting angel,\* until we think it comes, and fades, and returns, as his voice and his harping are louder or lower—or that the silver light rises upon wave after wave of his lifted hair; or that the burning of the blood is seen on the unclouded brows of the three angels of the Campo Santo, and of folded fire within their wings; or that the hollow blue of the highest heaven mantles the Madonna with its depth, and falls around her like raiment, as she sits beneath the throne of the Sistine Judgment? Is it in sensuality that the visible world about us is girded with an eternal iris?—is there pollution in the rose and the gentian more than in the rocks that are trusted to their robing?—is the sea-blue a stain upon its waters, or the scarlet spring of day upon the mountains less holy than their snow? As well call the sun itself, or the firmament, sensual, as the colour which flows from the one, and fills the other.

\* At the feet of his Madonna, in the Gallery of Bologna.

We deprecate this rash assumption, however, with more regard to the forthcoming portion of the history, in which we fear it may seriously diminish the value of the author's account of the school of Venice, than to the part at present executed. This is written in a spirit rather sympathetic than critical, and rightly illustrates the feeling of early art, even where it mistakes, or leaves unanalyzed, the technical modes of its expression. It will be better, perhaps, that we confine our attention to the accounts of the three men who may be considered as sufficient representatives not only of the art of their time, but of all subsequent; Giotto, the first of the great line of dramatists, terminating in Raffaello; Orcagna, the head of that branch of the contemplative school which leans towards sadness or terror, terminating in Michael Angelo; and Angelico, the head of the contemplatives concerned with the heavenly ideal, around whom may be grouped first Duccio, and the Sienese, who preceded him, and afterwards Pinturicchio, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci.

The fourth letter opens in the fields of Vespignano. The circumstances of the finding of Giotto by Cimabue are well known. Vasari's anecdote of the fly painted upon the nose of one of Cimabue's figures might, we think, have been spared, or at least not instanced as proof of study from nature 'nobly rewarded.' Giotto certainly never either attempted or accomplished any small imitation of this kind: the story has all the look of one of the common inventions of the ignorant for the ignorant; nor, if true, would Cimabue's careless mistake of a black spot in the shape of a fly for one of the living annoyances of which there might probably be some dozen or more upon his panel at any moment, have been a matter of much credit to his young pupil. The first point of any real interest is Lord Lindsay's confirmation of Förster's attribution of the Campo Santo Life of Job, till lately esteemed Giotto's, to Francesco da Volterra. Förster's evidence appears incontrovertible; yet there is curious internal evidence, we think, in favour of the designs being Giotto's, if not the execution. The landscape is especially Giottesque, the trees being all boldly massed first with dark brown, within which the leaves are painted separately in light: this very archaic treatment had been much softened and modified by the Giotteschi before the date assigned to these frescoes by Förster. But, what is more singular, the figure of Eliphaz, or the foremost of the three friends, occurs in a tempera picture of Giotto's in the Academy of Florence, the Ascension, among the apostles on the left; while the face of another of the three friends is again repeated in the 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' of the small tempera series, also in the Academy; the figure of Satan shows much analogy to that of the Envy of the  
Arena



Arena chapel; and many other portions of the design are evidently either sketches of this very subject by Giotto himself, or dexterous compilations from his works by a loving pupil. Lord Lindsay has not done justice to the upper division—the Satan before God: it is one of the very finest thoughts ever realized by the Giotteschi. The serenity of power in the principal figure is very noble; no expression of wrath, or even of scorn, in the look which commands the evil spirit. The position of the latter, and countenance, are less grotesque and more demoniacal than is usual in paintings of the time; the triple wings expanded—the arms crossed over the breast, and holding each other above the elbow, the claws fixing in the flesh; a serpent buries its head in a cleft in the bosom, and the right hoof is lifted, as if to stamp.

We should have been glad if Lord Lindsay had given us some clearer idea of the internal evidence on which he founds his determination of the order or date of the works of Giotto. When no trustworthy records exist, we conceive this task to be of singular difficulty, owing to the differences of execution universally existing between the large and small works of the painter. The portrait of Dante in the chapel of the Podestà is proved by Dante's exile, in 1302, to have been painted before Giotto was six and twenty; yet we remember no head in any of his works which can be compared with it for carefulness of finish and truth of drawing; the crudeness of the material vanquished by dexterous hatching; the colour not only pure, but deep—a rare virtue with Giotto; the eye soft and thoughtful, the brow nobly modelled. In the fresco of the Death of the Baptist, in Santa Croce, which we agree with Lord Lindsay in attributing to the same early period, the face of the musician is drawn with great refinement, and considerable power of rounding surfaces—(though in the drapery may be remarked a very singular piece of archaic treatment: it is warm white, with yellow stripes; the dress itself falls in deep folds, but the striped pattern does not follow the foldings—it is drawn across, as if with a straight ruler). But passing from these frescoes, which are nearly the size of life, to those of the Arena chapel at Padua, erected in 1303, decorated in 1306, which are much smaller, we find the execution proportionably less dexterous. Of this famous chapel Lord Lindsay says—

‘nowhere (save in the Duomo of Orvieto) is the legendary history of the Virgin told with such minuteness.

‘The heart must indeed be cold to the charms of youthful art that can enter this little sanctuary without a glow of delight. From the roof, with its sky of ultramarine, powdered with stars and interspersed with medallions containing the heads of Our Saviour, the Virgin and the Apostles, to the mock panneling of the nave, below the windows, the



whole is completely covered with frescoes, in excellent preservation, and all more or less painted by Giotto's own hand, except six in the tribune, which however have apparently been executed from his cartoons. . . .

'These frescoes form a most important document in the history of Giotto's mind, exhibiting all his peculiar merits, although in a state as yet of immature development. They are full of fancy and invention; the composition is almost always admirable, although sometimes too studiously symmetrical; the figures are few and characteristic, each speaking for itself, the impersonation of a distinct idea, and most dramatically grouped and contrasted; the attitudes are appropriate, easy, and natural: the action and gesticulation singularly vivid; the expression is excellent, except when impassioned grief induces caricature:—devoted to the study of Nature as he is, Giotto had not yet learnt that it is suppressed feeling which affects one most. The head of Our Saviour is beautiful throughout—that of the Virgin not so good—she is modest, but not very graceful or celestial;—it was long before he succeeded in his Virgins—they are much too matronly:—among the accessory figures, graceful female forms occasionally appear, foreshadowing those of his later works at Florence and Naples, yet they are always clumsy about the waist and bust, and most of them are under-jawed, which certainly detracts from the sweetness of the female countenance. His delineation of the naked is excellent, as compared with the works of his predecessors, but far unequal to what he attained in his later years, —the drapery, on the contrary, is noble, majestic and statuesque; the colouring is still pale and weak,—it was long ere he improved in this point; the landscape displays little or no amendment upon the Byzantine; the architecture, that of the fourteenth century, is to the figures that people it in the proportion of dolls' houses to the children that play with them,—an absurdity long unthinkingly acquiesced in, from its occurrence in the classic bas-reliefs from which it had been traditionally derived;—and, finally, the lineal perspective is very fair, and in three of the compositions an excellent effect is produced by the introduction of the same back-ground with varied *dramatis personæ*, reminding one of Retsch's illustrations of Faust. The animals too are always excellent, full of spirit and character.'—vol. ii. pp. 183-199.

This last characteristic is especially to be noticed. It is a touching proof of the influence of early years. Giotto was only ten years old when he was taken from following the sheep. For the rest, as we have above stated, the manipulation of these frescoes is just as far inferior to that of the Podestà chapel as their dimensions are less; and we think it will be found generally that the smaller the work the more rude is Giotto's hand. In this respect he seems to differ from all other masters.

'It is not difficult, gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to re-people them with the group once, as we know—five hundred years ago—assembled within them,—Giotto intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress, and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend and watching the gambols of the children playing  
on

on the grass before the door. It is generally affirmed that Dante, during this visit, inspired Giotto with his taste for allegory, and that the Virtues and Vices of the Arena were the first fruits of their intercourse; it is possible certainly, but I doubt it,—allegory was the universal language of the time, as we have seen in the history of the Pisan school.—vol. ii. pp. 199, 200.

It ought to have been further mentioned, that the representation of the Virtues and Vices under these Giottesque figures continued long afterwards. We find them copied, for instance, on the capitals of the Ducal Palace at Venice, with an amusing variation on the 'Stultitia,' who has neither Indian dress nor club, as with Giotto, but is to the Venetians sufficiently distinguished by riding a horse.

The notice of the frescoes at Assisi consists of little more than an enumeration of the subjects, accompanied by agreeable translations of the traditions respecting St. Francis, embodied by St. Buonaventura. Nor have we space to follow the author through his examination of Giotto's works at Naples and Avignon. The following account of the erection of the Campanile of Florence is too interesting to be omitted:—

'Giotto was chosen to erect it, on the ground avowedly of the universality of his talents, with the appointment of Capo-maestro, or chief architect of the Cathedral and its dependencies, a yearly salary of one hundred gold florins, and the privilege of citizenship, and under the special understanding that he was not to quit Florence. His designs being approved of, the republic passed a decree in the spring of 1334, that "the Campanile should be built so as to exceed in magnificence, height and excellence of workmanship whatever in that kind had been achieved of old by the Greeks and Romans in the time of their utmost power and greatness—"della loro più florida potenza." The first stone was laid accordingly, with great pomp, on the 18th of July following, and the work prosecuted with such vigour and with such costliness and utter disregard of expense, that a citizen of Verona, looking on, exclaimed that the republic was taxing her strength too far,—that the united resources of two great monarchs would be insufficient to complete it; a criticism which the Signoria resented by confining him for two months in prison, and afterwards conducting him through the public treasury, to teach him that the Florentines could build their whole city of marble, and not one poor steeple only, were they so inclined.

'Giotto made a model of his proposed structure, on which every stone was marked, and the successive courses painted red and white, according to his design, so as to match with the Cathedral and Baptistery; this model was of course adhered to strictly during the short remnant of his life, and the work was completed in strict conformity to it after his death, with the exception of the spire, which, the taste having changed, was never added. He had intended it to be one hundred *braccia*, or one hundred and fifty feet high.—vol. ii. pp. 247-249.



The deficiency of the spire Lord Lindsay does not regret:—

‘Let the reader stand before the Campanile, and ask himself whether, with Michael Scott at his elbow, or Aladdin’s lamp in his hand, he would supply the deficiency? I think not.’—p. 38.

We have more faith in Giotto than our author—and we will reply to his question by two others—whether, looking down upon Florence from the hill of San Miniato, his eye rested oftener and more affectionately on the Campanile of Giotto, or on the simple tower and spire of Santa Maria Novella?—and whether, in the backgrounds of Perugino, he would willingly substitute for the church spires invariably introduced, flat-topped campaniles like the unfinished tower of Florence?

Giotto sculptured with his own hand two of the bas-reliefs of this campanile, and probably might have executed them all. But the purposes of his life had been accomplished; he died at Florence on the 8th of January, 1337. The concluding notice of his character and achievement is highly valuable.

‘Painting indeed stands indebted to Giotto beyond any of her children. His history is a most instructive one. Endowed with the liveliest fancy, and with that facility which so often betrays genius, and achieving in youth a reputation which the age of Methuselah could not have added to, he had yet the discernment to perceive how much still remained to be done, and the resolution to bind himself (as it were) to Nature’s chariot-wheel, confident that she would ere long emancipate and own him as her son. Calm and unimpassioned, he seems to have commenced his career with a deliberate survey of the difficulties he had to encounter and of his resources for the conflict, and then to have worked upon a system, steadily and perseveringly, prophetically sure of victory. His life was indeed one continued triumph,—and no conqueror ever mounted to the Capitol with a step more equal and sedate. We find him, at first, slowly and cautiously endeavouring to infuse new life into the traditional compositions, by substituting the heads, attitudes, and drapery of the actual world for the spectral forms and conventional types, of the mosaics and the Byzantine painters,—idealising them when the personages represented were of higher mark and dignity, but in none ever out-stepping truth. Advancing in his career, we find year by year the fruits of continuous unwearied study in a consistent and equable contemporary improvement in all the various minuter though most important departments of his art, in his design, his drapery, his colouring, in the dignity and expression of his men and in the grace of his women—asperities softened down, little graces unexpectedly born and playing about his path, as if to make amends for the deformity of his actual offspring—touches, daily more numerous, of that nature which makes the world akin—and ever and always a keen yet cheerful sympathy with life, a playful humour mingling with his graver lessons, which affects us the more as coming from one who, knowing himself an object personally of disgust and ridicule, could yet satirise with a smile.

‘Finally,

‘Finally, throughout his works, we are conscious of an earnest, a lofty, a religious aim and purpose, as of one who felt himself a pioneer of civilization in a newly discovered world, the Adam of a new Eden freshly planted in the earth’s wilderness, a mouthpiece of God and a preacher of righteousness to mankind.—And here we must establish a distinction very necessary to be recognised before we can duly appreciate the relative merits of the elder painters in this, the most important point in which we can view their character. Giotto’s genius, however universal, was still (as I have repeatedly observed) Dramatic rather than Contemplative,—a tendency in which his scholars and successors almost to a man resembled him. Now, just as in actual life—where, with a few rare exceptions, all men rank under two great categories according as Imagination or Reason predominates in their intellectual character—two individuals may be equally impressed with the truths of Christianity and yet differ essentially in its outward manifestation, the one dwelling in action, the other in contemplation, the one in strife, the other in peace, the one (so to speak) in hate, the other in love, the one struggling with devils, the other communing with angels, yet each serving as a channel of God’s mercies to man, each (we may believe) offering him service equally acceptable in his sight—even so shall we find it in art and with artists; few in whom the Dramatic power predominates will be found to excel in the expression of religious emotions of the more abstract and enthusiastic cast, even although men of indisputably pure and holy character themselves; and *vice versâ*, few of the more Contemplative but will feel bewildered and at fault, if they descend from their starry region of light into the grosser atmosphere that girdles in this world of action. The works of artists are their minds’ mirror; they cannot express what they do not feel; each class dwells apart and seeks its ideal in a distinct sphere of emotion,—their object is different, and their success proportioned to the exclusiveness with which they pursue that object. A few indeed there have been in all ages, monarchs of the mind and types of Our Saviour, who have lived a two-fold existence of action and contemplation in art, in song, in politics, and in daily life; of these have been Abraham, Moses, David, and Cyrus in the elder world—Alfred, Charlemagne, Dante, and perhaps Shakspeare in the new,—and in art, Niccola Pisano, Leonard da Vinci and Michael Angelo. But Giotto, however great as the patriarch of his peculiar tribe, was not of these few, and we ought not therefore to misapprehend him or be disappointed at finding his Madonnas (for instance) less exquisitely spiritual than the Siennese, or those of Fra Angelico and some later painters, who seem to have dipped their pencils in the rainbow that circles the throne of God,—they are pure and modest, but that is all; on the other hand, where his Contemplative rivals lack utterance, he speaks most feelingly to the heart in his own peculiar language of Dramatic composition—he glances over creation with the eye of love, all the charities of life follow in his steps, and his thoughts are as the breath of the morning. A man of the world, living in it and loving it, yet with a heart that it could not spoil nor wean from its allegiance



giance to God—"non meno buon Cristiano che eccellente pittore," as Vasari emphatically describes him—his religion breathes of the free air of heaven rather than the cloister, neither enthusiastic nor superstitious, but practical, manly and healthy—and this, although the picturesque biographer of S. Francis!—vol. ii. pp. 260-264.

This is all as admirably felt as expressed, and to those acquainted with and accustomed to love the works of the painter, it leaves nothing to be asked for; but we must again remind Lord Lindsay, that he has throughout left the *artistical* orbit of Giotto undefined, and the offence of his manner unremoved, as far as regards the uninitiated spectator. We question whether from all that he has written, the untravelled reader could form any distinct idea of the painter's peculiar merits or methods, or that the estimate, if formed, might not afterwards expose him to severe disappointment. It ought especially to have been stated, that the Giottesque system of chiaroscuro is one of pure, quiet, pervading daylight. No *cast* shadows ever occur, and this remains a marked characteristic of all the works of the Giotteschi. Of course, all subtleties of reflected light or raised colour are unthought of. Shade is only given as far as it is necessary to the articulation of simple forms, nor even then is it rightly adapted to the colour of the light; the folds of the draperies are well drawn, but the entire rounding of them always missed—the general forms appearing flat, and terminated by equal and severe outlines, while the masses of ungradated colour often seem to divide the figure into fragments. Thus, the Madonna in the small tempera series of the Academy of Florence, is usually divided exactly in half by the dark mass of her blue robe, falling in a vertical line. In consequence of this defect, the grace of Giotto's composition can hardly be felt until it is put into outline. The colours themselves are of good quality, never glaring, always gladdening, the reds inclining to orange more than purple, yellow frequent, the prevalent tone of the colour groups warm; the sky always blue, the whole effect somewhat resembling that of the Northern painted glass of the same century—and chastened in the same manner by noble neutral tints or greens; yet all somewhat unconsidered and unsystematic, painful discords not unfrequent. The material and ornaments of dress are never particularized, no imitations of texture or jewellery, yet shot stuffs of two colours frequent. The drawing often powerful, though of course uninformed; the mastery of mental expression by bodily motion, and of bodily motion, past and future, by a single gesture, altogether unrivalled even by Raffaele;—it is obtained chiefly by throwing the emphasis always on the right line, admitting straight lines of  
great

great severity, and never dividing the main drift of the drapery by inferior folds; neither are accidents allowed to interfere—the garments fall heavily and in marked angles—nor are they affected by the wind, except under circumstances of very rapid motion. The ideal of the face is often solemn—seldom beautiful; occasionally ludicrous failures occur: in the smallest designs the face is very often a dead letter, or worse: and in all, Giotto's handling is generally to be distinguished from that of any of his followers by its bluntness. In the school work we find sweeter types of feature, greater finish, stricter care, more delicate outline, fewer errors, but on the whole less life. Finally, and on this we would especially insist, Giotto's genius is not to be considered as struggling with difficulty and repressed by ignorance, but as appointed, for the good of men, to come into the world exactly at the time when its rapidity of invention was not likely to be hampered by demands for imitative dexterity or neatness of finish; and when, owing to the very ignorance which has been unwisely regretted, the simplicity of his thoughts might be uttered with a childlike and innocent sweetness, never to be recovered in times of prouder knowledge. The dramatic power of his works, rightly understood, could receive no addition from artificial arrangement of shade, or scientific exhibition of anatomy, and we have reason to be deeply grateful when afterwards 'inland far' with Buonarroti and Titian, that we can look back to the Giotteschi—to see those children

‘Sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.’

We believe Giotto himself felt this—unquestionably he could have carried many of his works much farther in finish, had he so willed it; but he chose rather to multiply motives than to complete details. Thus we recur to our great principle of Separate gift. The man who spends his life in toning colours must leave the treasures of his invention untold—let each have his perfect work; and while we thank Bellini and Leonardo for their deeply wrought dyes, and life-laboured utterance of passionate thought; let us remember also what cause, but for the remorseless destruction of myriads of his works, we should have had to thank Giotto, in that, abandoning all proud effort, he chose rather to make the stones of Italy cry out with one voice of pauseless praise, and to fill with perpetual remembrance of the Saints he loved, and perpetual honour of the God he worshipped, palace chamber and convent cloister, lifted tower and lengthened wall, from the utmost blue of the plain of Padua to the Southern wildernesses of the hermit-haunted Apennine.

From the head of the Dramatic branch of Art, we turn to the  
first



first of the great Contemplative Triad, associated, as it most singularly happens in name as well as in heart; Orcagna=Arcagnuolo; Fra Giovanni—detto Angelico; and Michael Angelo:—the first two names being bestowed by contemporary admiration.

‘Orcagna was born apparently about the middle of the (14th) century, and was christened Andrea, by which name, with the addition of that of his father, Cione, he always designated himself; that, however, of Orcagna, a corruption of Arcagnuolo, or “The Archangel,” was given him by his contemporaries, and by this he has become known to posterity.

‘The earliest works of Orcagna will be found in that sanctuary of Semi-Byzantine art, the Campo Santo of Pisa. He there painted three of the four “Novissima,” Death, Judgment, Hell, and Paradise—the two former entirely himself, the third with the assistance of his brother Bernardo, who is said to have coloured it after his designs. The first of the series, a most singular performance, has for centuries been popularly known as the “Trionfo della Morte.” It is divided by an immense rock into two irregular portions. In that to the right, Death, personified as a female phantom, bat-winged, claw-footed, her robe of linked mail [?] and her long hair streaming on the wind, swings back her scythe in order to cut down a company of the rich ones of the earth, Castruccio Castracani and his gay companions, seated under an orange-grove, and listening to the music of a troubadour and a female minstrel; little genii or Cupids, with reversed torches, float in the air above them; one young gallant caresses his hawk, a lady her lap-dog,—Castruccio alone looks abstractedly away, as if his thoughts were elsewhere. But all are alike heedless and unconscious, though the sand is run out, the scythe falling and their doom sealed. Meanwhile the lame and the halt, the withered and the blind, to whom the heavens are brass and life a burthen, cry on Death with impassioned gestures, to release them from their misery,—but in vain; she sweeps past, and will not hear them. Between these two groups lie a heap of corpses, mown down already in her flight—kings, queens, bishops, cardinals, young men and maidens, secular and ecclesiastical—ensigned by their crowns, coronets, necklaces, mitres and helmets—huddled together in hideous confusion; some are dead, others dying,—angels and devils draw the souls out of their mouths; that of a nun (in whose hand a purse, firmly clenched, betokens her besetting sin) shrinks back aghast at the unlooked for sight of the demon who receives it—an idea either inherited or adopted from Andrea Tafi. The whole upper half of the fresco, on this side, is filled with angels and devils carrying souls to heaven or to hell; sometimes a struggle takes place, and a soul is rescued from a demon who has unwarrantably appropriated it; the angels are very graceful, and their intercourse with their spiritual charge is full of tenderness and endearment; on the other hand, the wicked are hurried off by the devils and thrown headlong into the mouths of hell, represented as the crater of a volcano, belching out flames nearly in the centre of the composition. These devils exhibit every variety of horror in form and feature.’—vol. iii. pp. 130-134.

We wish our author had been more specific in his account of this wonderful fresco. The portrait of Castruccio ought to have been signalized as a severe disappointment to the admirers of the heroic Lucchese: the face is flat, lifeless, and sensual, though fine in feature. The group of mendicants occupying the centre are especially interesting, as being among the first existing examples of hard study from the model: all are evidently portraits—and the effect of deformity on the lines of the countenance rendered with appalling truth; the retractile muscles of the mouth wrinkled and fixed—the jaw's projecting—the eyes hungry and glaring—the eyebrows grisly and stiff, the painter having drawn each hair separately: the two stroppiati with stumps instead of arms are especially characteristic, as the observer may at once determine by comparing them with the descendants of the originals, of whom he will at any time find two, or more, waiting to accompany his return across the meadow in front of the Duomo: the old woman also, nearest of the group, with grey dishevelled hair and grey coat, with a brown girdle and gourd flask, is magnificent, and the archetype of all modern conceptions of witch. But the crowning stroke of feeling is dependent on a circumstance seldom observed. As Castruccio and his companions are seated under the shade of an orange-grove, so the mendicants are surrounded by a thicket of *teazles*, and a branch of ragged thorn is twisted like a crown about their sickly temples and weedy hair. We do not altogether agree with our author in thinking that the devils exhibit every variety of horror; we rather fear that the spectator might at first be reminded by them of what is commonly known as the Dragon pattern of Wedgwood ware. There is invention in them however—and energy; the eyes are always terrible, though simply drawn—a black ball set forward, and two-thirds surrounded by a narrow crescent of white, under a shaggy brow; the mouths are frequently magnificent; that of a demon accompanying a thrust of a spear with a growl, on the right of the picture, is interesting as an example of the development of the canine teeth noticed by Sir Charles Bell ('*Essay on Expression*,' p. 138)—its capacity of laceration is unlimited: another, snarling like a tiger at an angel who has pulled a soul out of his claws, is equally well conceived; we know nothing like its ferocity except Rembrandt's sketches of wounded wild beasts. The angels we think generally disappointing; they are for the most part diminutive in size, and the crossing of the extremities of the two wings that cover the feet, gives them a coleopterous, cockchafer look, which is not a little undignified; the colours of their plumes are somewhat coarse and dark—one is covered with  
silky



silky hair, instead of feathers. The souls they contend for are indeed of sweet expression; but exceedingly earthly in contour, the painter being unable to deal with the nude form. On the whole, he seems to have reserved his highest powers for the fresco which follows next in order, the scene of Resurrection and Judgment.

‘It is, in the main, the traditional Byzantine composition, even more rigidly symmetrical than usual, singularly contrasting in this respect with the rush and movement of the preceding compartment. Our Saviour and the Virgin, seated side by side, each on a rainbow and within a vesica piscis, appear in the sky—Our Saviour uttering the words of malediction with uplifted arm, showing the wound in his side, and nearly in the attitude of Michael Angelo, but in wrath, not in fury—the Virgin timidly drawing back and gazing down in pity and sorrow. I never saw this co-equal juxta-position in any other representation of the Last Judgment.’—vol. iii. p. 136.

The positions of our Saviour and of the Virgin are not strictly co-equal; the glory in which the Madonna is seated is both lower and less; but the equality is more complete in the painting of the same subject in Santa M. Novella. We believe Lord Lindsay is correct in thinking Orcagna the only artist who has dared it. We question whether even wrath be intended in the countenance of the principal figure; on the contrary, we think it likely to disappoint at first, and appear lifeless in its exceeding tranquillity; the brow is indeed slightly knit, but the eyes have no local direction. They comprehend all things—are set upon all spirits alike, as in that *word-fresco* of our own, not unworthy to be set side by side with this, the Vision of the Trembling Man in the House of the Interpreter. The action is as majestic as the countenance—the right hand seems raised rather to show its wound (as the left points at the same instant to the wound in the side), than in condemnation, though its gesture has been adopted as one of threatening—first (and very nobly) by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the figure of the Angel departing, looking towards Sodom—and afterwards, with unfortunate exaggeration, by Michael Angelo. Orcagna’s Madonna we think a failure, but his strength has been more happily displayed in the Apostolic circle. The head of St. John is peculiarly beautiful. The other Apostles look forward or down as in judgment—some in indignation, some in pity, some serene—but the eyes of St. John are fixed upon the Judge himself with the stability of love—intercession and sorrow struggling for utterance with awe—and through both is seen a tremor of submissive astonishment, that the lips which had once forbidden his to call down fire from heaven should now themselves burn with irrevocable condemnation.

‘One

' One feeling for the most part pervades this side of the composition, —there is far more variety in the other; agony is depicted with fearful intensity and in every degree and character; some clasp their hands, some hide their faces, some look up in despair, but none towards Christ; others seem to have grown idiots with horror:—a few gaze, as if fascinated, into the gulf of fire towards which the whole mass of misery are being urged by the ministers of doom—the flames bite them, the devils fish for and catch them with long grappling-hooks:—in sad contrast to the group on the opposite side, a queen, condemned herself but self-forgetful, vainly struggles to rescue her daughter from a demon who has caught her by the gown and is dragging her backwards into the abyss—her sister, wringing her hands, looks on in agony—it is a fearful scene.

' A vast rib or arch in the walls of pandemonium admits one into the contiguous gulf of Hell, forming the third fresco, or rather a continuation of the second—in which Satan sits in the midst, in gigantic terror, cased in armour and crunching sinners—of whom Judas, especially, is eaten and ejected, re-eaten and re-ejected again and again for ever. The punishments of the wicked are portrayed in circles numberless around him. But in everything save horror this compartment is inferior to the preceding, and it has been much injured and repainted.'—vol. iii. p. 138.

We might have been spared all notice of this last compartment. Throughout Italy, owing, it may be supposed, to the interested desire of the clergy to impress upon the populace as forcibly as possible the verity of purgatorial horrors, nearly every representation of the Inferno has been repainted, and vulgar butchery substituted for the expressions of punishment which were too chaste for monkish purposes. The infernos of Giotto at Padua, and of Orcagna at Florence, have thus been destroyed; but in neither case have they been replaced by anything so merely disgusting as these restorations by Solazzino in the Campo Santo. Not a line of Orcagna's remains, except in one row of figures halfway up the wall, where his firm black drawing is still distinguishable: throughout the rest of the fresco, hillocks of pink flesh have been substituted for his severe forms—and for his agonized features, puppets' heads with roaring mouths and staring eyes, the whole as coarse and sickening, and quite as weak, as any scramble on the lowest booths of a London Fair.

Lord Lindsay's comparison of these frescoes of Orcagna with the great work in the Sistine, is, as a specimen of his writing, too good not to be quoted.

' While Michael Angelo's leading idea seems to be the self-concentration and utter absorption of all feeling into the one predominant thought, *Am I, individually, safe?* resolving itself into two emotions only, doubt and despair—all diversities of character, all kindred sympathies annihilated under their pressure—those emotions uttering themselves,



themselves, not through the face but the form, by bodily contorsion, rendering the whole composition, with all its overwhelming merits, a mighty hubbub—Orcagna's on the contrary embraces the whole world of passions that make up the economy of man, and these not confused or crushed into each other, but expanded and enhanced in quality and intensity commensurably with the "change" attendant upon the resurrection—variously expressed indeed, and in reference to the diversities of individual character, which will be nowise compromised by that change, yet from their very intensity suppressed and subdued, stilling the body and informing only the soul's index, the countenance. All therefore is calm; the saved have acquiesced in all things, they can mourn no more—the damned are to them as if they had never been;—among the lost, grief is too deep, too settled for caricature, and while every feeling of the spectator, every key of the soul's organ, is played upon by turns, tenderness and pity form the under-song throughout and ultimately prevail; the curse is uttered in sorrow rather than wrath, and from the pitying Virgin and the weeping archangel above, to the mother endeavouring to rescue her daughter below, and the young secular led to paradise under the approving smile of S. Michael, all resolves itself into sympathy and love.—Michael Angelo's conception may be more efficacious for teaching by terror—it was his object, I believe, as the heir of Savonarola and the representative of the Protestant spirit within the bosom of Catholicism; but Orcagna's is in better taste, truer to human nature, sublimer in philosophy, and (if I mistake not) more scriptural.\*—vol. iii. pp. 139–141.

We think it somewhat strange that the object of teaching by terror should be attributed to M. Angelo more than to Orcagna, seeing that the former, with his usual dignity, has refused all representation of infernal punishment—except in the figure dragged down with the hand over the face, the serpent biting the thigh, and in the fiends of the extreme angle; while Orcagna, whose intention may be conjectured even from Solazzino's restoration, exhausted himself in detailing Dante's distribution of torture, and brings into successive prominence every expedient of pain; the prong, the spit, the rack, the chain, venomous fang, and rending beak, harrowing point and dividing edge, biting fiend and calcining fire. The objects of the two great painters were indeed opposed, but not in this respect. Orcagna's, like that of every great painter of his day, was to write upon the wall, as in a book, the greatest possible number of those religious facts or doctrines which the Church desired should be known to the people. This he did in the simplest and most straightforward way, regardless of artistical reputation, and desiring only to be read and understood. But Michael Angelo's object was from the beginning that of an artist. He addresses not the sympathies of his day, but the understanding of all time, and he treats the subject in the mode best adapted to bring every one of his own powers into full play.

As

As might have been expected, while the self-forgetfulness of Orcagna has given, on the one hand, an awfulness to his work, and verity, which are wanting in the studied composition of the Sistine, on the other it has admitted a puerility commensurate with the narrowness of the religion he had to teach. Greater differences still result from the opposed powers and idiosyncracies of the two men. Orcagna was unable to draw the nude—on this inability followed a coldness to the value of flowing lines, and to the power of unity in composition—neither could he indicate motion or buoyancy in flying or floating figures, nor express violence of action in the limbs—he cannot even show the difference between pulling and pushing in the muscles of the arm. In M. Angelo these conditions were directly reversed. Intense sensibility to the majesty of writhing, flowing, and connected lines, was in him associated with a power, unequalled except by Angelico, of suggesting aerial motion—motion deliberate or disturbed, inherent or impressed, impotent or inspired—gathered into glory, or gravitating to death. Orcagna was therefore compelled to range his figures symmetrically in ordered lines, while Michael Angelo bound them into chains, or hurled them into heaps, or scattered them before him as the wind does leaves. Orcagna trusted for all his expression to the countenance, or to rudely explained gesture aided by grand fall of draperies, though in all these points he was still immeasurably inferior to his colossal rival. As for his ‘embracing the whole world of passions which make up the economy of man,’ he had no such power of delineation—nor, we believe, of conception. The expressions on the inferno side are all of them varieties of grief and fear, differing merely in degree, not in character or operation: there is something dramatic in the raised hand of a man wearing a green bonnet with a white plume—but the only really far-carried effort in the group is the head of a Dominican monk (just above the queen in green), who, in the midst of the close crowd, struggling, shuddering, and howling on every side, is fixed in quiet, total despair, insensible to all things, and seemingly poised in existence and sensation upon that one point in his past life when his steps first took hold on hell; this head, which is opposed to a face distorted by horror beside it, is, we repeat, the only highly wrought piece of expression in the group. What Michael Angelo could do by expression of countenance alone, let the Pietà of Genoa tell, or the Lorenzo, or the parallel to this very head of Orcagna’s, the face of the man borne down in the Last Judgment with the hand clenched over one of the eyes. Neither in that fresco is he wanting in dramatic episode; the adaptation of the Niobe on the spectator’s left hand is

far



in his case is unusually fallacious. It is satisfactory therefore to possess a fixed date in 1433, the year in which he painted the great tabernacle for the Company of Flax-merchants, now removed to the gallery of the Uffizj. It represents the Virgin and child, with attendant Saints, on a gold ground—very dignified and noble, although the Madonna has not attained the exquisite spirituality of his later efforts. Round this tabernacle as a nucleus, may be classed a number of paintings, all of similar excellence—admirable that is to say, but not of his very best, and in which, if I mistake not, the type of the Virgin bears throughout a strong family resemblance.’—vol. iii. pp. 160, 161.

If the painter ever increased in power after this period (he was then 43), we have been unable to systematize the improvement. We much doubt whether, in his modes of execution, advance were possible. Men whose merit lies in record of natural facts, increase in knowledge; and men whose merit is in dexterity of hand increase in facility; but we much doubt whether the faculty of design, or force of feeling, increase after the age of 25. By Fra Angelico, who drew always in fear and trembling, dexterous execution had been from the first repudiated; he neither needed nor sought technical knowledge of the form, and the inspiration, to which his power was owing, was not less glowing in youth than in age. The inferiority traceable (we grant) in this Madonna results not from its early date, but from Fra Angelico's incapability, always visible, of drawing the head of life size. He is, in this respect, the exact reverse of Giotto; he was essentially a miniature painter, and never attained the mastery of muscular play in the features necessary in a full-sized drawing. His habit, almost constant, of surrounding the iris of the eye by a sharp black line, is, in small figures, perfectly successful, giving a transparency and tenderness not otherwise expressible. But on a larger scale it gives a stony stare to the eye-ball, which not all the tenderness of the brow and mouth can conquer or redeem. Further, in this particular instance, the ear has by accident been set too far back—(Fra Angelico, drawing only from feeling, was liable to gross errors of this kind,—often, however, more beautiful than other men's truths)—and the hair removed in consequence too far off the brow; in other respects the face is very noble—still more so that of the Christ. The child *stands* upon the Virgin's knees,\* one hand raised in the usual attitude of benediction, the other holding a globe. The face looks straightforward, quiet, Jupiter-like, and very sublime, owing to the smallness of the features in proportion to the head, the eyes being placed at about three-sevenths of the whole height,

\* In many pictures of Angelico, the Infant Christ appears self-supported—the Virgin not touching the child.

leaving four-sevenths for the brow, and themselves only in length about one-sixth of the breadth of the face, half closed, giving a peculiar appearance of repose. The hair is short, golden, symmetrically curled, statuesque in its contour; the mouth tender and full of life: the red cross of the glory about the head of an intense ruby enamel, almost fire colour; the dress brown, with golden girdle. In all the treatment Fra Angelico maintains his assertion of the authority of abstract imagination, which, depriving his subject of all material or actual being, contemplates it as retaining qualities eternal only—adorned by incorporeal splendour. The eyes of the beholder are supernaturally unsealed: and to this miraculous vision whatever is of the earth vanishes, and all things are seen endowed with an harmonious glory—the garments falling with strange, visionary grace, glowing with indefinite gold—the walls of the chamber dazzling as of a heavenly city—the mortal forms themselves impressed with divine changelessness—no domesticity—no jest—no anxiety—no expectation—no variety of action or of thought. Love, all fulfilling, and various modes of power, are alone expressed; the Virgin never shows the complacency or petty watchfulness of maternity; she sits serene, supporting the child whom she ever looks upon, as a stranger among strangers; ‘Behold the handmaid of the Lord’ for ever written upon her brow.

An approach to an exception in treatment is found in the Annunciation of the upper corridor of St. Mark’s, most unkindly treated by our author:—

‘Probably the earliest of the series—full of faults, but imbued with the sweetest feeling; there is a look of naïve curiosity, mingling with the modest and meek humility of the Virgin, which almost provokes a smile.’—vol. iii. p. 176.

Many a Sabbath evening of bright summer have we passed in that lonely corridor—but not to the finding of faults, nor the provoking of smiles. The angel is perhaps something less majestic than is usual with the painter; but the Virgin is only the more to be worshipped, because here, for once, set before us in the verity of life. No gorgeous robe is upon her; no lifted throne set for her; the golden border gleams faintly on the dark blue dress; the seat is drawn into the shadow of a lowly loggia. The face is of no strange, far-sought loveliness; the features might even be thought hard, and they are worn with watching, and severe, though innocent. She stoops forward with her arms folded on her bosom: no casting down of eye nor shrinking of the frame in fear; she is too earnest, too self-forgetful for either: wonder and inquiry are there, but chastened and free from doubt; meekness, yet mingled with a patient



rapture, and forgiven in its fall: he who works by law and system may be blamed when he sinks below the line above which he proposes no elevation, but to him whose eyes are on a mark far off, and whose efforts are impulsive, and to the utmost of his strength, we may not unkindly count the slips of his sometime descent into the valley of humiliation.

The concluding notice of Angelico is true and interesting, though rendered obscure by useless recurrence to the favourite theory.

‘Such are the surviving works of a painter, who has recently been as unduly extolled as he had for three centuries past been unduly depreciated,—depreciated, through the amalgamation during those centuries of the principle of which he was the representative with baser, or at least less precious matter—extolled, through the recurrence to that principle, in its pure, unsophisticated essence, in the present—in a word, to the simple Imaginative Christianity of the middle ages, as opposed to the complex Reasoning Christianity of recent times. Creeds therefore are at issue, and no exclusive partisan, neither Catholic nor Protestant in the absolute sense of the terms, can fairly appreciate Fra Angelico. Nevertheless, to those who regard society as progressive through the gradual development of the component elements of human nature, and who believe that Providence has accommodated the mind of man, individually, to the perception of half-truths only, in order to create that antagonism from which Truth is generated in the abstract, and by which the progression is effected, his rank and position in art are clear and definite. All that Spirit could achieve by herself, anterior to that struggle with Intellect and Sense which she must in all cases pass through in order to work out her destiny, was accomplished by him. Last and most gifted of a long and imaginative race—the heir of their experience, with collateral advantages which they possessed not—and flourishing at the moment when the transition was actually taking place from the youth to the early manhood of Europe, he gave full, unreserved, and enthusiastic expression to that Love and Hope which had winged the Faith of Christendom in her flight towards heaven for fourteen centuries,—to those yearnings of the Heart and the Imagination which ever precede, in Universal as well as Individual development, the severer and more chastened intelligence of Reason.’—vol. iii. pp. 188-190.

We must again repeat that if our author wishes to be truly serviceable to the schools of England, he must express himself in terms requiring less laborious translation. Clearing the above statement of its mysticism and metaphor, it amounts only to this,—that Fra Angelico was a man of (humanly speaking) *perfect* piety—humility, charity, and faith—that he never employed his art but as a means of expressing his love to God and man, and with the view, single, simple, and straightforward, of glory to the Creator, and good to the Creature. Every quality or subject of art by which  
these

these ends were not to be attained, or to be attained secondarily only, he rejected; from all study of art, as such, he withdrew; whatever might merely please the eye, or interest the intellect, he despised, and refused; he used his colours and lines, as David his harp, after a kingly fashion, for purposes of praise and not of science. To this grace and gift of holiness were added, those of a fervent imagination, vivid invention, keen sense of loveliness in lines and colours, unwearied energy, and to all these gifts the crowning one of quietness of life and mind, while yet his convent-cell was at first within view, and afterwards in the centre, of a city which had lead of all the world in Intellect, and in whose streets he might see daily and hourly the noblest setting of manly features. It would perhaps be well to wait until we find another man thus actuated, thus endowed, and thus circumstanced, before we speak of 'unduely extolling' the works of Fra Angelico.

His artistical attainments, as might be conjectured, are nothing more than the development, through practice, of his natural powers in accordance with his sacred instincts. His power of expression by bodily gesture is greater even than Giotto's, wherever he could feel or comprehend the passion to be expressed; but so inherent in him was his holy tranquillity of mind, that he could not by any exertion, even for a moment, conceive either agitation, doubt, or fear—and all the actions proceeding from such passions, or, *à fortiori*, from any yet more criminal, are absurdly and powerlessly portrayed by him; while contrariwise, every gesture, consistent with emotion pure and saintly, is rendered with an intensity of truth to which there is no existing parallel; the expression being carried out into every bend of the hand, every undulation of the arm, shoulder, and neck, every fold of the dress and every wave of the hair. His drawing of movement is subject to the same influence; vulgar or vicious motion he cannot represent; his running, falling, or struggling figures are drawn with childish incapability; but give him for his scene the pavement of heaven, or pastures of Paradise, and for his subject the 'inoffensive pace' of glorified souls, or the spiritual speed of Angels, and Michael Angelo alone can contend with him in majesty,—in grace and musical continuousness of motion, no one. The inspiration was in some degree caught by his pupil Benozzo, but thenceforward for ever lost. The angels of Perugino appear to be let down by cords and moved by wires; that of Titian, in the sacrifice of Isaac, kicks like an awkward swimmer; Raphael's Moses and Elias of the Transfiguration are cramped at the knees; and the flight of Domenichino's angels is a sprawl paralyzed. The authority of Tintoret over movement is, on the other hand, too unlimited; the descent of his angels is the swoop of a whirlwind or the fall of a thunderbolt;



a thunderbolt; his mortal impulses are oftener impetuous than pathetic, and majestic more than melodious. But it is difficult by words to convey to the reader unacquainted with Angelico's works, any idea of the thoughtful variety of his rendering of movement—Earnest haste of girded faith in the Flight into Egypt, the haste of obedience, not of fear; and unweariedness, but through spiritual support, and not in human strength—Swift obedience of passive earth to the call of its Creator, in the Resurrection of Lazarus—March of meditative gladness in the following of the Apostles down the Mount of Olives—Rush of adoration breaking through the chains and shadows of death, in the Spirits in Prison. Pacing of mighty angels above the Firmament, poised on their upright wings, half opened, broad, bright, quiet, like eastern clouds before the sun is up;—or going forth, with timbrels and with dances, of souls more than conquerors, beside the shore of the last great Red Sea, the sea of glass mingled with fire, hand knit with hand, and voice with voice, the joyful winds of heaven following the measure of their motion, and the flowers of the new earth looking on, like stars pausing in their courses.

And yet all this is but the lowest part and narrowest reach of Angelico's conceptions. Joy and gentleness, patience and power, he could indicate by gesture—but Devotion could be told by the countenance only. There seems to have been always a stern limit by which the thoughts of other men were stayed; the religion that was painted even by Perugino, Francia, and Bellini, was finite in its spirit—the religion of earthly beings, checked, not indeed by the corruption, but by the veil and the sorrow of clay. But with Fra Angelico the glory of the countenance reaches to actual transfiguration; eyes that see no more darkly, incapable of all tears, foreheads flaming, like Belshazzar's marble wall, with the writing of the Father's name upon them, lips tremulous with love, and crimson with the light of the coals of the altar—and all this loveliness, thus enthusiastic and ineffable, yet sealed with the stability which the coming and going of ages as countless as sea-sand cannot dim nor weary, and bathed by an ever flowing river of holy thought, with God for its source, God for its shore, and God for its ocean.

We speak in no inconsiderate enthusiasm. We feel assured that to any person of just feeling who devotes sufficient time to the examination of these works, all terms of description must seem derogatory. Where such ends as these have been reached, it ill becomes us to speak of minor deficiencies as either to be blamed or regretted: it cannot be determined how far even what we deprecate may be accessory to our delight, nor by what intricate involution what we deplore may be connected with what we love.

Every

Every good that Nature herself bestows, or accomplishes, is given with a counterpoise, or gained at a sacrifice; nor is it to be expected of Man that he should win the hardest battles and tread the narrowest paths, without the betrayal of a weakness, or the acknowledgment of an error.

With this final warning against our author's hesitating approbation of what is greatest and best, we must close our specific examination of the mode in which his design has been worked out. We have done enough to set the reader upon his guard against whatever appears slight or inconsiderate in his theory or statements, and with the more severity, because this was alone wanting to render the book one of the most valuable gifts which Art has ever received. Of the translations from the lives of the saints we have hardly spoken; they are gracefully rendered, and all of them highly interesting—but we could wish to see these, and the enumerations of fresco subjects\* with which the other volumes are in great part occupied, published separately for the convenience of travellers in Italy. They are something out of place in a work like that before us. For the rest, we might have more interested the reader, and gratified ourselves, by setting before him some of the many passages of tender feeling and earnest eloquence with which the volumes are replete—but we felt it necessary rather to anticipate the hesitation with which they were liable to be received, and set limits to the halo of fancy by which their light is obscured—though enlarged. One or two paragraphs, however, of the closing chapter must be given before we part.

‘What a scene of beauty, what a flower-garden of art—how bright and how varied—must Italy have presented at the commencement of the sixteenth century, at the death of Raphael! The sacrileges we lament took place for the most part after that period; hundreds of frescoes, not merely of Giotto and those other elders of Christian Art, but of Gentile da Fabriano, Pietro della Francesca, Perugino and their compeers, were still existing, charming the eye, elevating the mind and warming the heart. Now alas! few comparatively and fading are the relics of those great and good men. While Dante's voice rings as clear as ever, communing with us as friend with friend, theirs is dying gradually away, fainter and fainter, like the farewell of a spirit. Flaking off the walls,

\* We have been much surprised by the author's frequent reference to Lasinio's engravings of various frescoes, unaccompanied by any warning of their inaccuracy. No work of Lasinio's can be trusted for *anything* except the number and relative position of the figures. All masters are by him translated into one monotony of commonplace:—he dilutes eloquence, educates naïveté, prompts ignorance, stultifies intelligence, and paralyses power; takes the chill off horror, the edge off wit, and the bloom off beauty. In all artistical points he is utterly valueless, neither drawing nor expression being ever preserved by him. Giotto, Benozzo, or Ghirlandajo are all alike to him; and we hardly know whether he injures most when he robs or when he redresses.



uncared for and neglected save in a few rare instances, scarce one of their frescoes will survive the century, and the labours of the next may not improbably be directed to the recovery and restoration of such as may still slumber beneath the whitewash and the daubs, with which the Bronzinos and Zuccheros "*et id genus omne*" have unconsciously sealed them up for posterity—their best title to our gratitude.—But why not begin at once? at all events in the instances numberless, where merely whitewash interposes between us and them.

'It is easy to reply—what need of this? They—the artists—have Moses and the prophets, the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo—let them study them. Doubtless,—but we still reply, and with no impiety—they will not repent, they will not forsake their idols and their evil ways—they will not abandon Sense for Spirit, oils for fresco—unless these great ones of the past, these Sleepers of Ephesus, arise from the dead. . . . It is not by studying art in its perfection—by worshipping Raphael and Michael Angelo exclusively of all other excellence—that we can expect to rival them, but by re-ascending to the fountain-head—by planting ourselves as acorns in the ground those oaks are rooted in, and growing up to their level—in a word, by studying Duccio and Giotto that we may paint like Taddeo di Bartolo and Masaccio, Taddio di Bartolo and Masaccio that we may paint like Perugino and Luca Signorelli, Perugino and Luca Signorelli that we may paint like Raphael and Michael Angelo. And why despair of this, or even of shaming the Vatican? For with genius and God's blessing nothing is impossible.

'I would not be a blind partizan, but, with all their faults, the old masters I plead for knew how to touch the heart. It may be difficult at first to believe this; like children, they are shy with us—like strangers, they bear an uncouth mien and aspect—like ghosts from the other world, they have an awkward habit of shocking our conventionalities with home truths. But with the dead as with the living all depends on the frankness with which we greet them, the sincerity with which we credit their kindly qualities; sympathy is the key to truth—we must love, in order to appreciate.'—vol. iii. p. 418.

These are beautiful sentences; yet this let the young painter of these days remember always, that whomsoever he may love, or from whomsoever learn, he can now no more go back to those hours of infancy and be born again.\* About the faith, the questioning and the teaching of childhood there is a joy and grace, which we may often envy, but can no more assume:—the voice and the gesture must not be imitated when the innocence is lost. Incapability and ignorance in the act of being struggled against

\* We do not perhaps enough estimate the assistance which was once given both to purpose and perception, by the feeling of wonder which with us is destroyed partly by the ceaseless calls upon it, partly by our habit of either discovering or anticipating a reason for every thing. Of the simplicity and ready surprise of heart which supported the spirit of the older painters, an interesting example is seen in the diary of Albert Dürer, lately published in a work every way valuable, but especially so in the carefulness and richness of its illustrations, '*Divers Works of Early Masters in Christian Decoration*,' edited by John Weale, London, 2 vols. folio, 1846.

and cast away are often endowed with a peculiar charm—but both are only contemptible when they are pretended. Whatever we have now to do, we may be sure, first, that its strength and life must be drawn from the real nature with us and about us always, and secondly, that, if worth doing, it will be something altogether different from what has ever been done before. The visions of the cloister must depart with its superstitious peace—the quick, apprehensive symbolism of early Faith must yield to the abstract teaching of disciplined Reason. Whatever else we may deem of the Progress of Nations, one character of that progress is determined and discernible. As in the encroaching of the land upon the sea, the strength of the sandy bastions is raised out of the sifted ruin of ancient inland hills—for every tongue of level land that stretches into the deep, the fall of Alps has been heard among the clouds, and as the fields of industry enlarge, the intercourse with Heaven is shortened. Let it not be doubted that as this change is inevitable, so it is expedient, though the form of teaching adopted and of duty prescribed be less mythic and contemplative, more active and unassisted: for the light of Transfiguration on the Mountain is substituted the Fire of Coals upon the Shore, and on the charge to hear the Shepherd, follows that to feed the Sheep. Doubtful we may be for a time, and apparently deserted; but if, as we wait, we still look forward with stedfast will and humble heart, so that our Hope for the Future may be fed, not dulled or diverted by our Love for the Past, we shall not long be left without a Guide:—the way will be opened, the Precursor appointed—the Hour will come, and the Man.

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- ART. II.—1. *Vestiarium Scoticum: from the Manuscript formerly in the Library of the Scots College at Douay; with an Introduction and Notes.* By John Sobieski Stuart. Folio. Edinburgh, 1842.
2. *Tales of the Century; or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846.* By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. Post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1847.
3. *The Decline of the Last Stuarts. Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State.* [Edited for the Roxburghe Club by Lord Mahon.] 4to. London, 1843.

HOW many centuries elapsed before the eyes of the Welsh could be opened to the fact that Arthur was actually dead, and not awaiting, in the enchanted bower of Morgana, the time when he should come forth again to lead the Cymry to victory and drive the English out of Britain! How long did the Scots con-

tinue



the Douay MS., as set forth in the printed folio of 1842, that our attention must, on the present occasion, be confined.

Now, when a work like this is produced, bearing to be printed from a MS. 300 years old, but of which neither we nor any one else, so far as we know, had ever heard until it was brought forward by the contemporary editor, we open it with profound interest, certainly, but with the question constantly before our eyes—Is it genuine? Is this treatise of the antiquity to which it pretends? On examining the '*Vestiarium Scoticum*, vtherwise clippit *The Garderope of Scotlonde*,' with this view, we find it to be written in the Lowland dialect, and to contain, first, a short disquisition on the nature of tartans generally, and the manner of preserving the setts or patterns. Then follow descriptions of the tartans of twenty-three clans, which are classed as '*Ye chieff Hielande clannes*.' Then those of eleven, which are called '*Ye lesser famylies or housis the quhilk be cum fræ ye chieff houses and oryginale clannes*.' Then follow the tartans of '*Ye low countrie pairtes and bordour clanns*,' thirty-nine in number. Then a paragraph '*Of wemenis qubite pladis*;' and another '*of hosen and treusen*;' then a list of the badges of families; and lastly, a metrical address to the readers, by the author, '*Schyr Richard Urquharde, knyght*.' Such is the '*Vestiarium Scoticum*,' so far as regards its plan and contents; but to any one at all familiar with the state of feeling between the Highlanders and their Lowland neighbours, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries—and who remembers how constantly the former are stigmatized by the writers of those times as barbarians, if not as absolute savages—a treatise on clan-tartans and the Highland dress, alleged to have been written by a Lowland knight, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and preserved by a courtly and diplomatic Bishop, wears a somewhat dubious aspect.\* Nor, as respects

\* A very curious letter in defence of the Highlanders, addressed by one John Elder to King Henry the Eighth of England, in the year 1542 or 1543, and printed for the Banatyne club by Mr. David Laing, refers to the very time when the '*Vestiarium*' is said to have been written. Elder informs the king that '*Howbeit the babilonical busscheps and the great courtiours of Scotland repute the forsaide Yrishe [that is, as the rest of the letter shows, Highland] Lordes as wilde, rude, and barbarous people, brought up, as they say, without lerninge and nourtour, yett they passe theame a greate deale in faithe, honestie, in policy and witt, in good ordour and civilitie; for wher the salde Yrishe Lordes promyses faithe they keepe it truly, be holdinge up of ther formest fyngar, and so will they not, with ther seals and subscripcions, the holy Evangel twichide. Therfor and pleas your highnes, like as the saide busscheps and ther adherentis repute us rude and barbarous people, even so do we esteeme theame all, as they be, that is to say, fals, flatteringe, fraudelent, subtile, and covetous*.'—Such being the state of matters in 1543, almost at the very time when the *Vestiarium* is said to have been written, we shall be excused if we demand decisive evidence before we receive as genuine a MS. on the clan tartans, written by one of the '*great courtiours*,' whose unfavourable estimate of his countrymen was so richly repaid by honest John Elder, and preserved by one of the '*Babilonical busscheps*,' whom he considered as not less hostile.

Lesly,

Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in particular, do the admittedly authentic writings of that prelate afford any passage calculated to remove his lordship out of the category of suspicion. We are told, indeed, in Mr. John Sobieski Stuart's preface, that there is an entry, commemorating the receipt of the *Vestiarium*, in a *Diary of the Bishop*, 'remaining among a *portion of the Douay papers, in the possession of the late Mr. Robert Watson*, well known in the history of the Stuart papers.' It is known that the aged adventurer, Robert Watson, hanged himself in a London tavern in 1838; but Mr. John Sobieski Stuart does not say distinctly that he has himself seen the diary here mentioned as in Watson's possession—nor does he tell us where we may see it—and we have therefore no means of ascertaining whether it really exists and contains any entry of the sort thus indicated, or indeed whether any such diary ever existed at all. The Bishop's great work, *De origine, moribus, et gestis Scotorum*, is dated in 1578, seven years only after the date of his alleged possession of the '*Vestiarium*.' It contains a description of the Highland dress, which has been often quoted; yet not only is there in that description no allusion to the elaborate treatise of Sir Richard Urquhart possessed by him, nor to the existence of clan patterns at all; but he even uses an expression which we find it puzzling to reconcile with his alleged possession of the *Vestiarium*. His words are, '*Chlamydes enim gestabant unius formæ et nobiles et plebei, nisi quod nobiles variegatis sibi magis placebant*;' and as there can be little doubt that these variegated mantles were tartan, it would seem that he considered its use as a peculiar fancy of the chiefs, which he could hardly have done had he possessed so distinct an exposition of an universal system as that now before us in the splendid pages edited by Mr. John Sobieski Stuart.

In the absence of direct evidence we have no resource but to search the printed text itself for internal indications of genuineness or the reverse; and in the course of this examination the doubts which the circumstances of the times and the existing writings of the bishop have suggested, are far indeed from being removed. At the very first glance the singularly quaint but pyebald language and orthography of the text cannot fail to catch the eye. The style of the 16th century, however, is well known to every one at all conversant with Scottish documents, and upon that of the *Vestiarium* we fortunately possess the verdict of, perhaps, as competent a judge as the literary world has seen since the days of Bishop Lesly himself. We cannot find that the actual MS. 'which belonged to the Douay college,' and 'contains the signature of the Bishop of Ross,' has ever been exhibited to any learned society



society in the north, nor even to any individual scholar or antiquary unconnected with the present publication; but about twenty years ago, a *description* of the MS., with a *transcript* of part, at least, if not the whole of it, was sent to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, with a request that they would patronise its publication; and by their secretary the specimen was placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, who kindly undertook to examine it, and give the Society the benefit of his opinion as to its authenticity. The secretary, accompanied by our informant, a reverend friend deeply versed in Highland lore, waited upon him shortly afterwards to ascertain the result of the scrutiny. Sir Walter assured them that the style and dialect of the specimen shown him were utterly false, a most feeble and clumsy imitation of the genuine writing of the period, and indignantly declared his conviction that the MS. itself must be an absolute fabrication. The extent of Sir Walter's acquaintance with such affairs, and his right to make such a declaration, *ex cathedrâ*, as to the mere language of the performance, very few of our readers will be inclined to question;—but we believe that on a closer inspection the subject matter of it also will be found to exhibit unequivocal indications of an origin much more recent than the sixteenth, or indeed than any other century than the present one.

For example—among the lesser clans, whose tartans are given, we find 'Maknabbis cum ye clandonald.' Now not only is this a mistake, the Macnabs being a branch of the Macgregors and entirely unconnected with the Macdonalds, but it is a mistake which did not arise till a full century after the alleged date of the *Vestiarium*. In the Gaelic MS. of the year 1450, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, printed by the Iona Club, the Macgregor descent of the Macnabs is stated, and it was familiarly known among the clans themselves as late as 1606, in which year Finlay Macnab, of Bovaine, executed a bond of manrent to Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strathardil, an acknowledged cadet of Macgregor, on the express ground that they were 'come of one house, and of one surname and lineage.' But in the later History of the Macdonalds, written in the time of Charles II., and printed by the Iona Club, and again in Buchanan's *Scottish Surnames*, published in 1723, we find the descent of the Macnabs from the Macdonalds asserted—and it is this later story, not the earlier and genuine one, that is adopted in the treatise said to have been possessed by Bishop Lesley in A.D. 1571.

In the same roll of clans we have the 'Clanhiunla, or Farquharsonnes.' This term, 'Clanhiunla,' is an attempt to express the sound of the Gaelic name of the Farquharsons, *Clan Fhionnlaidh*,

*Fhionnlaidh*, or descendants of Finlay. But they derive this appellation, as is well known, from Finlay More, a great chief of their race who fought in person at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and whose son and successor survived the year 1571. It is manifestly impossible that the name Clan Finlay can have been in use during the lifetime of Finlay, or until his descendants had multiplied to a considerable extent; yet the *Vestiarium* is vouched to have been written at latest in Finlay's time, and to have been in the hands of Bishop Lesly in the time of his son.

Again—we have in the *Vestiarium*, 'Clangun quhilk cumeth of ye clan odovine.' Clan Odovine, as is acknowledged in a previous part of the treatise, is the same as Clan Campbell, yet in the middle of the sixteenth century, the very date assigned to the *Vestiarium*, Sir Donald Monro, Dean of the Isles, gives the tradition of his time that the Clan Gun are descended of one of three Danish brothers, the other two of whom were the ancestors of the Mac Leods and the Rosses, and of course entirely unconnected with the Campbells.

Again—in the chapter 'Of hosen and treusen,' there is mention of 'ye Lairde of Clunie hys countrie, and ither northe pairties.' This can hardly allude to any laird but Macpherson of Cluny, yet the chiefs of the Macphersons were not Lairds of Cluny till after the year 1638, prior to which time they held Cluny on a wadset from Lord Huntley, and when designed from their lands were styled Macpherson of Grange.

And again—in the roll of lesser clans, in the *Vestiarium* as now before us (p. 87), we find 'Makyntosche quha is cum of ye clan Chattane.' To understand fully the bearing of this entry on the authenticity of the *Vestiarium*, it is necessary that we should explain that the families of Shaw and Farquharson have been at all times recognised as cadets of Mackintosh, and that, for at least two hundred years previous to 1837, Mackintosh had been universally believed to be descended from the Macduffs, the ancient Earls of Fife. In that year, 1837, was published 'The Highlanders of Scotland, by William F. Skene,' being the Essay which had carried off the prize offered by the Highland Society of London for the best History of the Highlands. The appearance of this work may fairly be considered as forming an æra in Highland history. Instead of following the track of his predecessors, and attempting to supply the acknowledged deficiency of Scottish historical monuments, either by hasty conjectures or arbitrary inferences, or from confused and fluctuating traditions, Mr. Skene resorted at once to the records of the two nations who alone maintained an intercourse, comparatively intimate, with the north



of Scotland; and from the authentic annals of the Irish monasteries, and the Sagas of the Northmen, he extracted a mass of information not less important than unexpected. Whilst it is from these authorities chiefly that Mr. Skene has drawn the historical portion of his work—detailing the fortunes of the Highlanders in a clear and lucid narrative from the earliest times to the termination of their existence as a peculiar people—his investigation of the descent of the individual clans is characterized by extensive research in family records, both public and private, and judicious selection of materials. In this work, for the first time, doubts were cast upon the alleged Macduff descent of the Mackintoshes, and strong reasons urged for considering them as a branch of the Clan Chattan.

Now it happens that some time prior to the publication of Mr. Skene's book, a *transcript* of the 'Douay MS.' had been obtained by a gentleman in the north of Scotland, and shown by him to many of his friends, some of whom took notes of its contents. In this *transcript* Mackintosh was stated, in conformity with the then current belief, to be 'cum of ye clann Makduff,' whilst in the printed text of 1842, Mackintosh is stated, in conformity with Mr. Skene's work of 1837, to be 'cum of ye clann Chattane.' This fact alone is sufficient to show that a part of the MS. has been altered within the last ten years; but all possibility of doubt is removed by the circumstance that next after the Mackintoshes stand the Farquharsons, of whom it is said (p. 88) that they are 'lyk as Makyntosche cum of ye clann Macduffe alsua,' thus rendering it manifest beyond contradiction that the very copy from which the text is now printed, originally bore the Macduff descent of Mackintosh, but has been recently altered to suit Mr. Skene's discoveries, without adverting to the inconsistency thus produced with the statement in the Section devoted to the Farquharsons. Finally, in the list of badges which closes the Vestiarium, where the names of the clans are closer, and catch the eye together (p. 105), Clan Chattan descent is given not only to the Mackintoshes, but to the Farquharsons and Shaws also—'all thir names be cum of ye Clan Chattan'!—another flat contradiction of what is said concerning the Farquharsons, where they are separately treated of, in the body of the work.

We have to apologise for having entered into these genealogical details, but as the Vestiarium treats principally of the Highland clans, it was impossible to avoid them in stating the reasons which induce us to acquiesce most entirely in the decision of Sir Walter Scott, and to declare our conviction that this pretended MS. of the sixteenth century is an absolute fabrication, and of no authority whatever.

If

If we are asked to indicate the parent of this fabrication, we answer at once, we have neither the means nor the inclination to do so. It is far from our present intention to cast any such imputation on the editor himself, and as he has not told us from whom he got either the Bishop of Ross's MS., or the transcript from the Monastery of St. Augustine, we have no means of pursuing the investigation farther. Nor does it appear to us a matter of any consequence. We are satisfied with the verdict returned in the recent trial of the claimant of a Scottish Earldom for the fabrication of a document in support of his claim, in which the jury found it *proven that the document in question was forged, but no sufficient evidence by whom said forgery had been committed*. It matters little to the public who was the perpetrator of the present forgery. It may have been 'the late Mr. Robert Walker,' who is so ready with an entry from 'the Bishop's Diary' in its support,—a 'Diary' which, like Mr. Sobieski Stuart's MS. itself, formed 'part of the Douay papers.' It may have been the defunct porter of Auld Reekie, John Ross, from whom one of the copies is said to have been procured. And apropos of this latter possibility, we would recommend Mr. Sobieski Stuart to look again at his original MS., and consider whether what he has taken for the signature of the well-known bishop, John of Ross, be not in fact a quaint attempt of his friend the sword-player to write his own name in old hand, after practising upon the fever and ague notice which accompanies it.

We understand, however, that Sir Walter Scott was led by one marking feature in the '*Vestiarium Scoticum, otherwise the Garderope of Scotlonde,*' to suspect that information as to its origin might be obtained in a less romantic site than the cabin of a Cowgate porter—even behind the counter of one of the great clan-tartan warehouses which used to illuminate the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh. The whole composition betrays a desire to multiply, to the utmost, new and splendid patterns, which appeared to him to smack strongly of such a locality. This visible anxiety has even led the author to the singular and original expedient of assigning tartans to the great houses and tribes of the border, as well as to those of the Highlands. To any one who recollects what minute details we have in the printed letters of Englishmen of the middle ages as to the manners of the Scottish borderers, with whom they were constantly warring or negotiating—to any one who considers what a mass of ballad poetry has come down to us from the times when the clans of the mosstroopers were as distinct as those of the Gael; how frequent, both in the correspondence and the ballads, are the allusions to the slogans and other distinctive peculiarities



liarities of the great families of the frontier, and how complete is the absence of any reference to patterns of tartan, this idea must appear an unparalleled absurdity, and of itself a sufficient indication of forgery. We can picture the contempt that clouded the brow of the editor of the Sadler Papers and the Border Minstrelsy when, on opening the *transcript* of the 'Douay MS.' at the request of the Antiquarian Society, his eye lit on the tartans of Douglas, and Scott, and Kerr, and Cranstoun, which must have been to him as new and as strange as the *sets* of the Percies, the Cliffords, and the Lowthers. We have heard that his last words to the deputation were—'Well, I think the *march* of the next rising must be not *Hey tuttie tattie*, but *The Devil among the Tailors!*'

Adopting *in toto* Sir Walter's decision as to the recent, and in part his suspicion as to the undignified origin of the complicated system of clan-tartans, clumsily described in the text, and gorgeously exemplified in the plates of the *Vestiarium* (price ten guineas!), we must not withhold our approbation of the industry shown in Mr. Sobieski Stuart's preface to his *regal folio*. He has accumulated in that *hors d'œuvre* many curious notices about the old Highland garb which had escaped former compilers and commentators; and, indeed, between Mr. Skene's book and his preface, we believe the materials for its history may now be considered as exhausted. But, notwithstanding all the zeal and labour bestowed on the preface, it fails to produce the slightest shadow of *evidence* in favour of the fundamental principle even, to say nothing of the details, of the system of *patterns and sets* in the primeval formulary from Douay.

With the real history of clan-tartans, however, we have no immediate business—and there is metal more attractive in another of the publications before us. The modern Highlander, to render him a worthy representative of the hero of Prestonpans, must have more than the Gaelic, which he never lost, and the nicely diversified plaids wherewith 'the Douay MS.' would reinvest him. It is as impossible to picture a true Highlander without the 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' of his devoted loyalty, as to imagine a knight-errant without the peerless Dulcinea of his affections; and it will no doubt rejoice many of our sympathising readers to learn that even this hitherto hopeless defect is no more to be rashly pronounced irremediable.

The 'Tales of the Century' are three in number, and in form unconnected; but the most cursory glance will suffice to show that they constitute in fact a consecutive series, and regard the birth, the youth, and the marriage of the same individual, who generally appears under the Gaelic denomination of the 'Iolair Dhearg,' or *Red Eagle*.

The

The first of the tales is entitled 'The Picture;' and at its very opening we find a young gentleman, styled Macdonell of Glendulochan, paying his first visit, A.D. 1831, in a quiet street of Westminster, to a certain venerable relic of the '45, by name Doctor Beaton. After much talk and some pressing, this aged physician reveals to his youthful visitor a secret of great pith and moment:—

'"I promised—I swore," said he at length, "not to reveal it, unless in the service of my King. The secret is going down—it must not die with me. It is for his service that it should live. I will reveal it to you—that the last of the Gael may have one left to keep that mysterious hope. THEY HAVE YET A KING."—*Tales*, &c., p. 19.

After describing the Convent of St. Rosalie on the road from Parma to Florence, the Doctor thus proceeds:—

'As I passed through Italy in 1773, I remained for some days in its vicinity, with a lingering fascination which prevented me from leaving the neighbourhood where the King and Queen had spent some weeks in profound retirement, on account of her Majesty's infirm health. I often walked for hours in the deep quiet shades of St. Rosalie, ruminating upon my distant country, our past events, and those coming fortunes yet unknown. One evening, it was near sunset, as I walked in the avenue plunged in profound thought, I was roused by the sudden and rapid sound of wheels, and immediately a calash and four, with scarlet liveries, turned into the alley, and came whirling along the broad drive at full speed. As it approached, I observed that it contained a gentleman and lady; and in the momentary glance, as it went past, I recognised the Prince! I knew him at once; for though changed with years and care he was still himself, and though no longer "The Bonnie Prince Charlie" of our faithful beau-ideal, still the same eagle-featured, royal bird, which I had seen on his own mountains, when he spread his wings towards the south. In that brief moment, a world of visionary came by; the star on his breast, the keen glance of his eye, the beautiful golden hair, the "blind-fair face," and lofty forehead—and once more I felt the thrilling talismanic influence of his appearance, the sight so dear, so deeply-rooted in the hearts of the Highlanders, *Tearlach Rìgh nan Gael*.' [*Anglicè* Charles, King of the Gael.]

The same afternoon the Doctor was walking in the church of St. Rosalie:—

'I was roused from my reverie by a heavy step, and the gingle of spurs upon the pavement; and looking towards the porch, saw a tall man of superior appearance advancing up the cloister. His dress, however, was a little equivocal, and not altogether in accordance with his demeanour; and as the faint light glanced beneath his broad hat upon his stern pale cheek, piercing eye, and thick moustache, a sudden idea of the celebrated Torrifano crossed my imagination. He stopped before me, and with a slight salutation hastily demanded, "'E ella il Signor Dottor Betoni Scozzese?" I looked at him for a moment before I answered



answered that I was ; but as soon as he had heard my reply, he requested me to give my assistance to "one in need of immediate attendance." I was astonished at this demand, as I had no idea that my profession was known, except at the Palazzo. I made some hesitation and inquiry concerning the nature of the required service. "The relief of the malady, and not the circumstances of the patient, is the province of a physician," replied the stranger ; "and for the present occasion, you will best learn by an inspection of the individual." I mused for a moment ; but at last, "Show me the way," said I. "My carriage waits in the avenue," replied the stranger ; "but I must beg your excuse for what may seem an unpardonable restraint. There is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstances of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the vetturin to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the house of your patient." "No," I replied hastily, "certainly not ; I must request you to resort to any other than a Scottish gentleman, if you would procure an accessory to actions which require such concealment." "Signor," exclaimed the stranger, "I respect your doubts ; by one word I could dispel them ; but it is a secret which would be embarrassing to the possessor. It concerns the interest and safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of the Scottish Jacobites." "What ! whom ?" I exclaimed. "I can say no more," replied the stranger ; "but if you would venture any service for one who was once the dearest to your country and your cause, follow me." "Let us go," said I ; and hurried towards the door.—p. 21.

The Doctor is blindfolded and conveyed, partly by land and partly by water, to a house which he entered through a garden.

'We proceeded through a long range of apartments, when suddenly my guide stopped ; and removing my mask, I looked round upon a splendid saloon hung with crimson-velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor : at the farther extremity a pair of folding-doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a long conservatory. My conductor rang a silver bell which stood on the table, and a little page, richly dressed in scarlet, ran into the room and spoke eagerly in German to my conductor. The dark countenance of the cavalier glowed suddenly, and giving some hasty command to the page, "Signor Dottore," said he as he quitted the saloon, "the most important part of your occasion is past. The lady whom you have been unhappily called to attend, met with an alarming accident in her carriage, not half an hour before I found you in the church, and the unlucky absence of her physician leaves her entirely under your charge. Her accouchement is over, apparently without any result more than exhaustion ; but of that you will be the judge."

'At the mention of the carriage and the accident, the calash which had passed me at such speed in the avenue of St. Rosalie, flashed upon my mind ; but, before I could make any remark the page entered the room, and speaking briefly to the cavalier, "Signor," said the latter, "they await you ; and, preceded by the page, he conducted me through a splendid

a splendid suite of apartments, till we came to a small ante-room, decorated with several portraits, among which my transient glance instantly recognised one of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VIII. The page crossed the rooms on his tiptoes, and gently opening the door at the opposite extremity, as I passed, it closed softly behind me, and I found myself alone in a magnificent bedchamber. The still solitary light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment, and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed, which stood beyond. But I had scarce glanced around me, when the rustle of drapery called my attention to the couch, and a lady stepped from the shadow, and saluting me in English, conducted me towards the bed. The curtains were almost closed, and by the side stood a female attendant holding an infant enveloped in a mantle; and as she retired, the lady drew aside the curtains, and by the faint light which fell within the bed I imperfectly distinguished the pale features of a delicate face, which lay wan and languid, almost enveloped in the down pillow. The shadow of the curtains gave but a faint trace of the countenance; but a single beam of the taper glanced upon the dark-blue counterpane, and shone across a slender arm and hand which lay upon the velvet, still, and pale, and passive as an alabaster model. The lady spoke a few words in German, at which the patient slowly raised her large eyes, and endeavoured to lift her hand towards me. It was cold as marble; and as I held my fingers on the pulse, they could scarce feel the low intermitting throb. For many minutes I vainly endeavoured to count the vibrations, while the lady in waiting stood motionless beside me, her eyes fixed intently on my face. "If you will give me leave," said I, endeavouring to suppress any indication of the danger to which I was sensible, "I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost."

The lady conducted me in silence to a writing cabinet, on which she placed the taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection I glanced accidentally on the toilet which stood beside me. The light of the taper shone full upon a number of jewels, which lay loosely intermixed among the scent-bottles, as if put off in haste and confusion; but what was my surprise to recognise an exquisite miniature of my noble, my unfortunate, my exiled Prince, Charles Edward! For some moments I sat with my pen motionless in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the painting. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince in the very dress, the look, with which I had seen him ride into the field of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, I gazed upon it till the features swam away in an indistinct glimmer of tears. An approaching step roused me to recollection, and hastily passing my hand over my eyes, I began to write as the lady approached the toilet, and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between me and the table. It was but an instant, and she retired; but when I glanced again to the jewels—the face of the miniature was turned.—p. 29.

The Doctor is rather unceremoniously dismissed from the house, in the same mysterious manner as he had been brought to it,



it, but not until he had sworn on the crucifix 'never to speak of what he had seen, heard, or thought, that night, *unless it should be in the service of his king—King Charles*' (p. 41). He is further required to leave Tuscany the same night, to which he agrees, and proceeds accordingly to a seaport, in the neighbourhood of which, on the third evening after his arrival, another scene of deep interest takes place. Walking at sunset, the Doctor's attention is attracted by the sight of an English frigate lying-to at a short distance. He is informed that the vessel is the *Albina*, Commodore O'Haleran. The Doctor lingers on the beach till the moon has risen, and when at last about to retire, he is arrested by the approach of a horseman, followed by a small close carriage.

'The horseman and the carriage passed scarce a pike's length from the place where I lay; but what was my astonishment when, as the moonlight fell through the trees on the group, I thought I recognised the figure of my mysterious guide from St. Rosalie!

'I lay breathless with amazement, and as the cavalier turned the rock, the broad moon shone bright on his face, and showed distinctly the pale stern features so deeply imprinted on my memory. The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier having glanced hastily round, blew a loud shrill whistle. The echo had scarce died away along the cliff, when the long black shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind the reef of rocks on the western entrance to the creek. She pulled straight for the spot where the vetturin stood, and in a few moments I saw her stern brought round to the sand, and all her oars fly up into the moonlight. The cavalier had already alighted, and opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady closely muffled in a white mantle. As she descended I observed that she bore in her arms some object which she held with great solicitude, and, at the same time, an officer leaped from the boat, and hastened towards the travellers. By the glimmer of the moonlight upon his shoulders, I saw that he wore double epaulettes, and making a brief but profound salute towards the lady, he conducted her towards the galley.

'As they approached, the lady unfolded her mantle and turning to the cavalier, I heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished for a moment the glisten of a little white mantle and cap, as she laid her charge in the arms of her companion. The officer immediately lifted her into the boat, and as soon as she was seated, the cavalier delivered to her the child, and folding it carefully in her cloak, I heard her half-suppressed voice lulling the infant from its disturbance. A brief word and a momentary grasp of the hand passed between the lady and the cavalier, and the officer lifting his hat, the boat pushed off, the oars fell in the water, and the galley glided down the creek with a velocity which soon rendered her but a shadow in the grey tide. In a few minutes I lost sight of her altogether; but I still distinguished the faint measured plash of the oars and the feeble wail of the infant's voice float along the still water.

\* For

‘For some moments I thought I had seen the last of the little bark, which seemed to venture like an enchanted skiff into that world of black waters. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of the narrow boat, and the dark figures of the men, gliding across the bright stream of moonlight upon the tide; an instant after a faint gleam blinked on the white mantle of the lady and the sparkle of the oars; but it died away by degrees, and neither sound nor sight returned again.

‘For more than a quarter of an hour the tall black figure of the cavalier continued fixed upon the same spot, and in the same attitude; but suddenly the broad gigantic shadow of the frigate swung round in the moonshine, her sails filled to the breeze, and dimly brightening in the light, she bore off slow and still and stately towards the west.’—p. 59.

In the next tale, entitled ‘The Red Eagle,’ we are introduced to the Highlands at a later period, where our acquaintance Mac-Donell of Glendulochan happens to have his curiosity excited by odd stories about a certain mysterious stranger, who had arrived in those parts ‘in a great King’s ship,’ and had hired for a temporary residence ‘the grand auld house of Dundarach.’ Glendulochan is conversing on the subject with a hoary herdsman:—

“Does he wear the Highland dress?” said I.

“Ou ye never seed the like, except Glengarve,” replied Alaister.

“And what did you call him?” said I.

“The folk call him Iolair Dhearg, the Red Eagle, for his red tartan and the look o’s ee, that was never in the head o’ man nor bird but the eagle and Prince Charlie. But Muster Robison, the post-mister in Port Michael, says his name is Captain O’Haleran, and that he is son to ane great admiral in the suthe enew; but I dinna think it; for the auld French bodie his servant, ca’s him whiles Munsenur, and Halt’s Rile” [Altesse Royale], “and a poor o’ names that I canna mind.”

“But O’Haleran is not a Highland name,” said I.

“Feint a bit o’t,” exclaimed Alaister; but ye greit folk tak what names ye will when ye’re traevling.”—p. 113.

Of the ‘auld Admiral O’Haleran’ we are told that the reason of his bearing such a ‘lang auld farand Ireland name’ was that his father ‘was married upon a lassie out of yon country wi’ a muckle tocher, and sine he tuke her name, though he himself should be Yearl of Strathgowrie’ (p. 119).

In the sequel of the same tale, we have the *Iolair Dhearg* introduced to a very aged Highland chief who, being much in the state of the *Père Turlututu* of the Vaudeville, mistakes him for Prince Charles himself, and tells his ‘Royal Highness’ that the last time he saw him was ‘on the morning of Culloden.’

In the last of the Tales, which is called ‘The Wolf’s Den,’ we have the marriage of the Iolair to an English lady, by name Catherine Bruce; and in the course of this Tale he is ex-  
pressly



pressly addressed as 'My Prince,' by the Chevalier Græme, chamberlain to the Countess d'Albanie. The date of the marriage is not exactly given; for although the Iolair is represented as having, in the summer of 1790, rescued this lady, to whom he had been previously attached, from the hands of smugglers, and carried her off towards Berwick, yet here the Tale rather abruptly stops. It is mentioned that they were married, but this statement is separated from the previous account by an indefinite gap, which affords us no further indication of time than that the marriage of the *Iolair* must have been subsequent to the adventure of 1790.

We have given unusually long extracts—for we were resolved to place the whole story before our readers in the authors' own language. Its import is plainly this—that Charles Edward had in 1773 by his wife, the Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guedern, a son, whose birth was kept secret;—who was carried privately on board an English frigate, the commander of which, Commodore, afterwards Admiral O'Haleran, *de jure* Earl of Strathgowrie, brought up the child as his own son, and under his own name;—that this scion of royalty afterwards appeared on board of a man-of-war among the Western Isles of Scotland—was married to an English lady—and was still alive in 1831. In short, we are constrained to believe that although the appearance of incognito has been maintained by adopting false names, the authors of the Tales have had a serious object in view, and intend us to receive it as a fact that the direct line of the House of Stuart still survives in the person of this hitherto invisible Iolair Dhearg—or, if he be dead since 1831, of the offspring of his marriage—which marriage occurred soon after 1790.

The date on the title-page of these Tales by no means marks the time when a story of the drift above sketched first came into circulation. For twenty years past a rumour of this kind has been current in Scotland, which with ever increasing distinctness identifies the officer in the Naval Service of George III. who carried off, and brought up, the son of Charles Edward, with a certain Admiral Allen—whose name is in the obituary of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for October, 1800—thus: 'Oct. 2. At his house in Devonshire Place, John Carter Allen, Esq., Admiral of the White.' In the succeeding Number appears this letter:—

'MR. URBAN,

' Nov. 20,

'As your obituary is superior to everything of the kind, and affords your readers many agreeable anecdotes of families, I send you a few of the late Admiral Allen, who was mentioned in your last, p. 1010. He was not only related to the Marchioness of Salisbury and Marquis of Downshire,

Downshire, but Lord Hillsborough gave it as his opinion that the title of Errol belonged to him, as being descended from the old Earl Hay in the male line. He was brought up at Westminster School with the late Lord Keppel, from which an intimacy was formed; and he fought with him several times, particularly in the engagement called unfortunately Lee-shore; when, from his active spirit, he so far engaged the enemy, that, from mistake, he was fired upon by his friend, which, on Lord Keppel's trial, was brought to prove that the fleet was all confusion. Likewise when Lord Howe went to relieve Gibraltar, Capt. Allen, in the Royal William, led the van and helped to drive the French and Spanish fleets before them. He was connected with, and favoured by, the Rockingham party, and in great friendship with Admiral Barrington and Admiral Lord Hotham. After the Marquis's death, though he was not called to actual service, his Majesty was pleased to promote him to the highest rank in the navy as Admiral of the White. He married to his first wife, a lady with a large fortune, which principally descends to Mr. Hatch; and, after her decease, he married an amiable lady, whose extensive estates are in Jamaica. Having particularly desired to be buried in his family-vault at Hackney, built about 200 years ago by Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Mayor, who left something annually for its support, the Marquis of Downshire was applied to for the key, who represented that the vault and chapel over it were in too ruinous a state at present, from the removal of the old church, which has so damaged them as to occasion a dispute between him and Lord A., the Lord of the Manor, and therefore the corpse is deposited till the vault is repaired.

'Yours, &c., WM. SCOTT.'

Errol being in the district of Gowrie, no one can now fail to recognise in this account of Admiral Carter Allen, who ought to have been Earl of Errol, the prototype of Admiral O'Haleran, who ought to have been Earl of Strathgowrie.

On the 11th of February, 1800, Admiral Allen made his will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons. In it he mentions two sons, 'Captain John Allen of his Majesty's Navy' and 'Lieutenant Thomas Allen of his Majesty's Navy.' The latter of these gentlemen, Thomas Allen, was married in 1792. The parish-register of Godalming, in Surrey, contains this entry:—

'Thomas Allen of the parish of Egham, bachelor, and Katharine Matilda Manning of this parish, spinster, were married in this church by licence this second day of October, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, by me

OWEN MANNING, Vicar.

'This marriage was solemnised between us { THOMAS ALLEN.  
KATHARINE MATILDA  
MANNING.

'In the presence of { JANE MANNING.  
ANNE MANNING.'

And



And the same event appears in the list of marriages in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for October, 1792, thus:—

'Oct. 2.—Mr. Allen, third Lieutenant in the Navy, and son of Admiral Allen, to Miss Catherine Manning, second daughter of the Rev. Mr. Owen Manning, vicar of Godalming.'

In this gentleman, Lieutenant Thomas Allen, we believe the prototype of the *Iolair Dhearg* may be as certainly recognised, as was that of his reputed father Admiral O'Haleran in Admiral Carter Allen. The *Iolair* calls himself Captain, and is seen in connexion with a man-of-war and displaying remarkable powers of seamanship during a storm among the Hebrides; Thomas Allen was a Lieutenant in the navy. The *Iolair* passed for the son of Admiral O'Haleran; Thomas Allen for the son of Admiral Carter Allen. The *Iolair* married Catherine Bruce some time after the summer of 1790; Thomas Allen married Catherine Manning in 1792. Nay, if we mistake not, circumstances which are related of the *Iolair* in connexion with his marriage have left consequences traceable in the history of Lieutenant Allen. The tale of the 'Wolf's Den' is entirely occupied with the endeavours of Admiral O'Haleran and the Chevalier Græme, already known to us as the guide of Dr. Beaton from St. Rosalie, to prevent the *Iolair* from injuring the prospects of his house by such a *mésalliance* as they considered his union with Catherine Bruce would be; and we have a scene in which the royal birth of the *Iolair* is spoken of without concealment, and in which the Admiral implores his 'foster-son' with tears in his eyes not to break by such a marriage the last hope that was withering on his *father's* foreign tomb (p. 194). The *Iolair*, however, was inexorable. Now on looking to Admiral Allen's will, we see that while he left his son John 2200*l.*, he left Thomas only 100*l.*, from which it appears but a fair inference that Thomas had in fact incurred the Admiral's displeasure by some such circumstance as an imprudent marriage. But further. Thomas Allen had two sons, of whom the elder published a volume of poetry in 1822, to which he put his name as 'John Hay Allan, Esq.,' while the marriage of the other appears in the number of Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1822, thus: 'October 9, at London, Charles Stuart, youngest son of Thomas Hay Allan, Esq., of Hay, to Ann, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Beresford, M.P. for the county of Waterford.' The introduction of the name 'Hay' before 'Allan,' and the designation 'of Hay,' are easily explained by Admiral Allen's claims to the Earldom of Errol. The change in the spelling of the name from 'Allen' to 'Allan' appears to have been adopted in consequence of the removal of the family from England, where the former mode is prevalent, to Scotland, where

where the latter is the usual form. These two gentlemen, who called themselves in 1822 John Hay Allan and Charles Stuart Hay Allan, have now placed their names on the title-pages of the 'Vestiarium' and of the 'Tales of the Century' as John Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart, and we cannot hesitate to understand this assumption of names, both of which bear so plain a reference to the exiled family, as a declaration that the history given in the 'Tales of the Century' is in fact that of their own family, and that their father, although the reputed son of Admiral Allen, was in reality the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Now this is a serious matter. We are far from wishing to curb in any way the fancy of our historical novelists, or to examine too closely the actual existence of every knight or noble whom a writer of that class may present to us as achieving mighty deeds in the train of Philip Augustus or of Pedro the Cruel, but when we are told that a legitimate son of Charles Edward Stuart was alive as late as 1831, and that two of his sons are writing or editing books in 1846, the truth or falsehood of such a statement concerns the history of our own time and country much too nearly to be so lightly disposed of.

The notices which we lately collected (without the slightest reference to this story) concerning the last of the Stuart family in Italy (Q. R., No. 157), may perhaps be thought to have rendered any further examination of the facts needless; but since we have taken up the question, let it be settled. The authors of the 'Tales of the Century' distinctly ascribe the concealment of the birth of the lawful son of Charles Edward to the fear of assassination by emissaries of the Hanoverian family; but, passing over this egregious motive, *could* such a concealment have been effected? Where were the attendants on the Princess Louisa and the other inmates of the villa where the birth is said to have taken place? The little page in scarlet who conducted the doctor to the chamber of his patient? Is it conceivable that such an event could have escaped their eyes at the time, or their gossiping propensities afterwards? Different indeed must they have been from the generality of the attendants of royalty, if any restraint whatever could prevent their repeating not only all that did happen, but a good deal besides. Then the embarkation of the infant on board the frigate. Where were the officers and crew? Was curiosity extinct among them as to all this mystery? Nay even the participators in the secret, Dr. Beaton and his mysterious guide of St. Rosalie, and others who like them had sworn not to reveal the fact except for *the King's service*; the French servant of the *Iolair*, who seems to have addressed him as *Monseigneur* and *Altesse Royale* without much consideration



consideration for his hearers, &c. &c.,—were none of them treacherous, not one of them injudicious? In one word, had such an event ever taken place, is it possible that it could have remained a secret?

We know that from the time when Charles Edward left Scotland in 1746 till his death in 1788, he was the object of the constant attention of the British government. The envoys at Paris, at Leghorn, at Florence, and at Rome, kept watch upon him day and night, and reported to the Secretary of State every circumstance they could ascertain of his domestic life. Their despatches on this subject form several bulky volumes in the State Paper Office; and the selections from them printed for the Roxburghe Club are quite sufficient to establish the perfection of the system of espionage. More especially, from the date of his father's death in 1766, when Charles Edward settled in Italy, he was subject to the constant surveillance of the acute, indefatigable Sir Horace Mann (the correspondent of Horace Walpole), who held the office of envoy at Florence for no less than forty-six years—from 1740 to 1786. From his despatches, during the period in question, Lord Mahon has selected upwards of eighty, from which it appears most clearly that he was not overrating either his zeal or his opportunities when he wrote from Florence, on the 26th September, 1775: 'In the course of my letters since the Pretender's residence here, I have informed your Lordship of everything that related to him that I judged worthy of your Lordship's notice, of which I have the most authentic means of being informed.' Not only does it appear that he was in constant communication with the *physicians* who attended the object of his watch, and with several of his associates, but it is evident, from the many anecdotes of Charles Edward's most private life which he details, and which are clearly verified by circumstances mentioned in subsequent letters, that he must have had his information from day to day, and from those immediately about the Prince's person.

It is in the face of such a surveillance as this, that the adventure of Dr. Beaton is said to have occurred in 1773, the year after Charles's marriage. In the end of that year Sir Horace thus shows his familiarity with the state of matters in his household:—

'Florence, Dec. 11th, 1773.

'For some time after his marriage, he abstained from any great excess in wine, but of late he has given into it again as much as ever; so that he is seldom quite sober, and frequently commits the greatest disorders in his family. This behaviour had made Mr. Carol, the principal person about him, whom they call Lord Carol, take a resolution to leave

leave him entirely, but Cardinal York has induced him to defer his departure at least for some little time longer.'

From this it is evident that Sir Horace had information from within the household of Charles Edward of the state of matters there since his marriage, and that his attention had been turned, as it most naturally would, to the very point in question further appears from a letter dated upwards of a year previously:—

'As I have lately observed an article in the English newspapers which asserts that Cardinal York was dead, and that his sister-in-law is with child, I think it my duty to acquaint your Lordship that both these circumstances are false.'—Sept. 22, 1772.

This story, which he had seen in the English papers, is the only allusion to such a prospect that occurs in the whole course of Sir Horace's despatches, and when we observe the number of singular anecdotes of the private life of Charles Edward and his consort which had come to the envoy's knowledge, and how evidently they were all along surrounded by spies, both within their family and beyond it, it is absolutely incredible that such an event as the birth of the only hope of the House of Stuart—for Cardinal York's priestly character extinguished all such expectations from him—could have taken place without the slightest rumour of it having transpired.

Our readers will pardon us for recurring once more to the conduct of the exiled family after the marriage of Louisa of Stolberg. That alliance, as is universally known, proved eminently unhappy, and the differences between her and her consort gradually increased until the latter part of the year 1780, when she entirely withdrew herself from him. For four years after this period he lived alone, and when, in 1784, his advancing age—he was then sixty-four—and the prospect of increasing infirmities rendered the tenderness and unwearied devotion of a child especially desirable for him, the measures adopted by him are equally notorious. Had a son been born to him in 1773, he must then have been eleven years of age, yet we hear nothing of any son, and it is to Charlotte Stuart, his daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, that he looks for the support of his declining years. In the month of July, 1784, he executes a deed with all the necessary forms, legitimating this person, and bestowing upon her the title of Albany, by which he had himself been known for fourteen years, with the rank of Duchess. To legitimate his natural daughter, and give her the reversion of his own title, was certainly not very like the act of a man who had a lawful son in existence. But furthermore, in this same year 1784, he executed his will, by which, with the exception of a legacy to his brother the Cardinal and annuities to a few of his attendants, he



he left all he possessed to the Duchess of Albany—his palace at Florence with all its rich furniture, all his plate and jewels, including not only those brought into the family by his mother the Princess Clementina Sobieski—(among which were two rubies of great value which had been pledged with her father by the republic of Poland, and a large shield of gold presented to the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, by the Emperor Leopold after the siege of Vienna)—but also such of the crown-jewels of England as had been conveyed to the continent by James II. Is it conceivable that, if Charles Edward had had a legitimate son, he would thus have alienated from him not only his Italian residence, and the Polish jewels which he had inherited from his mother—one of which, as appears from a letter of Sir Horace Mann, dated November 8th, 1783, he intended to add to the crown-jewels—but even the ancient crown-jewels of England, which he himself possessed only in virtue of those royal claims which he would thus hand down to a disinherited son?

The Duchess of Albany survived her father not quite two years, but even during that short period her actions demonstrate her entire ignorance that he had left any other male heir than his brother. Shortly after the death of Charles Edward, she sent to the Cardinal York the whole of the crown-jewels; and at her death she left him the whole of her property, with the exception of an annuity to her mother, Miss Walkenshaw, who for some time survived her, and who bore among the Jacobites the title of Countess Alberstroff.

One glance at the subsequent history of the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, the alleged mother of this mysterious infant. Her separation from her husband had been mainly brought about through the assistance of the poet Alfieri, with whom she continued on the most intimate terms. It is uncertain whether she was ever married to him, but, at his death, the income, which the kindness of Cardinal York had secured to her on her separation from his brother, was further increased by her lover's bequest of his whole property. Alfieri's place in her affections then devolved upon a Frenchman, named Fabre, to whom also it has been said that she was married. She survived till 1824, when her alleged son must have been in his fifty-first year, yet, at her death, her whole property, including the seal and the portrait of Charles Edward, and some other memorials of that alliance, she bequeathed to her last admirer Fabre; who in his turn bequeathed those Stuart relics to their present possessor, Signor Santirelli, a sculptor at Florence.

The proceedings of the Cardinal of York are equally conclusive. The gentle and amiable disposition of this survivor might have led

to the expectation that his rights, as a member of the royal house of Stuart, would have been merged by him in his character as a dignified ecclesiastic. But such was not the case, for no sooner was his brother dead, than he immediately adopted all the form and etiquette usual in the residence of a reigning monarch, and insisted on its observance not only by his own attendants but by his visitors.\* He published protests asserting his right to the British crown, and caused medals to be struck, bearing his head, with the inscriptions 'Henricus Nonus Angliæ Rex,' and 'Henricus IX. Magn. Brit. Franciæ et Hibern. Rex, Fid. Def., Card. Ep. Tusc.' one of which, we believe, is now in the possession of Her Majesty. Cardinal York at this period was, beyond all doubt, ignorant of the existence of a nearer heir of the rights of his family than himself, which a son of his brother would have been. Yet when his sister-in-law left her husband, only seven years after the alleged birth, the Cardinal sent for her to Rome, received her with tender affection, and watched over her interests with the most anxious care, until he had procured her a suitable establishment from his brother. Were these complicated negotiations entirely carried through without the Princess's ever mentioning to one so nearly related to her the existence of her son? Nay more, we see from Sir Horace Mann's despatches, that when the health of Charles Edward finally gave way, the Duchess of Albany brought about a complete reconciliation between her father and uncle, in consequence of which the titular king removed his residence to Rome, being there cordially received by the Cardinal, who presented him to the Pope and continued on terms of the most affectionate intimacy with him till his death two years afterwards. Can it be imagined that Charles Edward would not communicate to his brother, during this period of confidential intercourse, the existence of his son, had there lived such a person? Finally, there is abundant evidence that the Cardinal remained till his own death, in 1807, in the belief that he was himself his brother's heir. The will of Cardinal York, which had been executed in the year 1790, and is still preserved at Rome, is singular. In it he leaves his whole possessions to two executors in trust, for purposes which are not specified in the will, but which he therein says he had previously communicated to his executors. It was from the first clear that these purposes could have no connexion with any concealed heir of the Stuart blood, for the will itself contains a

\* It is asserted by a recent biographer of Charles Edward (Klose) that a Prince of the House of Hanover, being anxious to have an interview with the Cardinal, signified his willingness to accede to the usual condition, and was admitted accordingly.



formal declaration of his own right to the British crown, and a protest in favour of his own nearest lawful heir, who could not of course by any means be the son of his elder brother. All doubt, however, as to the actual instructions left by him was removed by his principal executor, Canon Cæsarini, who, in the year after the Cardinal's death, made a formal note of the verbal instructions received by him, and sealed it up, so to remain till Charles Edward's widow should be dead, and certain estates in Mexico realized. The revolution in Mexico having rendered this realization impossible, the Pope, in 1831, ordered Cæsarini's note to be opened, when it was found to contain directions for the application of the Cardinal's whole property in aid of certain missionary enterprises under the management of the Propaganda. Thus the last remnant of the property of the Stuarts went to that church, their adherence to which had cost them three kingdoms.

If from the ex-royal family we turn to that by whom the secret is said to have been preserved, the result is equally clear and inevitable. The sketch of Admiral Allen's life, which we have quoted from the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' not only contains no allusion to the existence of any such rumour as that now under our notice, but it does not even mention him as connected in any way with any persons of Jacobite principles or predilections. On the contrary, the Rockingham party, with whom he is said to have been connected, were not even Tories, but Whigs. Had Charles Edward been in a situation to confide so delicate a trust to any one, it is impossible to conceive that he would have selected any other than one of his staunchest adherents; yet we are now called upon to believe that this charge was intrusted to one whose political relations seem to have been with the opposite party. But there is more behind—we can appeal to the direct testimony of the very persons most concerned in the theory of the '*Tales of a Century*.' Their hero, the Iolair Dhearg, is represented as aware of his real parentage prior to the scene in 1790, yet the notice of Thomas Allen's marriage in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' expressly calls him 'son of Admiral Allen.' The Admiral himself died, as we have seen, in October, 1800, and had made his will in February of the same year. In it he expressly names as his son 'Lieutenant Thomas Allen of His Majesty's Navy.' On what possible principle can this be accounted for?—What conceivable motive could induce the officer intrusted by Charles Edward with the care of the only hope of the House of Stuart, to leave in his will, and that will, too, executed in the year of his death, a flat denial of the royal birth of his illustrious ward? The fact is utterly irreconcilable with the existence of such a  
secret,

secret, and appears to us absolutely conclusive. There was no occasion for the Admiral stating in his will whose son Thomas Allen was. He might have left him 100*l.*, without any allusion to his parentage; but when he deliberately, and, as lawyers say, *in intuitu mortis*, assures us that this gentleman, the father of those who now assume names so directly indicative of royal pretensions, was his own son, we are inclined to give him credit for a clearer knowledge of the truth than any now alive can possess.

We have now done with the Iolair Dhearg. We have endeavoured to sever him from the stem on which fancy has been pleased to engraft him, with as gentle a hand as might be. It gives us no pleasure to bring down such a *Château en Espagne* about the ears of those to whose personal gratification it must be supposed to have ministered; but the nature of the claim, and the fact that some credulous rural dignitaries have been lending it countenance, seemed to impose the duty of demolition on some of our craft. The attempt to persuade the world that Charles Edward left a legitimate male progeny is the silliest of dreams; and no rational creature can doubt that the broken diadem which lies so touchingly at the foot of the cross in the frontispiece to the work of Messrs. 'John Sobieski Stuart' and 'Charles Edward Stuart,' is now the heritage of a branch of the Imperial House of Austrian Lorraine, in the person of the eldest son of the Duke of Modena.\* With whom the Iolair invention originated we know not. In such cases there is usually one, or a small number of deceivers, and many deceived; and it is as common to find those most concerned in the truth of the story in the latter as in the former position. This much, however, we can say:—there are distinct indications that the present genealogical fiction is the offspring of the same fertile imagi-

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\* We are almost ashamed to tell what every one ought to know as well as ourselves, 'The death of Cardinal York extinguished the descendants of James the Second, and as he had no brother but Charles the Second, who predeceased him without legitimate issue, the succession then opened to the descendants of his sister, the Princess Henrietta Maria, wife of Philip Duke of Orleans. She died in 1670, leaving two daughters. After her death the Duke of Orleans married Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, from whom the subsequent family of Orleans, and the present King of the French, are descended. Mary, eldest daughter of the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Charles the Second, king of Spain, but died without issue. Her sister Ann, second daughter of the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Victor Amedeus, king of Sardinia. Their son, Charles Emanuel the Third, succeeded in 1730, and was succeeded by his son, Victor Amedeus the Third. Charles Emanuel the Fourth, eldest son of Victor Amedeus the Third, died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Victor Emanuel. Victor Emanuel left twin daughters, the eldest-born of whom, Mary Beatrice, married Francis Duke of Modena, while the crown of Sardinia passed to her father's heirs male. The Duchess Mary Beatrice of Modena has left two sons, the elder of whom, Francis, born on the 1st of June, 1819, is now the unquestionable heir of the House of Stuart.—By a singular coincidence, this Prince's sister is wife to the exiled head of the House of Bourbon.



nation which produced the literary fiction of the 'Vestiarium Scoticum.' This appears no more than the inevitable inference from the statement that the MS. of the 'Vestiarium' was found among the papers of Charles Edward himself. Moreover, it is capable of proof that neither the 'Vestiarium of Sir Richard Urquhart, Knight,' nor the romantic history of the Iolair Dhearg was the first attempt of this literary and genealogical adventurer. In a certain volume of poetry already alluded to as having been published in 1822, we find a piece entitled 'The Gathering of the Hays,' of which we shall transcribe the opening stanzas:—

'GATHERING.

'MacGaradh! MacGaradh! red race of the Tay!  
 Ho! gather! ho! gather like hawks to the prey!  
 MacGaradh, MacGaradh, MacGaradh, come fast,  
 The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.  
 The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,  
 And the falcon of Luncarty stirs in her nest.  
 Come away, come away, come to the tryst,  
 Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west!

'MacGaradh! MacGaradh! MacGaradh, come forth!  
 Come from your bowers, from south and from north,  
 Come in all Gowrie, Kinoul, and Tweedale!  
 Drumelzier and Naughton, come lock'd in your mail!  
 Come Stuart! come Stuart! set up thy white rose!  
 Killour and Buckcleugh, bring thy bills and thy bows!  
 Come in, MacGaradh! come arm'd for the fray!  
 Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

'QUICK MARCH.

'The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!  
 MacGaradh is coming! Give way! give way!  
 The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!  
 MacGaradh is coming, give way!  
 MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!  
 MacGaradh is coming, hurra! hurra!  
 MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!  
 MacGaradh is coming, hurra!'

The author of the other poems comprised in the volume—Mr. John Hay Allan, now Mr. John Sobieski Stuart—tells us in his notes that he copied this piece 'from an old leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays,' and that he had 'seen a version of the first stanza in Gaelic.' The first and second stanzas he considers decidedly ancient; the remaining verses as having been

\* See 'The Bridal of Caolchaim, and other Poems,' by John Hay Allan, Esq. London, Hookham; and Edinburgh, Tait. 8vo. 1822.

composed by a certain Captain James Hay in 1715. It is further explained to us, apparently from the same MS. history, that 'MacGaradh' was the ancient name of the Hays, 'Garadh' signifying in Gaelic 'a dike or barrier,' and being therefore nearly synonymous with the French 'haie,' a 'hedge.' The patronymic of the chief, we are told, was 'Mac Mhic Garadh Mor an Sgiathan Dearg'—'the son of the son of Garadh the Great of the red shields.' Of this 'old MS. History' we know no more than is contained in the above references to it in the Editorial Notes of 1822:—but the 'Gathering' is so manifestly an imitation of Scott's 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' composed in 1816, enriched with an occasional touch from the popular song of 'The Campbells are coming,' that the youngest Miss Hay who fingers a pianoforte cannot suppose it really ancient; and we have no doubt from this, and from the unnatural association of Gaelic names and phrases with the purely Lowland family of the Hays, that, were the 'old MS. History of the Hays' itself before us, it would prove a genuine elder brother of the Vestiarium 'from the Douay papers.' It is tolerably obvious, in short, that our ingenious manipulator, whoever he may be, has arrived by cautious degrees at the *crowning* of his imposture. In the poetical compilation of 1822, there occurred indeed an intimation that the gentleman named on its titlepage claimed a descent in some way from the Stuarts (p. 97), but we were left without any explanation on that subject—while the MS. History of the Hays and the Gathering of the MacGaradh were brought prominently forward. Encouraged by the success of those smaller experiments, the artist appears to have advanced from his mystifications about a single noble family, whose real history is quite well known, to the more perplexed pedigrees of the Highland clans, with the phantasmagoria of their variegated tartans—which decorations he then liberally imparted to the harnessed spearmen of the southern border, and even to the purest of the Anglo-Norman houses conspicuous in the authentic annals of Scotland—yea, even to Bruce, Hamilton, and Lyndsay!—until he was at last encouraged to produce in a tangible shape this more ambitious invention of the Iolair Dhearg—announcing openly to the dandies of the Celtic Club and the dowagers of the Inverness Meeting that '*they have yet a KING!*'

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ART. III.—*Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain.* By a Lady. 2 vols. 1847.

THE little visited and less known strip of country to the West of the Peninsula, which rejoices in the title of an independent kingdom, produces other matters besides Portugal onions, Port wine, and periodical revolutions: of which the two former are better to be discussed elsewhere, and the latter may be dismissed as tempests in a teacup. In a recent Number (CLVII.) we paid our homage to the drama of Lusitania; and we now invite the attention of our readers to its scenery and social life, as sketched for us in the *Journal* of an accomplished artist: her pen light and ready, her pencil true and facile, and both equally obedient to the mistress mind. What eye, indeed, like bright woman's, can see the nice shades of differences, the infinite details which constitute character in the aggregate, whether in the works of the creation or in its so-called lords? What appliance of art can fix chameleon impressions as they arise, better than crowquill guided by taper fingers, which skim over gilt-edged paper like butterflies busied with flowers, now lured by colour, now by perfume, pausing but to extract the essential sweet, and then away to beauties new? Even so in these slim tomes there is no tedious twice-told tale. Here is 'pleasant reading,' as Scott says of some earlier *rara avis*, 'with no botheration about statistics and geology'—the dry daily bread of our critical treadmill.

For the poetical and picturesque features of Portugal, our fair tourist came well prepared: a keen perception of the beautiful could not but be hereditary in the blood which rumour assigns her: cradled in the bosom of beauty at Grasmere, reared at the knees of the *genius loci*, her memory ever recurs to the scenes of her youth; and whether she climbs the wild sierra, or fords the arrowy torrents of a foreign land, the scaurs and streams of Cumberland re-appear, clad in a southern garb: thus the enjoyment of the present is heightened by the poetry of the past, and Cintra itself becomes doubly delicious, because associated with the sweetest of English homes.

We hope we may be pardoned these allusions to a popular report, which certainly seems to derive confirmation from the internal evidence of thought and taste. But at any rate we must give our readers at starting such a general notion of the new Portuguese pilgrims as can be gathered from the scattered hints of the book itself—for it does not open with a distinct *catalogue raisonné* like Father Chaucer's, and the more is the pity. The predisposition to be pleased resulting from a previous acquaintancy, spreads birdlime over the pages of a journal; we travel hand-in-hand

hand with one known to us, sharing alike joys and sorrows: an interest is given to the log-book, be it ever so long, and a life infused into the jokes, be they ever so drowsy. On the other hand, sad and serious is the change which comes over the spirit when dealing with the unknown: only compare the private delight with which the 'memoranda of my last tour' are submitted to by dutiful wife and daughter, with the weariness of the flesh public, which has no predilections, when the tourist, yielding to family pressure, rushes into type, the dispeller of domestic illusions. Be it noted, then, that the party in the present instance consisted of four persons—a wedded pair who chaperon an unmarried couple; they wish, however, to travel *incognito*—for the names of these loving, galloping, eating, drinking, and thinking beings are only shadowed by initials, or mystified by vacuums, which nature abhors. Unknown values may indeed be expressed as it pleases the wise in algebra, but Hymen, Cupid, and critics protest against such hieroglyphics as W plus H for wives and husbands, or I minus U for bachelors and spinsters. Unsightly dashes, by breaking continuity of text, worry a reader's eye no less than the meaningless gaps weary his mind; and the adventures of Alphabet in search of the picturesque are tiresome as allegory, better than the best of which, said Dr. Johnson, is the portrait of even a dog that we know. Individuality swamped by consonants becomes an X Y Z at the coffee-house; the best women in the world, when designated by vowels, have no character at all. We object altogether to such sentences as follow, which spot many a page in these volumes:—

'At half-past 4 P.M., we set off, accompanied by Colonel P——, his brother the prebendary, Major B——, the Adjutant of Colonel P——'s regiment, and Major R—— of the cavalry.'—vol. i. p. 3.

'J. and I., Mr.—— and Mr. H——, all pulled up at once.'—vol. i. p. 143.

This 'private and confidential' reserve is extended to mute mountains and streams which, however babbling, are seldom sensitively alive to the fear of being named and compromised. Thus a striking point of view is alluded to frequently as 'D——'s station.' With all respect to D——'s inobtrusive judgment, surely the reality of the Devil's Peak, or any undiplomatic part of his person or property, is preferable. Again, when the avowed topic is the resemblance between some Portuguese and English height, the Cumbrian mount mocks us under the cloud of '——' (i. 141); while Helvellyn, by the magic of a name, would have fixed and identified the comparison. Let us hope that these alpine mists will be blown away in the second edition, and every blank converted into a prize.

Meanwhile



Meanwhile No. 1 is the arithmetical equivalent of the letter I, which represents the authoress, and *le style fait la dame*. Kind, considerate, and gentle, she unites to a serious mind a cheerful temper and a lively imagination; a healthy tone runs, like a vein of silver, through her narrative, which is free from any alloy of affectation or false sentimentality. Nor is she a smellfungus searching for weeds where roses grow, or setting down everything a wilderness from Braga to Barcelona. With our happily constituted student in Nature's school, every sense becomes an inlet to pure enjoyment; and we shall see that

‘The meanest floweret of the dale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To her are opening Paradise.’

Ever on the look-out for the excellent, her eye is blind only to errors, her heart open to every virtue. An unclouded ray of her own sunshine within gilds every discomfort, which, trying on such a tour to the iron frame of man, is borne with unrepining patience by a woman—and this too, as she gracefully says, ‘an invalid who had only left her native hills for a warmer climate, as a rain-vexed bird comes out from the wood to dry its feathers, and take a strong flight home again.’ The balmy south has, we rejoice to infer, strengthened the plumage of this stricken dove; she has happily winged her way back to her Cumbrian nest, and cut down her feathers into excellent pens, as her lord, tired of war’s alarms, seems to have previously moulded his sword into ploughshares. He too must accept our congratulations on his partner’s convalescence. A sick wife curtails marriage of many comforts, and perplexes even a model-husband—which the husband of this tour evidently is, in the opinion of the most competent judge. Bold, brave, and deserving of the fair, he sustains throughout the onerous character of man-of-all-work, fighting and paying for all, as John Bull (we need not tell him) generally does when roaming in the Peninsula. The lady dutifully and duly designates him as ‘our commanding officer;’ and we admire *in limine* his marching orders:—‘Leave your band-boxes behind at home, and take nothing that you can do without: economy is the life of the army’ (i. 43). Short and sweet this, and no mistake, as F.M. would say; but to a married and locomotive gentleman, a lady plus bag and minus maid is a pearl of price. Our old soldier, next to studying the diminution of baggage, meditates on the increase of the commissariat—‘subsistence having always been *the* difficulty’ in Spain and Portugal, as F.M. discovered when ridding them from Gaul’s locust host.

Whatever

Whatever poets may predicate of the golden produce of the gardens of Hesperia, in these prosaic days stones are more abundant there than loaves and fishes; hunger, not Harvey, is the best sauce, and knives are more plentiful than forks or blackberries. In this land of prayer and fasting, for one kitchen there are five hundred altars, for one cook a thousand priests, insomuch that an eminent French savant and Membre de l'Institut has pronounced the *cuisinier Espagnol* to be a pure mythos. 'Attend to the provend' is the essence of Peninsular guide-books, which this 'commanding officer' also has evidently digested, for the wholesome effects are evident throughout the pages of his faithful Gurwoodina:—*e.g.*

'We made our way to an English lodging-house: unluckily it was full. Mr. — asked for "breakfast, at all events." "Certainly."—vol. i. p. 136.

'In Senhor G—— we found a highly intelligent companion. He sent us some wine in the morning, and also two bottles of Scotch ale, which one of our two cavaliers stowed away for future service, as a juice far more precious in this latitude than champagne or tokay. "Put that down in your journal," said Mr. —. "What?" "The two bottles of ale, and the good fellow who sent them us." So here they are duly recorded.'—vol. i. p. 53.

When thus victualled with vivres for three days, after the immortal Dalgety's practice, all went on smoothly as a marriage bell, and the commander-in-chief cracked his joke and bottle to his own and everybody's content; but when matters turned out wrong, as will happen in that larderless, mulish, Moorish land, the great Captain was not to be trifled with:—

'Our evil genius in this pleasant ramble, the muleteer, is always drinking—always in a rage. Mr. — now told him that as he was such a selfish and obstreperous churl, he should thenceforth always go on foot—adding that he would "*break his head*" if he saw him make another attempt to mount that mule while she was in our service. The muleteer dropt astern.'—p. 102.

There is an instinctive persuasion in your grimacing foreigner that a quiet Englishman who civilly intimates that he shall be obliged to knock him down, will be as good as his word. Indeed this capital menace was found to be so effective, that it was ever after resorted to by others, and at last became proverbial as 'Mr. —'s expression' (i. 104). Its propounder was all Demosthenes in action if not in unadorned eloquence, when compared to his adjutant, 'Mr. H——, sleepy, dreamy, Dumbyblindy, as we often jestingly call him' (i. 65):—

'Tel brille au second rang, qui s'éclipse au premier.'



Full of the milk of human kindness, there was no souring this sweet Dumby-blindy—deaf alike to the quips and cranks of female tongues, as proof to the pitiless pelting of man's wit. Many were the tricks upon travellers which his absent awkward habits suggested:—‘perched’ at one time ‘on a tall brown Rosinante, whose hip-bones protruded awfully;’ another time ‘floundering out of his bed, like a drowsy porpoise.’ But the winds that sweep across the gulf which now parts him from his fair persecutors, waft an *amende* that will make up for all. *Manos blancas no ofenden*; white hands can do no wrong, and some wounds which ladies inflict, they alone can cure.

‘That dreamy, quiet, clever Mr. H—— is gone far, far away to the New World. When last we heard of him, he was among the “smart men” who dwell in Natchez. I should not be at all surprised, when next we receive tidings of him, to learn that he is smoking his cigar among the Coctaw or Chickasaw Indians. I hope he is not as irrecoverably gone from us as the treacherous bonds of Mississippi. If these pages should ever reach his hand, some of them may serve to light his amber-mouthed meerschaum; but this one page he will preserve, for I think he will not be sorry to know that in sending him our Minho tour in a printed form, both Mr. —— and I echo, in regard to him, the words of a venerable bard addressed to a valued friend and fellow-traveller in Italy:—

“Companion!

These records take—and happy should we be,  
Were but the gift a meet return to thee  
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
And prompt self-sacrifice, to which we owe  
Far more than any heart but ours can know.”—vol. i. p. 203.

In ingeniously tormenting this excellent ‘H,’ ‘I’ was naturally followed by ‘J;’ for thus is expressed a maiden fair, buxom, blithe, and debonnaire, and worth a wilderness of professors of ABC and algebra. In the matter of names, Jaqueline, with her pretty nose aquiline, might have passed; but to us, as we read the record of her

‘Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek,’

J became Jane—the Jane of men, ‘in heaven yclept Euphrosine.’ She is the sunbeam of the party; more joyous than Miss Joy of the joyous Titmarsh: to-day ‘she rides a black horse, well bred, but rather fond of kicking;’ to-morrow, ‘a white steed given to prancing:’ all colours come alike to her, when cantering, as to  
Mr.

Mr. Joseph Hume, when voting: away she goes, now galloping over sea-sands faster than Byron at Venice, on steeds the minions of their race, 'full of fun and frolic' like herself, and animated, like all near her, with 'her own merry voice.' Blue devils and black cares Horatian, which mount behind every one of the other twenty-three letters when on horseback, never perch on J—'s pillion, whether she ambles over turf, or rambles over *ramblas*, the so-called roads of Portuguese courtesy, being in reality like the graves and tombstones of Lisbon's churchyards after the earthquake: *n'importe!* she is the first out of bed, and up into the saddle, to carol with the lark, and scent the morning air; the first at the folding-star of eve to close her eyelids with the flowers, regardless alike of noise, creepers, or counterpanes: short and sweet is her sleep; blessing on the man who invented it, saith Sancho, when tossed about in his excursions in this peninsula, where, whatever be the case as regards blankets, four-post beds have yet to be invented. Neither can sleep, Shakspeare's comforter, be there called curtained—at least our fair ones' siestas smack strongly of Robin Hood and the free forest; they pitch their tent wherever they list, and there they make their bed.

'As soon as we arrived, hooks were screwed to four trees, and my Indian hammock and J—'s were slung. Into them we got without delay, and were asleep in five minutes; a tiny clear brooklet tinkling along just under us on its way to the river. While we slept, the gentlemen had our cold dinner set out on a table, also *al fresco*. When all was prepared, we were called; and after we had dined under the oaks, we retired to our hammocks again, and slept for two or three hours more under the greenwood trees, till man and horse were ready to start. J—mounted, singing—

"Come, stain your cheeks with nut or berry,  
You 'll find the gipsy's life is merry."

But she, poor girl! is in no need of the gipsy cosmetic, for sun and air on this tour have already stained her cheeks nut-brown.'—vol. i. p. 150.

Assuredly he who induces J— dash to change her name quicker than her complexion, and for better, will jog through life's weary journey with companion pure, sparkling, and dancing as a sunlit crystal brook, that runs sidelong to the dry, dusty highway.

It was in the merry month of May, 1845, 'in dirty weather more like November,' that the magician, steam, transported our travellers from Southampton to Oporto, 'where Bacchus sits soberly at his ledger, vigilant of profit,' not straddling a barrel, like the Cupid of our gin-palaces. The change effected in a few hours, surpassed passing from Dover to Calais—perhaps from this globe



globe to the Georgium Sidus; for true it is that in these thread-bare days, a *terra incognita* within sixty hours' sail is clamouring piteously for a Captain Cook and a red Murray. Our heroine re-echoes this great fact, being continually ravished by the 'charms of uncommonness;' yet the first flower that she notices is 'our own little sea-sand bladder-plant;' and her first welcome to a new land is chequered with a farewell to dear old England.

'It was at night the signal-gun of our English steamer roused me from a deep sleep. I got up—opened the shutters. A full moon was shining brilliantly; the white breakers of the bar were as visible as they were audible; beyond the bar, southwards, the sea was as a plain of burnished, not gold, nor yet silver, but something between, which now glistened, now glittered, as the waves rolled gently along. To the north all seemed wrapped in gloom; but in that direction my heart then lay. I again looked anxiously into the deep gloom, and a heave of some friendly wave brought into view a galaxy of bright stars floating upon the waters; it was as if a constellation had come down from the heavens to rest upon these waters. These were lights from the steamer. I watched her long—now in sight, now out of sight—now one twinkling star, then again the whole constellation; and so it continued for perhaps half an hour, when from a point midway between the vessel and the shore, and where before I had not distinguished aught upon the water, rose up as by enchantment a pillar of fire, which, after ascending to an immense height, made a graceful curve, broke, and fell, not noiselessly, into the sea. 'This was a rocket from the pilot's boat, on its return to land; a signal that all was right, and that the steamer might pursue her way—which she instantly did, as I suppose, for not another star twinkled from the water's breast.'—vol. i. p. 18.

The party proceeded to San João da Foz for sea-bathing. The contempt for machines here would shock a Ramsgate puritan, as tents are merely pitched on the shore, to which persons of all sexes, ages, and ranks resort;—

'while idlers, male and female, stand on the ledges of rocks and on the sands, and gaze at them as they go into these mysterious cabins, attired in their usual dresses, gay or sordid, and as they come out again—the women, clad to the throat in coarse full robes of blue frieze (their hair beautifully arranged, braided on the forehead, secured by bands of ribbon, and hanging down the back in long plaits, tied with ribbon, pink or blue, like the one which encircles the head); the men in jackets and trousers of the same material as the dresses of the women. Assistants, both male and female, who look like cousin-germans to the Tritons, conduct the bathers into the sea, and hold them while there,—ducking and sousing them in every big wave, that comes threatening and storming over them like a platoon of soldiers firing with blank-cartridge. An English person just landed on these shores, looks on the scene with wonder and distaste, and resolves that his wife or his daughters, who probably are also turning

turning away from it as if they questioned the decorum of the exhibition, shall never be seen in such a situation. He and they get accustomed to it, however, and the next, or perhaps before the expiration of this very season, the fairest form that issues from the wave in a saturated blue frieze garment is that of his own wife or daughter.'—vol. i. p. 10.

Such is the force of example, and so soon are strange habits adopted. After a proper amount of immersion and benefit, our travellers quit the shore for the interior, and visit the romantic and almost unexplored districts *entre Douro y Minho*—often, however, it would seem, merely to exchange a salt for a fresh shower-bath, as 'it did not rain, but pour, and we were wet, not to the skin, but through it,'—a passage performed frequently in 'three minutes, and as effectually as if we had been soused in the Douro.' This hissing-hot horseshoe operation, which cooled Falstaff, is recorded with his dry humour by our Undines; yet a damp carpet-bag is an indifferent remedy in cases of hydrophobia, especially when 'the inns are detestable; but that's *nothing*!' (i. 48.) Thus the ladies, with hearts of lions and skins of mermaids, sit steaming and singing in the sun, while their Macintoshed cavaliers croak like frogs, or Dr. Johnson, who protested that by no one thing ever discovered was human happiness so much advanced as by a good tavern; and to our poor way of thinking, when on the road, the great Rambler and moralist was right.

The established taste of the British market will have brandy in its port and bandits in its Peninsular sketches;—but 'as for me,' says our sensible heroine, 'though of a sex in whom cowardice is no disgrace, I cannot say that I anticipated hazard or required much persuasion in rambling out of the beaten tracks in a country where so few English ladies ever travel at all. Nor have I any personal adventure to relate; for, as we met none, I resisted the temptation of getting up a few "moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes," and of so giving to my Journal the attraction of a Story-book. The truth is, as I believe, that unless you lay yourself out for danger by some bravado, or some indiscretion of temper, or by neglect of such ordinary precautions as are customary and reasonable, you may, when the country is not overrun with *civil warriors*, travel in Portugal as securely, if not so smoothly, as you can navigate the Thames from Vauxhall to Richmond, or as you may ascend the Nile from Cairo to the Cataracts, where, under the protectorate of Mehemet Ali, you have for the present no chance of an adventure, if you do not make one for yourself.'

The few authentic cases of falling in with thieves have, she is satisfied, 'arisen more or less from a want of prudence in the parties robbed; and any incautious Londoner might lose his purse or even his life in romantic fashion on Primrose Hill or  
Hampstead



Hampstead Heath.' In most countries a judicious display of tempting baits may induce letters out of horses, persons of unfastidious probity, to avail themselves of convenient cork-woods and lampless lanes; and even such seems to have been the history of 'Mr. H——'s accident'—the only one of the sort that came under the journalist's personal knowledge—the melancholy upshot thereof being the loss of good Dumby-blindy's watch. Not the ghost even of a departed robber was ungallant enough to cross our ladies' own path. They were neither to be scared by shadows, nor the realities of roughing it considerably on hired hacks, with a negation of bandboxes more conformable to marching orders than comfortable to the fair sex, with whom to be seen is among the legitimate ends of travel, as well as to see; 'Il faut souffrir pour être belle.' No sooner arrived at Barcellos than a Portuguese fidalgo

'came to pay his respects, and to invite us, on the part of his wife, and mother, and daughters, to a little ball, which they had suddenly determined on getting up for us in honour of our letter of recommendation. We declined it, because we felt that we had no spare strength to waste on dancing, but must husband what we had for the hard work before us. I have since thought that it was a stupid spiritless thing to refuse the ball. Our gentlemen thought it very stupid indeed, and accused us of jealousy of the black eyes of the female *fidalgua* of Barcellos. No doubt we should have met as much of the "best company" of the place as could have been collected on a brief summons, and we should have added something to our small stock of knowledge of Portuguese provincial society *at home*. But, besides the reason I have given, I must own that I was shy. My want of skill in the spoken language made me sure that I should *bore* and disappoint the kindness of our inviters. Some misgivings about the toilet, too, might have flitted before me, when I begged to be excused. Carpet-bags are sorry wardrobes for ladies.'—vol. i. p. 51.

Having in our last Number treated the important article dress in many of its philosophical and psychological bearings, we can only remark now, that this ruling passion, 'one would not sure look frightful,' was implanted by nature in every female heart from pure kindness to man. These 'misgivings,' reasonable in themselves, were perfectly gratuitous in this case, for besides that there are some who when unadorned are adorned the most, if *attraction* be, as it is with the glowworm, the leading principle of female costume, then our amazons were already equipped for the finest fancy-ball ever given by Donna Maria da Gloria at her royal palace of *Necessidades*—a word which we have been informed at the Foreign-office refers to makeshifts, not necessities. In all times and places our fair I and J— were the observed

observed of all observers, and the envy and admiration of the surrounding dark sex. 'To see a lady on horseback, riding in English fashion, and in English riding costume, in itself creates what the French call a *sensation*; but to see her in such out-of-the-way corners the wonder was tenfold, and comical were the remarks we used to overhear, both in the town and country.' Nay, such was the rage for copying the last new fashions, that at the next carnival, when all devout Roman Catholics dance and disguise themselves, an equestrian mask appeared, to the rapture of streets and balconies, representing 'an English lady.' 'There she sat—and a shocking bad seat was hers—on a side-saddle; her long petticoat almost sweeping the pavement, and her black hat looking not much more at ease upon her head than she on her saddle.' In Old England the quality of climate, creed, and causeways will not permit those alfresco amusements which usher Lent in so agreeably in lands where the spring is more advanced and the church less reformed;—otherwise such in female bosoms is the spirit of contradiction and the charm of novelty, that Britannia when masquerading would doubtless adopt the riding-habits of Lusitania.

The modes of conveyance are antique, and some of them classical. Ladies are carried to balls on mules or donkeys, and to operas in 'the family coach built in the time of Noah,' and drawn by oxen, exactly as the matrons of ancient Rome took drives in their *rhedas*.

'A lady on a fine black mule was attended by a gentleman on a very handsome black horse, and followed by two running footmen; and indeed they had to run to keep up with the quick jog-trot of the animals. The Senhor was dressed as any English gentleman might be dressed for taking a ride on the Steyne at Brighton. But his Senhora! She was the wonder. Attired in a rich black silk, curiously fashioned, fitting tight to the figure, and showing off the well-rounded waist; on her head a large square clear white muslin kerchief richly embroidered round the edge, falling down the back and below the shoulders, rather standing off from the shoulders—and upon this a round beaver hat, of a shining jet black. The crown of the hat was also round, with a little inclination to the sugar-loaf shape—the brim might be three inches wide. The white kerchief did not appear on the forehead, but came out from under the hat, just behind the ears, leaving an unobstructed view of a pair of magnificent gold ear-rings; the neck was encircled by massive gold chains, one of which depended as low as the waist.'—vol. i. p. 51.

How well J— would look in all this! but it is to the charms of nature that our fair author, although feelingly alive to beauty in woman and man too, turns with fondest admiration: and refreshing has it been to us, denizens of the thick-pent city, to roam the  
fields



fields with one who sees *the* picture in every view ; always selecting the emphatic, and rejecting the common-place ; as her painter eye catches local colour, so her poet's ear, stone-deaf to the frogs, drinks the music of nightingales serenading near falling waters. Commend us to a horse when in search of the melodious or picturesque in the Peninsula, where the dilly is a poor vehicle for enlightened curiosity—and hers is fresh and exhaustive, seizing on all the varieties which custom has rendered stale to the native, and which envious time had dulled in our memories ; for we too, when George the Third was king, have gazed on the plains of Portugal, and scaled the sierras of Spain, and still can speak to the truth of the pictures that here pass before us like realities in the sweet interchange of her rich diorama. Now she brings back to us the terraced slope trellised with vines, basking below the peeled granite alp, the sandalled Hebes tripping with poised pitcher down to bosky bourn, which laces with silver some deep vale overflowing with milk and honey ; then the immemorial wood, where ilexes hide their knotted knees in fern, whence spring the startled deer, or vulture parting the aromatic air with heavy wing ; anon a mellow bell wakes the loneliness, where sleek convent slumbers in sheltered sunshine, or lordly castle frowns from commanding height, perched just where Turner would have wished them. But it is among the mountains that our Lady of the Lakes always finds herself most at home, watching the fleeting vapours which bear her on shadowy wings far away to other hills.

‘There, it was a pompous army of clouds marching and deploying under me ; here, it was one vast stiff body of whitest fog imbedded on our left in the deep valley which it filled, and so motionless, so fast asleep, as if it would never wake or stir to the call of the winds, and as if it were impermeable to the sun, and lay there as a shroud to some great mystery. We proceeded over hills green with fern, rhododendron, laurustinus ; and gay with a thousand flowers, gumcistus, heaths white and red, yellow gorse, yellow broom and white, wild mignonette, yellow jessamine, clematis, lavender, heartsease, white thorn, dog rose, white and red, and thousands, thousands more, all, or most of them, in bloom, all sending forth an exhalation of “rich distilled perfumes ;” and scattered among this wilderness of sweets were huge grey stones, or rather hillocks of stone : and then some opening in the wood gives you a view of the blue sea, the blue made yet more blue by contrast with the dark green of the pines ; and when a white sail, glittering in the sunshine, chances to appear, as it were floating on the top of one of these dark sable pines, or is framed in between their rich red stems.’—vol. i. pp. 21, 141.

Her sketch of the Lima must be remembered, as this is the river of oblivion which the soldiers of Brutus feared to cross,  
from

from the unmilitary fear of forgetting their absent wives at home, a calamity happily obviated in the present case by our commander-in-chief, who very properly took his life's partner with him. The sunny and Cuyper-like boating on the Valenza recalls the Cydnus of Cleopatra, rather than dull Lethe's wharf.

'But yonder are some men fish-spearing. Just now we passed a group of fishers netting. As we glide along we are greeted, in mid-river, by men who are wading across with baskets on their heads; but hands and staff are needed here to steady them across the unequal shoals. Nightingales are in full song in the hazel and olive copses with which the river margin is decorated as with hedgerows—"hardly hedgerows, little lines of sportive wood run wild." The distant cuckoos are calling to each other. Now we come upon a fleet of boats, in full sail; for here is deeper water—above twenty boats, and a very pretty fleet it is. Blue dragon-flies—blue, green, golden—are hovering over the water; and in the water is a kind of long delicate weed, that looks like seaweed, the finest, most beautiful that ever was seen; but it is the growth of the river sand, for there it has its root, and the long fibres wave and stream under the current with more life than the current itself, and look, indeed, like the tresses of some group of Nymphs whom the silver sands have suddenly hidden at our approach, leaving nothing of them visible but their hair. The sky above and around is all bright azure—no, not all just now; for there are eider-down-like clouds, with brown edges hovering over the mountains, which those white clouds darken, but not sadden, with their shadows. The men have now taken to their paddles, and we glide along against the breeze, if breeze it may be called, that comes so soft, and so fragrant from the west, and need not "whisper whence it stole its balmy sweets," for yonder is the orchard it has been robbing—a grove of orange-trees and lemon-trees in flower. The hues of the slightly rippled and quite transparent river are now more beautiful than ever. As we look down through the water, the effect on the sandy bed is as if it was overlaid with a golden network of large open meshes. This is the reflection of the slightly curled water, the edges of the little waves sparkling and dancing in the sun, and so on the light clean sand beneath. In some places the effect of the sun on the *surface* of the water is that of myriads of diamonds dancing. Almost all the way down, on both banks, except with such intervals as make an agreeable variety, by letting us in to peeps at the fields, the river is luxuriantly edged, but not hedged, with brushwood; and the branches, not only of the olives and tall oaks already spoken of, but of this underwood, reach far over upon the stream in many places, and there, on the lithe twigs, the nightingales swing and sing.'—vol. i. p. 69.

Yet while these calm waters reflect skies serene, and 'glide like happiness away,' between banks enamelled with flowers, and resonant with songs of love, man's hatred contrasts darkly with the harmony of nature, for reciprocal is the abhorrence with which Spaniard and Portuguese scowl at each other from their



opposed banks. 'Pitiable indeed,' says our kind lady, 'is the discord between two people who worship the same God, follow the same superstitions, have nearly the same language and manners and customs, and a soil which Nature seems to have intended for one vast brotherhood' (i. 90). Yet so it has ever been, and, we fear, will long be. The incompatible races fret from the friction of neighbourhood, and their petty rivalries burn fiercely, whether the lordly Minho or the puny Caya be their Rubicon. The proud Spaniard looks down on the Portuguese as slaves, while the latter really use their rivals as such, God having, say they, first created them, gentlemen, and then the Gallicians to be their servants of all-work.

These bright water landships and sad reflections are judiciously mingled with portraiture. We should be inexcusable in not presenting our friends in Marylebone with a full length of their heroic member;—

'But we had some plain talk, as well as vocal and instrumental harmony. Admiral Napier (Don Pedro's admiral—the Nelson of his cause) lodged himself in this house in the course of his gallant vagaries as an amphibious warrior in the north of Portugal, after his exploit at Cape St. Vincent. Senhor C—— gave a curious account of his bluntness of deportment to the astonished natives. Senhor C—— called on him here. "What do you want?" inquired the Admiral. He was lounging on the sofa in the drawing-room, smoking a cigar; he was dressed in clothes once blue, now of no colour, and was altogether the most slovenly-looking of heroes.—"I called to pay my respects."—"Will you write?"—"Whatever your Excellency pleases." The Admiral throws his cigar out of window, takes a pinch of snuff, and reflects. "Write, then, to the Juiz de Fora, he must feed my men directly. Is that done?"—"Yes."—"Send it off then."—A pinch of snuff. "Write to such an authority of such and such a parish or village; he must furnish three bullocks, &c. &c.;" and so he went on, taking pinches of snuff, and issuing his requisitions. The abbot and principals of a neighbouring monastery waited on him in form. They were introduced, and ranged themselves in semicircle, making their bows. The admiral on his sofa seemed in a "brown study," till reminded by some gentlemen that these visitors were persons of distinction. "What do they want?"—"They come to offer their compliments to your Excellency." He got up, inclined his head, and thanked them, "*Muito obrigado, muito obrigado*"—much obliged, much obliged—and bowed them out. His demeanour here was thought altogether rough and eccentric. I dare say he had neither leisure nor inclination to bandy compliments with Portuguese gentlemen and friars, the greater part of whom, he might well suspect, wished him and all Don Pedro's partisans at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean."—vol. i. p. 62.

Tobacco, in any shape, is no less effective than orthodox in Spain, and a costume radically wrong in Pall-Mall is permissible  
to

to campaigners in Portugal, even of the gentle sex; and here 'bluff Charley,' coat and colour to the contrary notwithstanding, placed Donna Gloria on the throne as quickly as he displaced Mehemet Ali in Syria, cutting with nimble hanger the Gordian knots of red-tapists; *l'habit ne fait pas l'amiral*; and we are not sorry that our nautical fame is still upheld by one at least of the old homespun school, in whose philosophy it was not dreamt of that midshipmen ought, like so many Joinvilles, to flutter cambric handkerchiefs on the Bay of Biscay, and pick preserved green-peas off silver plates.

The transition from blue jackets to red ones is easy. Here we have a Salvator Rosa battle-piece, where the strife of elements keeps time and tune with the war of man: she stands on the bridge of Miserella, which spans a wild gorge by which the merciless invader, stained with more than fiendish crimes, fled in 1809 before the avenger. The pass of peril still bears the name of the worsted runaway: now it lay still and beauteous as a babe's repose—the stream a toy for anglers, the precipices for artists. 'How different was it on that dismal night of storm and rain, when Soult and his thousands were hurrying over it, while the floods were out, and—

The angry spirit of the water shrieked!—

the English cannon (though but one gun was up, the echoes must have made it seem twenty) thundering upon them, and ploughing into their serried masses.'

Passing to a *sujet de genre*, we select a domestic interior, a sketch of life at Oporto:—

'The English carry London hours to Oporto, and dine between six and seven o'clock. The usual dinner hour among the Portuguese is three, after that comes the siesta; and such arrangements are not consistent with dinner-givings. The siesta over, the ladies prepare to pay or receive visits. Many families have one day or more in the week appointed for an "at home," which is known in their circle, and where any one of the circle may present him or herself, and be sure of a gracious welcome; and this visit answers the end, too, of our stupid morning calls. This plan of life of the Portuguese of course does not agree with English hours. In our houses the dinner is not yet placed upon the table; and probably, before that meal and the after-dinner sitting are over, the soirée is broken up. The few English gentlemen whose good sense and right feeling induce them to give in to Portuguese hours and habits, and to accept in their own way of their hospitalities, say that there is no backwardness whatever on the part of the Portuguese to associate with the English. The language, no doubt, is a great obstacle to friendly intercourse. Few Portuguese ladies speak English; and Portuguese, though an easy language to learn to read, is a very difficult one to learn to speak. English ladies will not even take the pains to



learn to read it, making a comfortable cloak of a high-minded reason in which to conceal from themselves the true one—indolence. “It is great waste of time to learn to read a language which has but *one* book worth reading, Camoens.”—A great mistake, by-the-bye.’

A great mistake indeed—and so is a visit of compliment in most latitudes. Here is one neatly sketched:—

‘You go to the portal, which is always open: if the owner be wealthy, you find two or more servants in attendance in the hall; if he is in moderate circumstances, you must make your way through the hall to the door at the foot of the stairs, there clap your hands or hammer at the door till it flies open, the latch being pulled from above by a string: clap again till the servant comes. If you are to be admitted, and the master of the house or his son be within, he presently follows his servant, meets you on the stairs, gives you his arm, and conducts you to the sitting-room, at one side of which is placed, against the wall, a cane-backed, cane-seated, coverless, cushionless sofa. At either side, and at right angles with the sofa, four or five chairs are planted close together. A pretty *esteira* (straw mat) or a handsome woollen rug covers this square; the rest of the floor has often no covering, in summer at least; chairs and tables are ranged stiffly round the room; one table, perhaps, in the centre, and few ornaments anywhere. To this formidable little square the visitors are led, and placed in the seat of honour—the sofa. The ladies are seldom in the room, but soon come down from their private apartment; and even the lady of the house would on no account sit by you on the sofa: she takes the chair nearest to you, and the other members of the family occupy the other chairs; and if more are needed, they are placed opposite the sofa, closing in the square. Think how utterly impossible for an English woman, with but a few words of broken Portuguese on her tongue, to attempt to use them, knowing they must be overheard by every one present, and knowing, too, that the Portuguese have a natural genius for quizzing. For myself, all I could say was “Yes” or “No;” all I could do was to look like a half-wit; and all I could think of was, “When may we escape from this pinfold of ceremonious misery?” . . . The gentleman again offers you his arm down stairs, and does not leave you till you are seated in your carriage, or on your steed, ass, or mule.’  
—vol. i. p. 236.

We hope the gentle authoress had no reason to fear, as we see she does, that this Hogarth bit may be taken amiss, as ‘a lecture’ by her countrywomen who dwell on the Duero. Be that as it may, certain it is that a purchase of fifty butts, for the best of bills on the Poultry, is but a poor salve to the wound which the womankind of a worthy British merchant—who need not necessarily be patronesses of Almacks—often inflict in a five minutes’ visit on the ladies of a Portuguese fidalgo, punctilious and full of pedigree, although a vine-grower and vendor. Throughout  
the

the Peninsula manners make the man—and woman : there, where occupations and intellectual resources fail, the personal prevails over the social, and paramount importance is attached to compliments and ceremonials, to gettings-up and sittings-down : there, where all these forms and phrases are defined and known as if the nation was composed of lords-in-waiting, the most trifling omission is attributed, not to ignorance, but to rudeness—to an intention to slight, which is never forgiven. You may as well afterwards expect to enjoy a little quiet society in a coalition cabinet. The Portuguese, like fretful porcupines and Spaniards, are ever on the look-out for offence, especially where none is meant : our old and affectionate allies see in our off-hand manner an air of affectionate contempt, and revolt at the supercilious condescension of our patronage : they have all the sensitive pride of poor gentlemen fallen from palmy place, which bristles up at the suspicion of depreciation : in their private capacity they protect themselves by a nice exaction of compliments and congees ; and in their public, they cloak present beggary by boasting of past wealth—building up a brighter future on the poor foundations of obsolete power. This respectable tenderness should not be needlessly trod upon ; better far to sip port at peace in Great Britain, than go to Oporto to quarrel with its producers, who seldom spoil their tempers as they do their wines by an ultra application of the saccharine : there, again, those who are determined to dispense with masters of languages as well as ceremonies, will assuredly be left alone in their glory, and not sent to school, as Lord Bacon says, but to Coventry. Captain Holman, blind as a beetle, made the tour of Asia far more to his enlightenment, than he who, ignorant of the idiom, journeys, tantamount dumb, into the Peninsula, where all foreign tongues are Greek and Hebrew. Conversation in the Castiles, when distilled through a *laquais de place*, rarely becomes confidential ; while in Portugal the necessity of referring to declensions and dictionary limits eloquence to truisms, muzzles man, and ties even tongue female : so sorry a prelude to the *entente cordiale* of social intimacy is the ‘I guess you don’t understand us,’ that only the other day the illustrious Marquis Alexandre Dumas passed from the Pyrenees to the Straits for a mere monkey seeing the world, and this simply because he would discourse in what he imagined to be Spanish.

The grand resources of the Lusitanian beauties, in which they excel and exceed moderation, are love, knitting, and religion ; and inklings of such matters enliven this Journal as truffles do a Perigord pie. These ladies appear to be as industrious as Lucretia, although a trifle less exemplary ; yet love’s labour is not lost, and their considerate church makes due allowances for the



the disturbing influences of the stars, which in southern latitudes are notoriously the most to be blamed. While our author's sound sense revolts at the corruptions of Romanism, here in full bloom, her truly Catholic piety seizes every redeeming virtue, and she is ready to sympathise with Christianity whenever she can recognise its spirit and working. Her first volume concludes with this tolerant juxtaposition of the rival creeds:—

‘ One ceremony of the church of Rome, when it takes place *at night*, may impress even a true-hearted member of the Protestant church of England with religious awe, and this is the procession which bears through the streets the last sacrament to the dying Christian: a little tinkling bell warns you of its approach; voices are heard chanting a hymn; you go to your window; already the canopy, under which the priest walks, bearing the host, is passing your door through a blaze of light which precedes the holy elements far as the eye can see, while behind all is in black darkness. It is the custom, on hearing this bell, for every one to hasten to place lights in the windows, and to withdraw them as soon as the procession has passed by; and thus are produced the startling darkness and light, cheering symbols for the spirit departing from a world dark with sin and sorrow, for that other world so bright with love and peace.

‘ If it were for no higher motive than to give myself an opportunity to express private feelings of respect and gratitude to an English chaplain abroad, for public services faithfully and diligently performed in trying times, through a series of years, I could not leave Oporto without naming our own dear church, where for so long a time we heretics have been permitted to offer up our prayers and join in the simple rites of our church, undisturbed by the jibes or the threats of those who bear rule in the land. There is nothing attractive in the appearance of the building, as may be inferred from the conditions under which permission was obtained for its erection, viz., that it should not look like a church either within or without, and must not aspire to tower, belfry, or bell—none of which it possesses—but the situation partly makes up for these deficiencies; and Nature, with her never-failing bounty, has in the chapel-yard supplied “pillars” of lime-trees, whose branches “have learned to frame a darksome aisle;” and soothing it is to repose for a while under the cool green shade of these aisles, before entering the little chapel, where you are too often oppressed by heat and glare.”—vol. i. p. 241.

From the sacred she passes to the profane and profound, we doubt not more to please others than herself; for, young in letters and mistrustful of their own ample powers, writers of this sex often hope to conciliate learned fastidiousness by shadowing their light wings with grave plumes, borrowed from birds of the indubitably true Minerva breed. With these best intentions, she here and there labours to lengthen what we labour to shorten, anxiously desiring to get back again to her own fresh and original outpourings; nor shall

shall we inflict her extracts from old folios about older personages, who well might be left in rest at the bottom of the oblivious *Limia*. Those, however, who are not of the diocese of Braga, may be edified by knowing that—

‘since the year 36 to 1755 there have been 115 bishops, of whom 22 were canonized, namely, St. Peter de Ratès, *their* first bishop; Basil, Ovid, Policarp, Fabius, Felix, Narcissus, Solomon, Leoncius, Paternus, Profoturus, Albert, Martin de Dume, Tobias, Peter Julian, Fructuosus, Quiricus, Leodecisius, Felix Secundus, Victor Martyr, Geraldus, and Godwin (O beato Don Godinho).’—vol. i. p. 121.

Having strung up, like a rope of Portugal onions, this batch of bishops, whose names savour somewhat of the pagan and poetical, she favours us with sundry opinions of Argote, Urcullu, Eckhel, Captain Kopke, and other equally celebrated writers, whose works no private family ought to be without. Here and there, while printing pages of Roman inscriptions, she has sad misgivings touching these ‘grim mysteries of antique stenography’—so great is the discredit which such records enjoy in the Peninsula, where they have either been restored by blockheads, tampered with by theorists, or broken up as ‘old stones’ by monks and mayors. All this we skip. Nor shall we even enter into her discussions about the vintages of Oporto. It is sufficient to have already hinted that almost all Port wine is now-a-days adulterated at the fountain-head with trashy, mawkish sweetnesses:—a glass of the old masculine flavour, such as soothed and sustained the Pitts and Addingtons, the Stowells and Eldons, is almost as great a rarity as their Toryism. It is lucky that as yet the good people of Xerez stick better to the Conservative principle. What follows is more to the purpose:—

‘The History of Portugal, the *most romantic of histories*, is still unwritten. It was the dream of Southey, who frequently would say that he looked on that projected work as the one on which he founded his hope of a name; so we must console ourselves with such a one as we may get from Senhor Herculano, librarian to the king-consort: he is a hater of the English, because the burgesses of Plymouth did not discover that a man of mark had come among them, when he did them the honour to make their town his place of exile for a few months or weeks, I forget which, when Dom Miguel was King Absolute, many years ago. He has never forgotten the neglect, but has made for himself opportunities of abusing us, through the periodical press of Lisbon, in articles magnanimously signed with his own name. We will forgive him all that nonsense, if he will truly and honestly digest the materials open to him, and give us an orderly and dispassionate compilation of facts. We can hardly expect that he will be fair in this exposition of the complicated relations that have subsisted for so many centuries between England and Portugal, considering the temper of the man; who, deprecating  
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the folly habitual to his countrymen, of exaggerating the prowess and refining the manners of a barbarous age, says, "we must not awake our ancestors from their sleep of death, to strip them of their armour and their coats of frieze, and re-clothe them in courtly velvet, nor in fine broad-cloth, nor in woollens and cottons from *English steam-looms*." Oh, the perfidious cottons of England!

To abuse *la perfide Albion* has long been the *mot d'ordre* in Peninsular politics of our cordial neighbour: but this 'petty spite' comes with peculiar grace from the historical Atlas of a country which, having pocketed our cash, poisons us with catlap, and stings the hand that alone rescued its soil from the stranger, and still protects its national existence. We are commanded, Senhor Herculano would say, to forgive our enemies, but not our friends.

This gentleman's historical romance is, however, a farce compared to the historical dramas which are enacted at the royal theatre at Lisbon, to the rapturous applause of overflowing audiences: one scene only as a sample:—

'Our English friends were much amused with the new tragedy, or melodrame, right merry and tragical, of *The Twelve of England*, in which twelve English ladies, who have been slandered by twelve English knights, are championed by twelve Portuguese knights, none of their own countrymen daring to fight for them. The *twelve* Englishmen, so dreaded, when arrayed in the lists, shrank at the first onset, and stood in a row with their heads down, to be stuck in the back by the valiant Portuguese, the *Lusos valerosos*, and were all killed in a moment. The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendously funny; and when they called for the author, the poor man presented himself on the stage, pale as a tallow-chandler with the triumph of genius."—vol. i. p. 76.

From Oporto our heroine proceeds to Lisbon; sees the lions, the queen, and the rest of the royal family: her majesty is fat, good-natured, fond of her husband, pinched for money sadly, and distracted with charters. The king-consort,—

'a prince of Saxe-Coburg, is said to be no friend of England: his adviser, a German, is in the French interest; and his Portuguese creatures, some of them mouthy and red-hot *patriots*, as they call themselves, literary, philosophical, and political, are downright *Afrancesados* in their paltry rancour against Great Britain.'

To a pretty pass, verily, has the organic incapacity to understand the Peninsula which dictated the Quadruple Alliance, backed by the 'knavish tricks' of the cunning neighbour, reduced unhappy Portugal and Spain. There bankruptcy and dissensions thrive on the ruin of the legitimate throne; but the policy—the *pensée immuable*—of Bourbon and Buonaparte is to beat down the Pyrenees, and all real power beyond them. It is adding insult to injury when the forms of free men are made use of

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to cloak the ends of cool and calculating despotism. Names, whatever ingenious foreigners may think, are not things, and the best Benthamite '*constitution*' may be a cheat, and the neatest paragraphed *charte* a lie—springes to catch woodcocks. Can it be wondered that the masses, sick with crimes committed under the prostituted name of liberty, fly from petty tyrants to the rightful throne; and, indifferent to the changes of the political pantomime, sigh to be permitted to occupy themselves with their private affairs and individual interests, at peace under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land? They have our best wishes: not so the 'liberal canon' described in these pages, who having beheld specious theories carried into practice, stalls suppressed, sacred vessels melted, tithes commissioned, convents converted into hulks and dens of thieves, now pronounces the blow to be serious, discouraging, and *huma reforma barbara!* Nay, good friend, your play must be played out, even if such an anomaly as a 'liberal canon' be, in the jargon of the day, 'absorbed and appropriated.'

Of course the charming Journalist excurses to Cintra—'a place to dream over rather than describe:' and, of course, when there she thinks of Southey, Canning, and sweet Cumbria. Then she visits Mafra, and Beckford's fairy palace, now a desolate ruin:—'the French soldiers having unroofed the house, and industriously destroyed everything that could be destroyed, out of malice to the English.' She returns to Lisbon in 'the omnibus'—but even its march-of-intellect rattle fails to disenchant the poetry of her emotions; she had, she says, quitted Cintra for ever, 'with a heart full of deep thankfulness for having been permitted to see a spot which *must* be one of the loveliest spots on earth; and if *not* the very loveliest one, certainly unique in its character of beauty and its strangeness.'

Leaving Portugal, she lands at Cadiz, resumes her poetical enthusiasm, steams up to Seville, peeps at the cathedral, delights in Murillo, detests bull-fights, and then hurries to Gibraltar, Malaga, and Granada. We despair doing justice to her Arabian Nights' day visions in the Alhambra, where, as elsewhere, she leans on her 'guide, philosopher, and friend, Ford,' referring to '*the Handbook*' in terms which must touch the tender heart of that *preux chevalier*, who, in his recent spicy Gatherings, is, we see, disposed for one lady's smile to laugh not only at the beard of the editor of the Oporto Review, but ours. Turning her back on these romantic scenes, where her soul is left, again she flies on the wings of steam from Malaga to Barcelona, not always landing, yet catching glimpses of Spain from the deck with a telescope, and even so distinguishing the emphatic feature, for there be some who perceive more between Hungerford Stairs and Blackwall  
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than others who circumnavigate the globe. That is the reason why we have bestowed a score of our pages on this unpretending Journal. It is small in bulk and in manner slight—but we recognise the eye and the feeling of genius wherever Nature is to be depicted; and the fresh, lively, unaffected gracefulness of thought and language is a great relief from the fantastical wrought-up *Annualism* so prevalent among our lady travellers.

As a postscript, and to explain the magpie which figures on the titlepage, we may spare a few lines more for a remarkable dining-room at Cintra, in which more than four-and-twenty blackbirds are set before the king:—

‘John I.’ we are told, ‘had risen early to hunt at some distance from Cintra. In passing through this chamber he chanced to meet one of the maids of honour, and presented a rose to her, at the same time saluting her on the cheek. The gallantry was not unwitnessed, for the queen was entering the room by a side door. In the confusion of detection, the king could only say, “*Por bem, por bem*,” meaning that he had meant no harm, only taken an innocent liberty. The queen made no remark; but her revenge showed that she was not implacably offended. On the king’s return, after a few days, he found the roof of his dining-room painted all over with magpies, each bird holding a rose-branch in its claws, and a label in its beak, on which label were painted the words, “*Por bem, por bem*.” The king was pleased to be rebuked so playfully, and adopted the *Por bem* for his motto. This was our guide’s version of the tale, and much the prettiest of the *three* traditions that are current. A second tells us that the king himself caused the ceiling of the room to be painted in that manner, in attestation of the innocence of the proceeding in which he had been detected, and that he now applied, in the sense of our “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,” the motto “*Por bem*,” which he had previously adopted as a declaration of his disposition to do good to his people. The third interpretation is, that the adventure was whispered from mouth to mouth among the ladies, to the scandal and great disturbance of the poor maid of honour, and that the king, to punish the palace gossips, caused their *malicious* garrulity to be thus typified.’—vol. ii. p. 49.

At all events it is historically certain that this gracious queen was of good English breed, being the grand-daughter of Edward III., whose delicate chivalry rescued the fair fame of Lady Salisbury’s garter. It must, however, be added that the situation of maid of honour at the courts of Lisbon and Madrid is understood to be attended with considerable difficulties.

ART. IV.—1. *Political Caricatures.* By HB.

2. *Sartor Resartus.* A new Edition.

3. *The Doctor, &c.* vol. vi. London. 1847.

TURNING over, a few days ago, some newspapers of 1846, we stumbled upon a sketch of the will of the late Lady Holland, and among other special bequests we found the following: 'To the Hon. W. Cowper my collection of the caricatures of HB.' We were struck by the significance of this legacy: it was not a mere collection of drawings, designed for the amusement of ladies during an hour or two of *désœuvrement*: it was not even a collection of portraits of her contemporaries which was thus bequeathed by the widow of the Whig Mæcenas: but it was the political history of England, expressed in allegorical hieroglyphics, which fixed and gave a durable existence to the fleeting impressions of the public mind, taking them as it were fresh from the mint of thought. On the whole, it was the history of those events which formed a principal part of many a conversation at Holland House; perhaps in many cases it has preserved, in a pictorial form, the most piquant remarks of the political coterie assembled there. The most laborious study of multitudinous files of newspapers will not be more suggestive of lively impressions respecting the politics of this generation, to those of our grandchildren who are willing to undertake for us the filial office which Lord Mahon has so well performed for our grandfathers. A *Musée de la Caricature* is assuredly among the most instructive records of the past: it does not cloak either facts or feelings in the dignified decencies of historical phraseology; it tells us what people have dared to think, with a *παρρησία* which even the libel laws cannot touch. The scowls and the groans of contemporaries may perpetuate themselves in harsh enactments, and the various forms of rough handling for which language has found names; but we owe it to the caricaturist, if we know anything about the laughter, merry or bitter, which often precedes, and sometimes causes, the storms of public indignation: if we are enabled to discover how the little knots, which form the units of political society, thought and talked among themselves before the prevalent feeling substantiated itself in a burst of simultaneous utterance. We never understood so thoroughly the state of feeling which led to the catastrophe of Admiral Byng as we were enabled to do when we had got hold of a bound-up series of caricatures of the years 1756 and 1757. In the great collection of political prints begun by John, Earl of Bute, and till lately visible at Luton, the whole history of the popular mind during the reign of George III. might be read with wonderful  
clearness.



clearness :—how much that will meet no eye in the pages of the Annual Register ! Inferior as the French have always been to us in the art of caricature, it will be in vain for any historian of their Revolution to master the thousands of journals and pamphlets connected with it, unless he consults also its contemporary graphic illustrations. How admirably, for instance, the general feeling respecting Calonne and his Assembly of Notables is expressed by the sketch of the rustic who convokes the poultry of his barn-yard to decide upon the best way of serving them up at table ; and when an audacious cock ventures to suggest that the fowls have no special wish to be eaten at all, puts him down at once with a cry of ‘ Question !’

With these views, however, respecting the importance of caricatures, we are not blind to the fact that, as we live in days of writing and printing, and are by no means restricted to a pictorial and hieroglyphic expression of our thoughts, the caricature must have some kind or class of literary composition corresponding to it ; and as the caricature is not necessarily or solely political, this must be a branch of literature at least equally wide in its range. The class of writings in question we may call the *antistrophe* of genuine caricatures—meaning what Aristotle means when he says : ἡ ῥητορική ἐστὶν ἀντίστροφος τῇ διαλεκτικῇ,—what Plutarch means when he says : ἀντίστροφος ἡ ποιητικὴ τῇ ζωγραφίᾳ,—namely, that there is a real correspondence, an intrinsic analogy between the antistrophic objects. For example, Sir T. Browne’s figurative declaration (*Religio Medici*, § 19, p. 42) that ‘ the Devil played at chess with him, and by yielding a pawn thought to gain a queen,’ is an *antistrophic* anticipation of the well-known drawing by Retsch—*die Schachspieler*—in which the metaphor is converted into a scene ; and the allegorical pictures of the punishments inflicted on the deadly sins on the spandrels of the arches of the nave in Catfield Church, Norfolk, are a similar *antistrophe* to the *Divina Commedia* of Dante.

The class of writings to which we refer may be termed, for want of a better name, *Pantagruelistic*. The etymology of his hero’s name is given by Rabelais himself, and as the term, like the Aristotelean ἐντελέχεια, is not taken from the current coin of language, but forged for the nonce, we may as well dissect the hybrid monster with the help of its parent. Rabelais tells us (l. ii., c. ii.) ‘ that one Friday, when people were all at their prayers, great drops of water exuded from the ground like drops of sweat. When, however, they collected and drank this marvellous dew they found it nought but brine, worse and saltier than sea-water. Now as it came to pass that Pantagruel

gruel was born on this very day, his father gave him a corresponding name; for *πᾶντα* in Greek signifieth *all*, and *gruel* in Arabic means *thirsty*—wishing to suggest that on his birthday all the world was thirsty, and seeing, in the spirit of prophecy, that he would one day become the Lord of the Thirsty.' This derivation accords perfectly with the definition of *Pantagruelism* in the new prologue to the fourth book: 'For my part,' he says, 'I am hale and good-humoured, thanks to a trifle of *Pantagruelism*, which, you must know, is a sort of high spirits worked up in despite of accidents—ready to drink too, if you will.' In short, Rabelais would have us understand that sort of gaiety which a moderate allowance of good wine is calculated to produce; in plain English—a tendency towards sky-larking;—and this was clearly the meaning of the verb *pantagruéliser* according to the practical interpretation given to it by the club of which Verdier speaks. Pantagruelist was synonymous with *buteur*, *joyeux convive*, and it was with reference chiefly to the convivial disposition of Horace that Rabelais calls him *ancien Pantagruéliste*. It is, however, possible not merely to be merry from the effect of wine, but also to pretend a little intoxication as a cover for the extravagances of a gay temperament. And when a man deliberately dubs himself drunkard, when he blazons this character on the title-page of all his proceedings, we feel convinced that he is dissembling, if for no other reason than that he who is really intoxicated is always ready, like Michael Cassio, to assert his sobriety. When an author indites a whole chapter in praise of drunkenness, and launches out into gratuitous wildness and absurdity for pages together; when his only grave disquisitions are conversant about either the most childish trifles, or else the most sickening *cochonnerie*; and when with all this you observe in him a keen perception of truth, a bitter hatred of vice, and an extraordinary redundancy of solid learning, it is obvious enough that the *Pantagruelism* is part of a plan. We need not, however, waste words to prove that no man ever wrote a book with more serious intentions than the curé of Meudon; it is now agreed on all hands, that in most of his jokes he had an object; and a person well acquainted with his works, and with the history of the 16th century, will seldom have great difficulty in determining their purpose.

But though Rabelais concocted the *word*, it cannot be said that he originated the *thing*; the outer form of his work is as old nearly as wit and humour themselves; even the story of Gargantua, on which the first part of the Romance is based, was borrowed from the older literature of France. There is of course much that is peculiar to Rabelais, for he was a man of truly  
original



original genius : but the peculiarity does not consist in the fact that he wrote seriously under an outer covering of grotesque humour. Nor is it true, in any sense or shape, that the original elements of Pantagruelism cannot be traced further back than the *grotesqueness* in the literature of the middle ages. M. Victor Hugo has brought up this notion with great pomposity and emphasis in the preface to *Cromwell* : he might as well have attempted to revive the belief that polychrome decoration was a merely barbarous thing, suitable enough for Hindoos or Moors, or mediæval Goths, but wholly unknown in the pure classical atmosphere of Attica. We should have referred him to abundant proof that the Parthenon blazed with colours and metals as bright as the Alhambra ; and as to the literary theory, the evidence is complete indeed, and no yesterday's discovery, as in the other case. The culminating point of his blundering is perhaps attained in the following sentence (p. xxxv.) :—' Such was the creative vigour of this mediæval spirit of grotesqueness, that it sent forth at once, on the threshold of modern poetry, three comic Homers—Ariosto in Italy, Cervantes in Spain, and Rabelais in France.' Unfortunately for him, it happens that Plato speaks of an old Greek comedian in the very same terms which Hugo applies to Ariosto, Cervantes, and Rabelais, namely, as the Homer of the grotesque :—τῶν ποιητῶν οἱ ἄκροι τῆς ποιήσεως ἑκατέρως, κωμῳδίας μὲν Ἐπίχαρμος, τραγῳδίας δὲ Ὀμηρος. (*Theaetet.*, p. 152 E.)

Rabelais himself was far from falling into these errors. France was in his day the most learned country in Europe, and he did not stand lowest in the list of scholars in a land and age which produced Budæus, H. Stephens, Muretus, Casaubon, and Joseph Scaliger. He knew well the relation in which he stood to the ancients. With great significance he chooses for the two masters of the ceremonies, the two lanterns of honour, who introduce the travellers to the Queen of the Lychnobians, no others than Aristophanes and Cleanthes (V., c. 33). We have no doubt, though we do not perceive that any commentator has noticed the fact, that this phraseology (and perhaps the whole scene) was suggested by a passage in Varro *De Lingua Latinâ* (V., 9, p. 4, Müller) : ' Quodsi summum gradum non attigero, tamen secundum præteribo, quod non solum *ad Aristophanis lucernam*, sed etiam *ad Cleanthis lucubravi*.' And it is clear that Varro is here referring not to Aristophanes the comedian, but to Aristophanes the grammarian ; and not to the Stoic philosophy in general, but to the grammatical studies of Cleanthes, who, like the other Stoics, theorized on the doctrine of syntax. But although it would be a true and striking figure, to describe the introduction

duction of a modern scholar to ancient philosophy, if we were to say that his masters of the ceremonies were the Coryphæi of ancient grammar, yet we cannot but think, from the manner in which Rabelais afterwards speaks of the lantern of Epictetus, and from the affinity between himself and Aristophanes the comedian, that he had forgotten the name of the great grammarian of Byzantium, and that, like many other scholars, even of later days, he was unacquainted with the grammatical element in the studies of the Stoic school.\* If this were the case, he claims as the literary progenitors of his romance, Aristophanes, the prime Pantagruelist of Athens, and Cleanthes, as the middle point and representative of Stoicism. And doubtless there was a philosophy in the old Athenian comedy and a comedy in the old Stoic philosophy which may be acknowledged as kindred products, and which may be observed striking note after note throughout the story of Pantagruel. No person acquainted with both writers could fail to be struck by the resemblance between Rabelais and Aristophanes in subject, object, tone, and manner. It is a resemblance which sprang from the congenial nature of their minds, but which has been rendered more conspicuous by a considerable amount of direct imitation on the part of the modern writer. With respect to Cleanthes, we must observe in the first place that Epicharmus, the earliest of the Greek comedians, was no less celebrated as a philosopher than as a poet. His philosophy too was of a grave and elevated cast, and while his humour was tempered with profound reflexions on points of moral interest, his education as a physician (for he had this also in common with Rabelais) led him naturally to those speculations in cosmogony and theology, which formed the basis of nearly every philosophical system among the Greeks. The philosophy, however, which is most likely to recommend itself to the moral satirist is that which afterwards matured itself in Stoicism. Some of its first germs may indeed be discovered in the characteristic traits of the Pythagorean school to which Epicharmus belongs; but it is only in the school of Zeno, considered as the complement of Cynicism, that the philosopher presents himself to us as a rigid censor, as the *εὐθύνος βαρὺς*, of the morals of a vicious age, from

\* In the '*Adagia auctorum variorum*,' 1643, we find a glimpse of the truth: *Opinor autem*, says the author (p. 200), *adagium sentire de Aristophane grammatico*. But with the *adagia* and other learning before them, Welcker, in the preface to the translation of 'The Frogs' (p. iv.), of which we spoke some years ago (Q. R., vol. xlv. p. 400), and, after him, Jean Paul (*Forschule der Ästhetik, Werke*, vol. xli. p. 183), have deliberately entertained the supposition that the proverb *ad Aristophanis lucernam lucubrare* refers to the diligence and accuracy of Aristophanes the comedian; and it is, therefore, just as likely that Rabelais might fall into the same error from the same genial feelings.



which he stands sternly aloof. Some amount of separatism is essential to the character of every satirist. And thus the Romans, whose philosophy was purely practical, considered themselves as standing in one of two relations to the world around them—they either submitted to its influence, and became the slaves of the immediately present, in which case their highest flights of satire were good-humoured, self-condemning raillery, like that of Horace; or, becoming citizens of some Utopia of their own imagination, they haughtily rebuked their contemporaries, like Cato, or wrote bitter and unsparing satire, like Persius. The one method was Epicureanism, the child of the Cyrenaic school of Aristippus; the other was Stoicism, the legitimate offspring of the Cynicism of Antisthenes; and into one or other of these channels flowed the whole stream of Roman philosophy. Now it cannot be doubted which of these two would find favour with the Christian world. Epicureanism was condemned, not less by the whole spirit of the new religion than by the open utterances of the Apostles; and Stoicism became, at a very early period, the handmaid and exponent of the views of the more austere professors of the Faith. The most vigorous teachers of the schools were to all intents and purposes Stoics; and at the revival of letters the name found favour with Protestants and Romanists alike. One of the latter, himself in some sort a Pantagruelist, has not hesitated to derive the doctrines of Zeno by a direct descent from the pages of Holy Writ. ‘No pudieron verdades tan desnudas del mundo,’ says Quevedo,\* ‘cogerse limpias de la tierra y polvo, de otra fuente que de las Sagradas Letras. Y oso tambien afirmar, que se derivan del Libro sagrado de Job, trasladadas en preceptos de sus acciones y palabras literalmente.’ And with regard to Rabelais in particular, we cannot help thinking that he had sufficient self-consciousness to be aware that it was and must have been a spirit of Stoicism which placed him in an antagonism to the world around him, and which he disguised under a domino of broad, grotesque, and Aristophanic humour.

Nay more, we believe that there is no true Pantagruelism without some philosophy of this kind at the root of it. We have defined the term already—we must add that the origin of Pantagruelism is a strong feeling of superiority to the world around us; and that buffoonery is its usual cloak, because self-degradation is the opposite pole to that assumption of superiority which it is the writer's main object to conceal. His purpose is always the exposure of some sort or other of *cant*; and in an age and country where that most infectious of social diseases has be-

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\* *Obras de Fr. de Quevedo*, v., p. 709 (ed. de Sancha).

come widely spread, the only safe course is to make an alliance between his wit, which might have been admired, but might also have been disliked, and some form or other of humour, which is received with a laugh of self-approbation, and not with the painful sense of inferiority, or the still more painful one of fear.

‘Wit,’ as Goldsmith neatly says, ‘raises human nature above its level; humour acts a contrary part, and equally depresses it. To expect exalted humour is a contradiction in terms. When a thing is wittily expressed, all our pleasure turns into admiration of the artist, who had fancy enough to draw the picture. When a thing is humorously described, our burst of laughter proceeds from a very different cause; we compare the absurdity of the character represented with our own, and triumph in our conscious superiority. Thus the pleasure which we receive from wit turns on the admiration of another; that which we feel from humour, centres in the admiration of ourselves.’\*

Honest Goldsmith’s own experience had well taught him that an indulgence in the humorous is a compromise, more or less, of one’s personal dignity. He well knew, however, that in a canting and conventional age, whoever can afford and is willing to break down the barriers of a false and vicious decorum for the purpose of introducing the poor Cinderella, *Truth*, to her fashionable half-sisters, *Cant* and *Politeness*, must do this in a humorous form, and must force his way to the heart through the *os rotundum* of laughter—he must, in a word, be a Pantagruelist.

It is almost essential to the success of this mode of teaching, that it should avail itself of some sort of allegorical covering. It is dangerous to say, prematurely, ‘Thou art *the* man;’ and on the same principle the cloaked sage would not allow it at first sight to appear too plainly that anything in humanity was the object of his satire. Hence, from the very beginning of literature, the actors in the allegorical extravaganza of the moral teacher have borne the forms of lower animals; and sometimes even trees, or the works of human art, have been admitted into the dramatis personæ. Not to speak of the innumerable apologies and fables of the East, we find in the papyrus rolls of Egypt satirical caricatures perfectly analogous to those of H. B., in which animals of different kinds act the part of human beings. In one at Turin a scene is represented which would almost serve as an illustration of ‘Reynard the Fox,’ and in another, preserved in the British Museum, we have an ass and a lion playing at chess, and a wolf, a hyæna, and a tiger marching upright as herdsmen and travellers. (See Lepsius, *Urkunden*, Tafel xxiii.) Some such caricature would be a pictorial representation of Rabelais’ tale of the lion and the fox (II. c. 15); and the *Batrachomyomachia*,

\* *Miscell. Works* (Prior’s Edit.) vol. i. p. 445.



no less than the *Animali Parlanti* of Casti, is a translation into writing of some 'Brute-Epos,' which might have appeared as a series of caricatures. There are, indeed, certain states of the public mind in which Pantagruelism would not be tolerated, save in its pictorial form; and even when the scornful indignation of genius has allowed itself an articulate utterance, we find occasionally by the side of the work a set of caricatures which venture upon references more distinctly personal than any which are attempted in the writing itself. Thus Rabelais himself left for publication after his death a series of caricatures under the title of '*Songes drolatiques de Pantagruel*,' which could hardly have appeared in his lifetime without producing some results unfavourable to his personal comfort. And yet, perhaps, Holbein's 'Dance of Death' may have originally suggested to him the safety of confining his satire to a similar pictorial effort. The same is the case in our times. Gillray's prints are more violent and pointed in their personalities than the volumes of the '*Anti-Jacobin*,' with which we take care to bind them up; and the most distinct satire in '*Punch*' is always given in his larger caricatures—such as that of 'John not strong enough for the place;' or the British Lion smoking his pipe in view of M. de Joinville's fleet. Perhaps it is no slight confirmation of our views, at this very time, that the travelled Muscovite, in Griboiédof's '*Misfortune of Genius*,' is found expressing himself thus: 'I should have devoted myself to fable; I am passionately fond of fable—nothing but satires on lions and eagles. People may call them animals, but they are Czars for all that.'

Aristophanes availed himself of the old comedy as supplying both the advantages to which we have referred; for it cannot be doubted that his plays in their most dangerous pranks adopt the double cloak of the 'Brute-Epos' and the pictorial caricature. His choruses, which deliver to the sovereign people of Athens lectures such as even Pericles might have feared to give them, are mostly disguised in forms representing either lower animals or the fleeting phantasmagoria of the imagination. Mounted horsemen, with more of the equine than the human in their composition, support the daring attack on Cleon; wasps satirise the love of litigation; clouds unveil the mischievous sophistries of the literary and philosophising party; a band of frogs introduces the Quixotic Bacchus to a band of initiated ghosts; and coveys of gaping birds chirp and twitter around Messrs. *Agitator* and *Hope-good*. Nor can the reader fail to observe how carefully the hardest sayings of these choruses are connected with the plot of the piece, and with the character of the animals or fanciful beings which compose it, so that in every case the author may fall back upon the '*Pickwickian Sense*.' Again, with regard to his adoption  
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of the pictorial caricature, it will be remarked that although Socrates is introduced by name in 'The Clouds,' the *Λόγος δίκαιος* and the *Λόγος ἄδικος*, which probably were masks indicating Aristides and Thrasymachus, are not addressed by the names of those personages; and that Cleon, the hero of 'The Knights,' is always called 'the Paphlagonian Hide-seller,' never addressed by the demagogue's real name. These and other instances were tantamount to walking and acting H. B.s—to be known by the likeness, even though they wore no mask—

πάντως γε μὴν  
γνωσθήσεται· τὸ γὰρ θέτρον δεξιόν.—*Equites*, 233.

Moreover, the construction of all the plays of Aristophanes was identical with that of the first-rate caricature—they are all allegorical extravaganzas. Not only are the happiest strokes of wit little else than jokes *παρ' ὑπόνοιαν*, but the plays are throughout *ὑπόνοιαι* in the widest sense of the word (see Ruhnken's *Timæus*, p. 200). As we cannot hope to see Aristophanes restored to the stage, though Sophocles has, after a fashion, resumed his buskins, we should be truly glad to see the next best thing—a series of illustrations of his comedies—say 'The Knights,' or 'The Peace'—by an artist of real skill and real humour; he must be a better draughtsman than Retzsch, and less formal than Flaxman; he must have the fun of a caricaturist, and the feelings of a poet; like H. B., he must be able to preserve an identity of face in the leading characters, but he must be able at the same time to sport with an unlimited variety of attitudes and groupings. There is an artist among us who too often mistakes his own calling, but who could do all this—Maclise; and if it were done, Aristophanes would be restored to the only stage which he could occupy in the nineteenth century.

We do not forget, however, that our present concern is not so much with the outward form of the Aristophanic comedy as with its intrinsic Pantagruelism; nor do we hesitate to assert that as there has been hardly any species of cant in modern times which had not its prototype at Athens in the days of Aristophanes, so this great poet is the forerunner of all the Pantagruelists, who have since his time attacked the cant of their own age and country. He attacked military cant in 'The Acharnians,' 'The Lysistrata,' and 'The Peace;' the cant of demagogues in 'The Knights' and 'Wasps;' the cant of the middle-class reformers in 'The Clouds;' the cant of Utopian philosophers in 'The Ecclesiazusæ,' and the cant of quack-worshippers everywhere. The journey of Bacchus and his Sancho-Xanthias anticipates the literary Pantagruelism of Cervantes, and the 'Plutus' in an overture to some of the best compositions of Jean Paul.



Even at this time of day it may seem strange to some that we should describe the 'Clouds' as an attempt to cry down the cant and quackery of the middle-class reformers at Athens. Most true, indeed, it is, that all educated men are deeply indebted to Socrates,—though not, perhaps, so much for what he did as for what he induced others to attempt. But our conventional reverence for his name must not blind us to the relation in which he stood to the most mischievous of the factions which distressed his native city—the Girondists, as we may call them, of the revolutionary party there. It is his death which has given rise to such a discrepancy of opinion respecting him; the unsuccessful general who falls on the field of battle becomes by that circumstance alone a hero; sometimes his defeat is forgotten; sometimes it is called a victory. We are sure that the deaths of Epaminondas and Sir John Moore have materially qualified the opinion which we should otherwise have entertained of the battles of Mantinea and Coruña. So with Socrates; he is the martyr philosopher—the victim of intellectual freedom. We all know what blasphemy Rousseau and others have written on this subject. Now it is impossible to understand the death of Socrates without a strict reference to the history of the times in which he lived. We believe the case to have stood thus. A great change was introduced into the Athenian character by Pericles, who was a disciple of the philosophical speculator Anaxagoras. We shall best characterise this change by saying that it consisted in the rise of the class of *καλοὶ κἀγαθοὶ*—that is (according to the *Athenian* meaning of the phrase) of those who were for lodging power with an aristocracy, not of birth and wealth, but of talent. In this state of things great influence was exercised by the Sophists, *par excellence* the men of claims resting on intellectual accomplishment; and almost every educated man subsequent to Pericles was opposed to the old established democracy either from selfish motives or on theoretical grounds. We may predicate this distinctly of Critias, Antiphon, Thucydides, Alcibiades, and Sophocles. As for Euripides and Socrates, they were considered as fellow-workers in a movement for the exaltation of the middle class, and as pure Sophists (See Aristoph. *Ran.* 771, and *Æsch. c. Timarch.* p. 24). Aristophanes was the great solitary exception to this tendency on the part of literary men at Athens; hence his antagonism to Euripides and Socrates, who, although they would never have favoured the establishment of a pure oligarchy, and were rather for the 5000 than for the 400 or the 30, had given earlier indications than any others of their wish to place the *καλοὶ κἀγαθοὶ* above the Demus. In one of his most patriotic tragedies Euripides had ventured to put into the mouth of Theseus the words—

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τριῶν δὲ μοιρῶν ἡ ἓν μέσῃ σώζει πόλεις.—*Suppl.* 244.

And Theramenes, who, if he had been a consistent politician, might have brought these views to a practical experiment, was certainly a favourer of middle measures. We have no doubt then that Aristophanes looked upon Socrates as a mischievous advocate of the cant of the middle-class reformers, to whom he attributed hypocrisy and selfishness, the usual qualities of the talking patrons of theoretical changes; and if we are right in supposing that a sort of Stoicism—not that which was positively developed by Zeno, but that which is practically adopted by all men of genius and sincerity in a vicious age—if we may suppose that a sort of Stoicism is the necessary concomitant of true Pantagruelism, then the feeling of Aristophanes may not have been very different from that which was subsequently expressed by the model Stoic of Rome, who used to say that ‘Socrates was a loquacious and overbearing person, and endeavoured, as far as it was possible for him, to get the mastery over his country by abolishing established customs, and drawing or bringing over his fellow-citizens to opinions contrary to the laws’ (Plutarch, *Cato Major*, c. xxiii.). After all, we must remember that the question for us is not whether Socrates deserved the punishment which he incurred, or the rough handling which he had some years previously received from Aristophanes, but whether our Pantagruelistic poet sincerely believed, and on grounds which were for him, as a conscientious and clear-headed man, sufficient and satisfactory, that this father of many schools of philosophy was a mischievous character, whose δαιμόνιον was as much a piece of cant and quackery as the lying spirit of divination possessed by Lucian’s Alexander, or any other ψευδόμνστις and Swedenborgian of ancient or modern times. If Aristophanes had reasons which we must admit to have been sufficient for a contemporary, who could not estimate all the important consequences which might one day flow from the doctrines of Socrates, and who was bred up in the belief that toleration is a cowardly vice; if he had reasons for believing that this was the case, and was besides compelled to identify Socrates with the proceedings of a party which paved the way for the subversion of the old constitution of Athens, we cannot but extol him for acting with unshrinking courage on the strength of his own convictions, and we willingly recognise in ‘The Clouds’ the same good heart and the same strong hand which cut up Cleon ‘into shoe-soles for the knights’ (*Ach.* 300).

The same remarks are applicable to Lucian, who differs from Aristophanes more in the outward form of his works than in spirit and intention. The absence of any assumption of buffoonery as a disguise will prevent us from classing the satirist

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of Samosata among Pantagruelists, properly so called. He lived in days when the current was running strong against heathen cant, when there was not enough of respect for paganism to make the old rags worth fighting for, and when, if quackery abounded, it led the life of the hare, the most prolific, indeed, but the most timid of all animals, made to be hounded across the open fields and in the eyes of the world. Lucian has had hard measure dealt out to him because he did not take sufficient pains to discriminate between Christianity and its rivals—the multitudinous forms of heathenism. We think that great excuses should be made for a man who had such scanty opportunities for learning the truth, and who saw everywhere throughout the Roman empire the beginnings of that mystification of Christianity, which afterwards massed itself in the great phenomenon of popery. We believe, in a word, that Lucian was actuated by a sincere hatred of shams—that he took what he thought the best means in his power for crying them down—and that if he has pushed the chase too far, and occasionally done more damage to the farmer than to the vermin, we would make him such allowances as are due to the enthusiastic huntsman who is carried away by the spirit of his sport.

The difference between modern and ancient Pantagruelism does not consist in the greater grotesqueness of the former; in this respect Aristophanes leaves all competition far behind. The difference springs from the characteristic distinction between ancient and modern history in general; from this, namely, that between the downfall of the Roman empire of the West and the Reformation, Europe was suffering in various modes and in various degrees from a loss of the literary culture of Heathendom, and was repressed in all its intellectual strivings by the dominant influence of a Church which had entered upon an alliance offensive and defensive with Mammon. So then, the one prevalent cant, in the period to which we refer, was the cant of priestcraft—the one great sham, quackery, and unreality was the assumed right of popery to enslave the individual conscience, and to cramp the individual intellect. The dread of ecclesiastical censure which was universally felt, the real power of the Church in every separate nation, and the readiness with which the arm of temporal power, so often in its turn befriended by the Church, was stretched out to confirm and extend the authority of its influential and important ally; all these together checked the development of knowledge and genius among the laity, and, at all events, made it dangerous to speak too plainly of the rampant hypocrisy of the day. If, then, any one felt it necessary to make an attack upon the prevalent cant—and genius has an instinctive hatred of all that

that is false—he would feel himself driven into some sort or other of Pantagruelism. His own safety would prescribe the allegorical covering—his audience, mainly the less educated laity, would tolerate, if they did not positively exact, some amount of coarse buffoonery, and the author, conscious of his superiority in truthfulness and knowledge to the world around him, and especially to that dominant class which he sought to attack, would be well content to wear motley for the nonce. Indeed, we conceive that the court-fool or jester was himself a very important modification of the Pantagruelist. Anxiety to hear the truth, coupled with a wish to represent it as folly, is the real causation of court-jesters. Sydney Smith's *foolometer* was to serve as a test of the opinions of the ordinary men who constitute the great majority in every society; the foolometer of a European king in the middle ages was employed to mark the temperature of the public mind in an age of hypocrisy and terrorism—to enable the ruler to ascertain the thoughts which floated on the upper surface of social life, but to which men dared not give an unqualified and distinct utterance. To know the truth and to be able to call it folly is a necessary qualification for those who would rule by cant. It was, indeed, a part of the policy of the Romish Church to encourage the Feasts of Fools and other outbreaks of popular humour, in which popes and priests were ridiculed *ad libitum*; for the watchful guardians of the Spotless Hind were thus enabled to attend the antepasts of undeveloped heresies, which were not likely to be very dangerous so long as they could be represented as the outpourings of drunkenness or idiocy. We have now before us a splendidly illuminated MS. psalter of the early part of the fourteenth century, in which the beginning of the 53rd Psalm, 'Dixit insipiens in corde suo: Non est Deus,' is illustrated by a miniature, in which David is represented as seated in his kingly robes, while a court-fool, of most idiotic countenance, and fully equipped with an asinine crest, and a clapper by way of bauble, is dancing before him and pointing up to heaven, as if anything, even atheism, might be expected from the chartered folly of a professed jester, and might be tolerated because it was understood to be meaningless.

Of course the case became materially different when the satire grew serious and pointed, and when there was no putting it off as a jest. When the laugh was all against himself, and the allegorical satirist was admired, instead of being despised, the Priest grew angry, and duly committed to the care of the Evil One the too plain utterances of the popular appreciation of his craft. There are as few of the pranks of folly in the biting satire of Reynard the Fox as in the solemn *comedy* of Dante; and the clergy



clergy was as little likely to mistake the object of the former as they were to overlook the *spirito antipapale* of the latter. In regard to Reynard, we cannot do better than quote a passage or two from Mr. Naylor's Introduction to his ingenious and spirited version of the poem:—

'Pleasant is it to learn how in those days the Priests (good souls!), *pro salute animæ*, anathematised and embargoed the favourite effusions of the lower orders of their flocks, as *Teufelslieder* (*carmina diabolica*), and caused them to be interdicted as the corrupters of morals and the underminers of religion and the state. The Church's canticles stood no chance against these profane ditties. No wonder that the Superiors of religious houses prohibited their communities (particularly the nuns, we are told) from all seductive indulgence in these dangerous delights of the ninth and tenth centuries, nor that they should have discouraged their dissemination amongst the people so soon as they had caught up the satirical spirit of these compositions, and pointed the finger of ridicule at ruling powers in the persons of Duke Reinhard of Lothringen, and Count Isengrim of Austria—the originals, if tradition speak truly, of the chief characters of our epic.'—pp. 20, 21.

With respect to Reynard the Fox in particular—

'Mr. D'Israeli has affirmed the simple truth in his delineation of it as an exquisite satire on the vices of priests, the devices of courtiers, and not sparing majesty itself. . . . The Church and the Law are the great stumbling-blocks here, and their abuses are dragged into open day. . . . What need to ascribe to the poet any other aim than that of enunciating this great secret of mundane success—the *knowledge of the weak side of the world around us*, and the exposition of the golden rule by which that knowledge is alone made available—namely, *to play upon it without remorse*, as the great essential to the attainment of all selfish ends?'—pp. 40-48.

On the often discussed subject of the *Divina Commedia*, we shall merely say that we greatly wonder at the view taken of its structure by so acute a critic as Coleridge. He tells us that the *Divina Commedia* is a system of moral, political, and theological truths, with arbitrary personal exemplifications, which are not, he thinks, allegorical. He does not even, he says, feel convinced that the punishments in the *Inferno* are strictly allegorical, but rather takes them to have been, in Dante's mind, '*quasi-allegorical*, or conceived in analogy to pure allegory.' (*Remains*, i. p. 157.) Now we are disposed to regard Dante's great work as not only a complete allegory, but as so unmistakeably allegorical, that this, together with the absence of all humour, removes it from the category of Pantagruelism. Dante did not intend his work to appear in his lifetime, otherwise he would have found it necessary to cloak its political and personal allusions under a somewhat thicker covering—but there is nevertheless allegory,  
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and enough of it. And as for some of the punishments in the *Inferno*, it may be said, in the words which Heraclides of Pontus uses when he commences his investigations into the hidden meaning of Homer's poems, 'if they contain no allegory they are impious throughout.' It so happens that Dante has himself applied the epithet allegorical to his own poems. He tells us in his *Convito* (*Trattato* ii.), that his poems have always two significations, one literal, the other allegorical: and after discussing the literal meaning of one of the *Canzoni*, he proceeds thus (c. 13): 'poichè la litterale sentenza è sufficientemente dimostrata, è da procedere alla sposizione *allegorica e vera*.' We deduce from the same *Trattato* the real design of the *Divina Commedia*. Having lost Beatrice, the object on which all his affections centered, he looked around for consolation, which he could find nowhere but in philosophy: to this study then he applied himself so diligently that it engrossed all his thoughts, and became a sort of representative of his Beatrice. Romeo, in his querulous despair, exclaims:—

'Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more!'

But Dante, in the same Verona, found not merely an adequate but an apt substitute for his lost love in the religious stoicism of the day. According to the Schoolmen, Philosophy dwelt with God in the highest heaven, and there also was the abode of his Sainted Beatrice. When, therefore, after passing through the troubles and trials of active life, which he has allegorized in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, he had at length arrived at the sublime study of philosophy, he allegorized this also under the form of the lost fair one whose substitute on earth it was: and as literature and political wisdom, under the form of Virgil, guided him through the outward probations of his life, so philosophy, his Beatrice, initiated him into the sublime mysteries of the scholastic Theology. It will be recollected that although Dante cannot be called a Pantagruelist, yet his object was not very different from that of Rabelais. He was devotedly attached to the doctrines of the church of Rome, but had no respect for the manner in which these doctrines were carried out, and in his stern way he preached against those quackeries and shams at which others were content to laugh. His personal misfortunes, his rank, and his peculiar education, all contributed to prevent him from indulging in any coarse or extravagant humour; but the grave irony which pervades his poem, and the occasional touches of satiric power which we meet with here and there, will not allow



allow us to exclude him altogether from the class in which we place the allegorist of Chinon. At any rate it must be admitted that as the more open ridicule of Pulci, and the delicate irony of Ariosto, paved the way for the Pantagruelism with which Cervantes afterwards exposed the quackery of the romance writers, so in the same seventeenth century, and in the same country, the spirit of Dante was revived with humoristic accompaniments in the Visions of Quevedo.

It would perhaps be not very easy to determine whether the greater *παρρησία* which sprung from a growing diffusion of literary culture among the laity did more to produce the Reformation, or whether the Reformation itself was the cause of that greater freedom of speech which began to develop itself about the same epoch. Perhaps we shall not be very far from the truth if we say that—as the intellectual emancipation of the laity was one great result of the Reformation—the greater wish on the part of the real scholars of the rising order to address themselves to the laity and to depreciate the literary pretensions of their ecclesiastical haters and censors, would manifest itself as a *tendency* before the change had taken place, and as a natural *result* after the new forms had established themselves. At any rate it is observable that while there is a great resemblance between the style and tone of Skelton and Rabelais, who wrote in Catholic England and France, there is humour equally broad in Hutten and Latimer, the Knight and the Bishop, who wrote when there was little fear that the doctrines of Luther and Melancthon would not take root and bear fruit in Germany and England. And there can be little doubt that there is one and the same cause for both phenomena—namely, the wish to appeal to the laity, to be read by laymen, and to minister to their increasing intelligence. With regard to Skelton and Rabelais, it has been observed by Mr. Hallam how like they are in their comic humour and voluble jargon of words. ‘Few English writers,’ he says (*Lit. of Europe*, i. p. 433), ‘come nearer in this respect to Rabelais, whom Skelton preceded.’ But we doubt if any one has yet done adequate justice to the contributions which Skelton made to the raw material of the English language, or rated at their value his merits as a political satirist. A certain shrewd Professor of the University of Cambridge was once asked in our hearing whether Shakspeare or Milton had the greater command of the English language. He replied, briefly enough, ‘Shakspeare could have slanged Milton into a ditch in five minutes.’ It is this volubility which constitutes the leading characteristic of Rabelais; and we think that Skelton, Shakspeare, Congreve, and Swift—and these alone—were his equals in their use of an instrument of Pantagruelism of no little value in breaking  
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down the pedantries of a formal style. These, and a world of modish prettinesses besides, must be driven from the field by certain unrestrained and genuine utterances of the mother-tongue, and the victory always redounds to the advantage of a country's literature, which cannot thrive without a racy, idiomatic form of speech.

As a greater diffusion of learning was intimately connected with the movement which resulted in the Reformation, it is not a surprising fact that the Pantagruelistic writers who continued that movement should have been conspicuously men of learning. Quevedo and Cervantes were such; and Butler, though he may have borrowed his contrast of the Presbyterian Justice and his Independent Squire from the antagonism between Quixote and Sancho, was indebted, in the main, to his own stores of copious and original erudition. Swift, though he may have derived some hints from Lucian's '*Vera Historia*,' from Bergerac's Romances, and generally from Rabelais, was at once an original and a learned man. That he was not accurate in the minute details of scholarship may be admitted; but his reading was most extensive, and no one can peruse the '*Tale of a Tub*' or '*Gulliver*' without feeling that he has to do with one who wears the mantle of Rabelais—because it fits him. With regard to '*Gulliver*,' his most popular work, we cannot but think that he had some hope of mystifying the public, like Miss Porter in a novel which we examined some years ago. (*Q. R.*, vol. xlviii.) We have seen the first edition, which has a portrait of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and is in all respects fitted out with maps and charts like a regular Dampier. Lucian, on the contrary, prefaces his voyage with an unfolding of his plan and objects; and Bergerac never assumes any tone beyond that of the romance writer. With respect to Sterne, Johnson would never have thought of distinguishing any period of his life, though he did one of Swift's, as 'the time when his reading was fresh in his head.' He was never a learned man, and never pretended to the title. He availed himself, at secondhand, of the stores of Burton and others, without any wish, as we believe, to claim them as his own, and without any thought that it was necessary to acknowledge his obligations. Nor are we among the number of those who would seek to clog the wheels of genius with such impediments. The really original man is recognised as such by his contemporaries and by posterity: and, as we believe that all great men are, by the nature of the case, eclectics, we shall always be glad to leave it to obscure pedants to indicate in foot-notes or otherwise, how much of Shakspeare, Milton, Swift, Sterne, Scott, and other original writers is to be found



in the pages of their immeasurably inferior predecessors. Writing in the eighteenth century, Sterne did not feel himself particularly called upon to conceal his designs. There is no mysterious allegory: on the contrary, he has in one short sentence admitted us behind the scenes. He says (*Tristram Shandy*, i. p. 359): 'Everything in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out.' If he occasionally felt that there was in fact *no* step between the sublime and the ridiculous—between pathos and humour—it was because his principles were none of the soundest, and because he sometimes confused between cant and virtue. Aristotle has well said that those who are in a vicious extreme mistake the golden mean of virtue for the opposite extreme of vice. We think this was sometimes the case with the author of the 'Sentimental Journey,'—that it was almost always the case with Voltaire, and on this account more than any other we should hesitate to admit 'Candide' into the Pantagruelistic school. It is unnecessary to observe that the rivals, Hogarth and Churchill, the caricaturist and satirist of the eighteenth century, are not to be referred to the class of which we are speaking. Jean Paul, with his great moral object, his unflinching opposition to the cant of the world, his genuine and ever-flashing humour, and the all-but allegorical guise in which his fictions are enveloped, exhibits himself as a fully developed Pantagruelist. The Bacchanalian humour in which he revels—sometimes amounting to self-abasement—may be traced back to the humble poverty of his origin, and to those habits, it may be, which spring from the alternation between positive want of means and a ready expenditure of money unexpectedly acquired. But we are not on that account the less disposed to discover in Jean Paul a great moral teacher, whose influence is growing, and who, when translated into some intelligible European language, may produce greater and better effects than either Schelling or Hegel. As we hope to return to Richter on some future opportunity, we think it better at present to say nothing than little on this rich literary subject.

With the exception of Jean Paul's fictions, the Germans have not distinguished themselves by many contributions to Pantagruelism. Perhaps the most complete piece of Tristram Shandyism which they have produced is to be found in Kortum's 'Jobsiade,' the sixth edition of which is now before us. This is, as the title announces, a 'comico-grotesque heroic poem in three parts,' detailing the history of a sort of German hedge-priest. It is written in uniform doggrel, of which the following specimen shall suffice. It refers to the examination for Holy Orders of the hero, Hieronymus Jobs, which is represented in the title-page of the work. (p. 81.)

'Der

‘Der Herr Inspektor machte den Anfang—  
(Hustete viermal mit starkem Klang,  
Schnäuzte und räusperte auch viermal sich  
Und fragte, indem er den Bauch strich):

“Ich als zeitlichen pro tempore Inspektor,  
Und der hiesigen Geistlichkeit Direktor,  
Frage Sie: Quid sit Episcopus?”  
Alsbald antwortete Hieronimus:

“Ein Bischof ist, wie ich denke,  
Ein sehr angenehmes Getränk  
Aus rothem Wein, Zucker, und Pomeran-  
zensaft,  
Und wärmet und stürket mit grosser  
Kraft.”

Ueber diese Antwort des Kandidaten  
Jobses,  
Geschah allgemeines Schütteln des Kopfes,  
Der Inspektor sprach zuerst hem! hem!  
Drauf die Andern secundum ordinem.

Nun hub der Assessor an zu fragen:  
“Herr Hieronimus, thun Sie mir sagen  
Wer die Apostel gewesen sind?”  
Hieronimus antwortete geschwind:

“Apostel nennet man grosse Krüge,  
Darin gehet Wein und Bier zur Gnüge  
Auf den Dörfern und sonst beim Schmaus  
Trinken die durstigen Bursche daraus.”

Ueber diese Antwort, u. s. w.

‘The Inspector thus begins the fray—  
(He coughs four times as loud as he may,  
He snuffles four times, and hems and haws,  
And down his waistcoat his right hand  
draws):

“I, as pro tempore Inspector,  
And of the clergy here Director,  
Ask you, Quid sit Episcopus?”  
At once replied Hieronymus:

“A Bishop is, Sir, as I think,  
A very agreeable sort of drink  
Of port-wine, sugar, and orange-juice,—  
To warm and strengthen of capital use.”

On this reply of the candidate Jobs,  
Ensued a general shaking of nob;—  
The Inspector said the first hem! hem!  
Then the others secundum ordinem.

The Assessor then took up the task,  
With: “Mr. Jerom, allow me to ask  
Who the blessed Apostles were?”  
Hieronymus answers quite debonnaire:

“The Apostles are jugs of a jolly size  
Which mine host with wine and beer  
supplies;  
And the thirsty undergrads thereout  
Take their fill at the drinking bout.”

On this reply, &c.

And so the examination proceeds, question and answer alternately; and the usual result à la Lord Burleigh. The conclusion is, as might be expected, a unanimous vote on the part of the Presbytery that they cannot conscientiously

‘Then and there, and in such a state,  
Admit Mr. Jobs as a candidate;  
But yet, as the whole affair was ended,  
That the least said was soonest mended.’

We have not very much to say in praise of this Teutonic flight; nor do we purpose on this occasion to criticise in detail any recent experiments nearer home. Of Mr. Southey’s ‘Doctor, &c.,’ it must be felt by all that it is Pantagruelistic rather in intention and in outward form than in the spirit and by virtue of an inward necessity. It is not directed against any prevailing cant, and the author does not appear to be very anxious for concealment in any point except that of his own identification: and here his anxiety is so ostentatious that it defeats its own purpose. It always appeared to us that the imitation of Rabelais was adopted as a thread of connexion on which to connect the multitudinous outpourings of a well-stocked common-place book, and  
while



while it is delectably copious in learning in this kind, the humour of the book is too often meagre and childish. Nothing can be poorer than the riddle of the four *deltas* in the title-page, or the cacographic concealment of *Q. in the corner* as *Kewinthehawerner*. His collection, too, of the initial syllables of the names of his friends seems to us a very unnecessary piece of absurdity; and as for the indecencies, where he is indecent, he seems to have forgotten the only justification for their appearance in Rabelais—namely, that ‘Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this: and that however little we may be able to say of its manners, the morality of his work is of the most refined and exalted kind.’ (Coleridge, *Table Talk*, i. pp. 177, 8.)\*

Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, seems to us entitled to assert for himself in no small measure both the feelings and the functions of a Pantagruelist. His *Sartor Resartus* (in our opinion the most original of his works) is an attack, not upon some particular species of cant, but upon cant as a species. It is instinct with the most genial humour; its morality is kindly and comprehensive; and, as far as the *principles* are concerned, we do not know where to look for truer philosophy. That details may have been suggested by a continual study of Richter and Gœthe we can well believe, but nothing can induce us to believe that such a book is not the genuine utterance of the self-built convictions of a thinking mind. That Mr. Carlyle is only rather too fond of proclaiming his antagonism to *cant* is sufficiently known—but he does so in a striking passage in his last work, on which we feel it due to ourselves as admirers of Pantagruelism in general, and as critics not unfriendly to Mr. Carlyle, to make a few passing observations. Speaking of the Restoration, and of the subsequent history of England, Mr. Carlyle has expressed himself as follows:—(*Cromwell*, iii. p. 436, 2nd edit.)

‘Amid the general wreck of things, all Government threatening now to become impossible, the Reminiscence of Royalty rose again, “Let us take refuge in the Past, the Future is not possible!”—and Major-General Monk came across the Tweed at Coldstream, with results which are well known. Results which we will not quarrel with, very mournful as they have been! If it please Heaven, then, two hundred years of universal cant in speech, with so much of cotton-spinning, coal-boring, commercing, and other valuable sincerity of work going on the while,

\* The sixth volume, recently edited by Mr. Southey’s son, is rather a selection of materials laid up in the author’s *pigeon-holes*, than anything like what he would have produced from those materials. At the same time we shall be thankful for the promised volume vii. No man had a wider range of queer reading than the late venerated Laureate, and whatever he thought worth copying is sure to be worth our attention.

shall not be quite lost to us! Our cant will vanish, our whole baleful cunningly-compacted universe of cant, as does a heavy nightmare dream. We shall awaken; and find ourselves in a world greatly *widened*.'

On first reading this passage, we feel that we have here rather too large a generalization. That 'cant in speech' should, with the solitary exception of Mr. Carlyle's plain-speaking, have been 'universal' since the death of Cromwell, is a conclusion a little too sweeping for us. On further examination, however, we find that the hyperbolical paradox before us is to be understood with 'a difference.' The 'two centuries of universal cant in speech' are represented in *iii.*, p. 460, as 'two centuries of *Hypocrisia*,' intimately connected with the symbolism of our Monarchical form of Government and our Episcopal Church, and springing from a mixture of cowardice and love of gain, from which we must awake or be awakened. We find also that the said *Cant* or *Hypocrisia*, though it did not originate in the Puritanism of the 17th century, by some singular opposition between the *post hoc* and the *propter hoc*, naturally and inevitably succeeded to it (*i.* p. 105). And yet with some inconsistency we are told (*i.* p. 445) that the execution of Charles I. did there and then inflict a mortal wound upon this cant and cloth worship, which 'has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying.' From all of which we conclude with some sadness, that Mr. Carlyle having started with a 'true theory of clothes,' and a righteous hatred of cant and shams, has gradually been led by the bias of party feelings to see *cant* where it does not exist, and to be blind to its presence where it is most offensively dominant. If there was no cant in Puritanism, Butler's poem is the foremost of all literary shams. Mr. Carlyle may rest assured that all his efforts to exaggerate the really great character of Cromwell will not gild over the miserable pinchbeck virtue of the vast majority of the English Puritans. We are perfectly ready to assert that there has been a great, we might add, an increasing abundance of cant in this country during the last two hundred years; and there is a good reason for this. Cant is a social disease, which is calculated to increase as society becomes more artificial. But artificial society is as possible in a democracy as in a monarchy, and we appeal to *all* who have visited the United States of America whether there is more of cant, in word and deed, in that favoured Republic or in this besotted land of 'Church-tippets' and 'King-cloaks.' To what an extent of inconsistency a writer may be led by his prejudices may be seen by those who can appreciate the enthusiasm with which the author of *Sartor Resartus*, this enemy to 'King-cloaks,' has written of the



the inauguration of his hero as Lord Protector, wherein the 'robe of purple velvet' is described as 'a really dignified and veritable piece of symbolism' (*Cromwell*, iii. p. 377). We are unable to see how this business transcended in symbolical import, and in real solemnity, the coronation of Queen Victoria; and if it is necessary to institute a comparison between those in our own time who would maintain and those who would abolish the outward decencies of our church and kingdom in regard to their comparative sincerity and freedom from cant, we should be well content to leave the task to those who are skilled in probing the truthfulness of party professions. At all events, 'let the galled jade wince: our withers are unwrung:' and Mr. Carlyle, when he has leisure, may do battle with M. Capefigue on his peremptory assertion that the spirit of English Toryism is '*essentiellement patriotique*.'

With regard to Mr. Carlyle's style—we have heard much of its affectation. If it be true that he is an affected writer, no one can have any business to claim for him a place among the Pantagruelists; for affectation is itself a cant. But we believe that the case is not so. When a man's power of thinking transcends his power of language, a colouring of quaintness and pedantry will often attach to his writings; and if he has convinced himself that the common literary style of his countrymen is used as a vehicle for the concealment or inadequate expression of thought, he will be not unlikely to substitute for it the plain-speaking of colloquial intercourse, though this should occasionally verge towards vulgarity. Hence *mannerism*;—but we can by no means see that *mannerism* must necessarily be *affectation*. Some of our readers will perhaps be startled by the assertion we are about to make—that Mr. Carlyle's style is identical in its leading peculiarities with that of Bishop Andrewes. Perhaps there were never two men who were more different in the habitual direction of their thoughts, or in their early training, or in the raw materials of which their writings are made up. And we feel certain that the author of *Sartor Resartus* never read a page of the bishop's writings, otherwise he must have referred to them in his *Cromwell*. We must conclude, then, that these two peculiar writers of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries wrote as they did from some internal necessity of a similar nature—namely, that as Andrewes wished to speak plainly from the pulpit on subjects which were involved in the wrappings of theological learning, his pedantry, quaintness, and slang, were the results of his struggle with the fetters imposed upon him; and that the same defects in the style of the modern author were produced by a similar wish to shake off the trammels which he felt to be imposed

imposed upon him by the sometimes unmeaning decencies of the fashionable mode of writing. It may seem right to give a few examples. We have taken the passages almost *ad aperturam*.

Both delight in suggestive thoughts arising from the derivation or real meaning of proper names:—

‘It may be well said, Bethlehem ’was never *Bethlehem* right, had never the name truly, till this day this birth, this Bread, was born and brought forth there. Before it was the *House of Bread*, but of the “bread that perisheth;” but then of the “bread that endureth to everlasting life.”—Andrewes, vol. i. p. 170 (*Anglo-Catholic Library*).

‘The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the twenty-four hours, with eddying brine, clangorous with sea-fowl; and is a *Lither-Pool*, a *lazy*, or sullen Pool, no monstrous pitchy city and sea-haven of the world!’—Carlyle, *Past and Present*, p. 89.

‘And this is *Cushi’s* prayer, like himself: some would have him an Ethiopian; but some *black swart* fellow, as his name giveth.’—Andrewes, iv. p. 8.

‘At that village, named of the *Mud-baths*, Saint Amand des Boues, matters are still worse.’—Carlyle, *Revolution*, iii. p. 202.

They manufacture words at pleasure:—

‘The very *miniminess* as I may say of it.’—Andrewes, i. p. 160.

Carlyle has *Valet-hood* (*Past and Present*, 116), and its synonym *Flunkeyism* (*passim*), as duplicates of ‘servility.’

They do not hesitate to use the vulgarest colloquialisms:—

‘She stood and she wept; and not a tear or two, but she *wept a good*, as we say.’—Andrewes, iii. p. 7.

‘An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a *splash of brown juice* merely, but punctually does what is *doable* of it. *Puddingheaded* Hodgson, the Yorkshire captain, is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a *rough lucent-point or two*.’—Cromwell, ii. p. 177.

A pedantic play upon words is of constant occurrence:—

‘Else there is an *aërgy*, but no *energy* in it.’—Andrewes, iii. p. 393.

‘In the way of *eulogy* and *dyslogy*,’ &c.—Carlyle, *Misc.*, v. p. 200.

Similar to this is their etymological punning:—

‘So here is *λύτρον* and *λάτρον* *λύτρον* in our delivery, and *λάτρον* in our recompense.’—Andrewes, iv. p. 383.

‘*König* (king), anciently *Könning*, means ken-ning (cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning.’—Sartor, p. 257.

Forcible, but irreverent description of Scripture incidents:—

‘Out of little Bethlehem came he that *fetched down* great Goliath.’—Andrewes, i. p. 167.

‘From the time of Cain’s slaying Abel by swift *head-breakage*.’—*Past and Present*, p. 177.



Abrupt exclamatory sentences :—

‘A strange kind of love, when for very love to Christ we care not how we use Him or carry ourselves towards him.’—Andrewes, iii. p. 30.

‘Veteran men : men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains ; —not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment.’—*Cromwell*, ii. p. 382.

Quaint inversions :—

‘To repair our nature He came, and repair it He did.’—Andrewes, ii. p. 217.

‘Shriek ye ; acted have they.’—*Revolution*, iii. p. 60.

Both are fond of the emphatic, demonstrative epexegetis.

‘We are so dead and dull when we are about it, *this business*.’—Andrewes, i. p. 437.

‘It is a strange camera-obscura, *the head of man* !’—*Cromwell*, ii. p. 288.

They are both addicted to quoting,—the Bishop from Latin or Greek, Carlyle from German or French—and they always add translations calculated to extend the use of the passage. In the careful minuteness of their comparison they are strikingly alike—there is no point of resemblance—from the name downwards—which escapes their notice. See, for example, the elaborate comparison of the hypocrite and the stage-player in Andrewes (i. p. 406), or in Carlyle, *Hero-worship* (p. 358). Let any sceptic take up any one of Andrewes’s sermons immediately after half an hour’s reading of Carlyle—and we make sure of a convert. He will agree with us that the description of the Bishop’s style, as ‘at once striking and familiar’ (*Angl. Cath. Libr.*, v. p. 6), is fully applicable to our contemporary’s ; and, for ourselves, in spite of all the quaintness and pedantry with which they are both chargeable, we read them both with much more of pleasure than annoyance. In his ‘*Cromwell*,’ in particular, Mr. Carlyle has exhibited himself as a first-rate artist in a department which is naturally alien from the subjects of the Bishop’s pen—namely, in the description of scenery. We have not seen better *word-painting* than his landscapes of St. Ives and Dunbar (i. p. 112, ii. p. 199).

ART. V.—*From Oxford to Rome: and how it fared with some who lately made the Journey.* By a Companion Traveller. London. 12mo. 1847.

THE Voice which addresses us in this unquestionably striking work, is clear as though close at hand, yet mellow as if it sounded from a distance, and solemn as one issuing from among the tombs. It declares itself to be the voice of one who has over-leaped the fearful chasm that separates the actual living systems of the Churches of England and Rome, and who has made the late but not wholly ineffectual discovery of having been betrayed into a portentous error. Not ineffectual, at least for others; for, as it seems, this one at least among the deluded of the last few years, pressed in conscience by the law of love, which makes Christians care for others as for themselves—has sent back among us, for our admonition and instruction, an echo of deep and manifold sorrows, the fruit of the ill-considered and ill-starred transition.

Let us, however, take the description of the writer from the introductory notice prefixed to the tale:—

‘It is a history which will speak deep meanings only to those before whom the course it describes has arisen as a temptation and a snare—to them it is addressed. It should be remarked, that it was put together and prepared for the press in the midst of strong excitement, and the opposite disadvantages of feeble health, by such a one as its title-page indicates. Subsequent revisions have, it is hoped, corrected some harshness and some incertitude of language: but should it happen that any such remains—should it seem that the writer has been so unhappy as to add to, instead of in measure expiating, the sin of rashness and impatience, and, it may be, insufficient consideration in past dealings with the holiest things—let it incite the reader not to anger or to scorn, but to the prayer of charity, for the weakness of one who has made, and who has witnessed the course, of which no mere conjecturer can know the trial—the course which he who has gone can never more “think as he hath thought, or be what he hath been again.”’

We subjoin another of the least indistinct among the shadowy and enigmatic passages, in which the personality of the writer falls within the reader’s perspective. It relates to the Church of England with her services, and is deserving of regard on its own account:—

‘Now that we see her far off, and remember all the way she led us, now that we have lost our paternity in her for ever, we sit down in the strangers’ land and weep for the thought of the sweet help she gave us to wean our affections from earthly things, and gather all their strength round the glorious eternal; in the many days of remembrance of the events of our blessed Saviour’s human history, reminding her children ever of His wonderful grace and merciful kindness; and in the times



set for meditation on the characters of the holy Apostles, when she leads them gently to long for, and guides them in efforts to attain to, those high standards of moral virtue, and self-denying charity, and eminent spirituality; and her blessed Sabbath services, when we have so often exclaimed with joyous fervour, "*A day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand in the palace among princes!*" when the voice of the people was as the sound of many waters urging forward to the footstool of the Holy One, and they made meek reverence in receiving from His appointed minister the pardon and the blessing supplicated; those days, so hallowed and so hallowing, that after each recurrence of their hours we would involuntarily shrink from the returning secularities of weeks; and the continual sacrifice in every city of her dwelling where, in one holy house at least, prayer is made for the forgiveness of sin at morning and at evening every day, where praise is offered with the voice of melody, and they "*sing to the Lord with a merry noise;*" and the vestments of her priests, holy garments for glory and for beauty, white robes, signifying that they who minister before the Lord must be pure as He is pure; and the wearers of those vestments, in their moral splendour, so often living witnesses in their places of that glorious Shechinah which is the everlasting light of the Heavenly Altar. We remember all these things, and we are sad, for we have lost our part in them.'—pp. 226-7.

Upon one, or rather upon two narratives, which, taken as they stand, are probably fictitious, is suspended that record of seemingly genuine observation and experience which we are desirous to commend to the notice of our readers. The first relates to a young clergyman who joins the Church of Rome and dies—though with fondly reverted eye—within her pale: the other to his sister, who makes her profession of the Romish faith under strong domestic pressure, and who also dies, but not until having been again received into our communion in Scotland.

Eustace A——, a young man endowed with every worldly gift, and with deep piety, becomes, at Oxford, the disciple of a personage plainly intended for Mr. Newman. Adopting his general views of religion, such as they were supposed many years ago to be, and without any doubt of the Catholicity of the English Church, or of the obligation to abide with her, Eustace receives Holy Orders at the hands of a Bishop, who is represented as addressing the newly commissioned pastors in this nervous and lofty strain:—

'Brethren, who are about publicly to take upon you such solemn vows and promises, consider the obligations under which they will place you now, and for ever. You are going to promise before the Church, and in the presence of Her Chief Ministers, *to lay aside henceforth the study of the world and the flesh*; and that promise once made will stand against you through life: *it will rise in condemnation against you when*  
you

*you are following, though but for a day, the vanities of the world, or looking but for an hour on its sinful pleasures. You are going to promise to give your faithful diligence in the ministration of the cure and charge committed to you: your own word will condemn you when you are indulging in luxurious ease, or any other needless gratification of the bodily appetite, or deferring any duty. You are going to ratify your belief in all the doctrines of the Christian Faith; and the angel who records that solemn pledge will see and note if ever you turn to the right hand or the left, indulging irreverently in speculation, or even listening unnecessarily to the doubts and disbeliefs of others. Now, THEREFORE, WHAT MAN IS HE THAT IS FEARFUL AND FAINT-HEARTED AMONG YOU, LET HIM GO AND RETURN TO HIS PLACE. ....*

*'You must wear the Daily Cross, and conquer the Daily Sin, till you become wholly crucified to the world, and are faultless in the eyes of the world. Before God it may not be given you to be pure while this life lasts; but beware that you cast no stumbling-blocks of conduct in the way of His people, "for they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and congregation whom you must serve is His spouse, and His body. And if it shall happen the same Church, or any member thereof, to take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue." You will be placed in the midst of many trials. The more striking (as they are called) Misfortunes of life may indeed be less likely to visit you than many of those about you, who are the large proprietors of life's goods; but they only bear the war and detriment of their commonwealth; you must sustain what it shall be given you to suffer in yours. And take pattern in a measure by them and their wisdom, for they are wiser in their generation than the children of light. See to it, my brethren, that you do not bear your daily little Cross less bravely than they their crushing weights of Evil Chances. Keep the true image of this Holy Badge ever in your mind; realise it in all your conduct. If you do not wear this Daily Cross, show me what Cross you profess to wear; what Cross it is that you are promising to take up to-day to follow your Lord with:—for, as far as we can see in probability, you will be subjected to no forms of fiery trial; you will not have to seek hiding-places for yourselves and for your flocks in dens and caves and thick forests from the persecution of men. Churches of noble architecture are awaiting your ministrations, and congregated multitudes of the Refined and the Courteous will give you their soft applause, and the rewards of their pleasant smiles. Then beware that ye forget not the Lord your God, and lay not aside His Cross, which He has laid upon you. In your daily life, in your every work, in your most secret thoughts, serve Him under the Shadow of the Cross. There are few Great Saints of late days. Why is it? Men have left off to go up in their daily work, and in their household thoughts, in the ways of the Lord. They have not been earnest and faithful in a few things, therefore He will not make them rulers over many things. If the world is to be regenerated, my brethren, your part is to be awake, and every man at his work, unceasingly, unwaveringly. NOW ANY MAN*

THAT



THAT IS FEARFUL AND FAINT-HEARTED AMONG YOU, LET HIM GO AND RETURN TO HIS PLACE.'—pp. 12-15.

Eustace enters with ardent devotion upon his labours as a curate in a populous parish, and his activity outwards is not less complete than his ascetic self-discipline and self-denial. In the account of his parochial plans and proceedings there is much useful matter; but by degrees, and in part from his communications with an unmarried sister who keeps house for him, he grows unsettled. Mr. Ward's volume, '*The Ideal of a Christian Church*,' which is now the mere lumber of our book-stalls, but which once acted with considerable power on inflamed and morbid minds, figures as a main instrument in their perversion. Extreme mortification also does its part; and on this subject let us listen awhile to our author:—

'Here, we will venture one word of experience:—Fasting, and extreme fasting, is, without doubt, a great help to the clearness of our perception of purely spiritual things; it refines devotion and absorbs the soul in its high destinies; but it is not always so desirable where the intellect is required to work, and the judgment to act vigorously. Then, especially when connected, as it commonly is, with some other severe mortification, the physical nature often becomes so weakened, that it is no longer a fit machine for the use of the active spirit; the organs that aid thought being deranged, there is a want of power and completeness in the steps of the mind, and often so direct a contrariety between the will and the judgment and the intelligent feeling, as warns us not to *act* precipitately under the influence of the effects of a discipline which we had even adopted as the very means of gaining clearer light and direction in our course.'—pp. 109, 110.

With excited cravings, and with a judgment thus deprived of what we must call its ballast, he travels with a friend, and naturally betakes himself to Italy (p. 114), 'the garden of Europe, the inheritance and homestead of the Church.' The steps of the unhappy process are described, partly through the medium of supposed letters to friends, in some passages of great interest.

Eustace and his fellow-traveller, after having decided to join the Church of Rome, come home suddenly to vote against the condemnation of Mr. Ward at Oxford—an incident in the tale which we hope has no counterpart in the actual history of that proceeding.

Having once 'done homage to the mighty Church,' by general submission to her claims, Eustace returns with entire affection and unquestioning reliance to Italy, intending to devote himself to a retired and contemplative life. He has created for himself a glorious Ideal Church, 'without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.' He has come to live inwardly so high a life in the Communion of Saints (p. 133) as almost to realise by anticipation the conditions

conditions of the Church triumphant. He has no thought but to secure, as his portion here, 'That clear shining of the light of the renewed man, so confidently supposed to be the ever-burning lamp illuminating a monastic house.' (p. 173.)

Leaving him in his noviciate, we turn to his married sister. She is represented as the wife of a devout and learned clergyman, who is not only caught by the strange contagion lately prevalent among us, so as to abandon the Church, but also resolves to separate himself from his family. We are persuaded that the writer is here leading us into the regions of pure fiction, yet let us hear him for the sake of great and touching ideas clothed in worthy language:—

'Since the day when Gregory the Seventh convened a council at the Lateran, and created a law separating every married clergyman from the beguiling beautiful things of a domestic home, and leaving the Roman Priesthood from that time an immortal monument and wonder in the world—in it but not of it—raised in some marvellous manner above the fellowships of men—a great spiritual Intention sealed from all earthlier brotherhoods—since that time when wailing and woe were on a thousand hearths for the word that had made them desolate of the husband and the father—since that time have not been known such things as England has witnessed in these last months. But the longest, the dreariest, and the evildest of days is over at last, and the hour wherein is gathered and distilled and concentrated the anguish of lives, is *but* an hour, and ends. . . .

'That such sacrifices are not a holy holocaust, who shall say? Who shall look on with a cold eye, and aver, it is nought, it is nought? But who either shall judge whether the oblation of a pure heart in the incense of love, may not be a worthier and higher offering, when made amidst the difficulties and strife of the world, and continued every day in its devotion, like the sin-offering of the Hebrews, than when only the one struggle is suffered to sever it from all, and give it once?

'But these scenes have been enacted by such persons, and in such kinds and manners, as bar all comment. Only a little later than this began that too-well known course of individual and collective sacrifice and suffering on the part of the members of that conspicuous band of brothers and friends, who had separated themselves already from so much to give their labour to their then-loved Church, and obtain the inestimable blessing of the guidance of such a head as he who walked among them in his light. A little later, and by ones and twos, they were missed from their places in their erst-chosen home. They went to give themselves to voluntary vows of expatriation and poverty—poverty, oh! how deep, how manifold! One after another they departed, some one whither, and some another whither. They believed they went as Abraham, when he was called to go out from his people by the voice of the Lord.'—pp. 135–138.

The narration next follows Eustace in the progress of his mind  
from



from delight to tremulous misgiving, and from misgiving to remorse. He finds that it was his own overwrought palate which loathed the fare provided for him by his mother church; that what he attributed to her homeliness and her shortcomings of the Ideal was, in fact, to be set down to her truthfulness, her scorn of meretricious effort to disguise the essential conditions of human life, her frank recognition of our exile from our true and final home, and her steady avoidance—at whatever risk of disgusting the impatient among her children—of every profession and pretension except such as she may reasonably expect to fulfil. The light on which he had concentrated all his hope proves to be darkness, and ‘how great is *that* darkness!’

The exhaustion, however, of bodily strength through mortification, combined with the pressure of a broken heart, supplies him with the hope of a speedy release through death, and throws inwards the exercise of all his spiritual energies. The thread of the narrative is here taken up by a stranger, a relative and fellow-converter, who is supposed to visit him in an Italian convent, and who finds him, with four more novices, all once English clergymen, all seduced, and all heart-stricken:—

‘It is a large and crowded establishment; long popular for the reputed learning of its superiors, and of late increasing in fame as it enhanced the severity of its rule. We made our way to the chapel, and stood beside the door of the north transept leading into the choir to observe the brethren as they entered. They were old, grey-headed men, who had been monks from their boyhood, looking like Moses undimmed of eye and undiminished of force, putting a visible doubt upon the popular idea that the storms of the spirit wear worse than the storms of the world. Shut up there, each man with himself, so many years, one must suppose they had been the strivers in many a sharp conflict with the dark Powers of the Air, who love to attack the solitary: yet, here they were, hale and full of bodily life, as one meets no two men consecutively in the streets of London, or Paris, or Vienna. There were men whose Profession had been made in later life; they had retreated from care and business and dissipation to make short and sure work of getting ready for the Life Eternal: these were few; Mammon does not often so part with its slaves: they might be known, for the broad seal of the world once set on a man’s forehead, it is not easy to efface its impression. There were young monks, men of this day, and of many countries, in some of whose countenances the thoughts of Time and the lusts thereof blended strangely with the meditations and the raptures and the reveries of the Enthusiast, the Student, or the Devotee. They had resorted hither in patronage of the reviving *fashion* of monachism, and it might be, that “being seen of men,” they “had their reward.” There were the converts, chiefly still in their noviciate, and all from England. They were marked from the rest by their fairer skins and sadder faces, even as the faces of exiles, like the young Angles in a  
past

past time in the Roman market, brought up to grace the triumph of an incursive army: oh, that now again, some Gregory might be passing by to pity their captivity, and send them a true apostle! There were five of these; we had been familiar with their names and faces all a few months before, as the honoured pastors, some rectors, and some curates, of English parishes: some we had known well, and deeply venerated their energy, earnestness, charity, and wisdom. We had seen them ministering in the Church of our country with the zeal and devotedness of men who esteemed their high vocation above all price of sacrifice: by their poor, beloved as fathers; by the youthful of their flocks, venerated as almost saints; by some elder, to whom their habits were novel and strange, regarded as a Phenomenon indicative of the Last Times. But those eyes used to beam on all around with a light like the sun,—those steps were firm as the step of kings,—those hands were untrembling, and the minds they served were ready for every steadfast act. Now we were startled as we recognised one after another the well-known forms, bent, with the brow lowered towards the earth, and with that uncertainty of tread which is always too true an index to the weakened mind. As those five, once English clergymen, passed us to the vespers in the chapel of St. —, we involuntarily exclaimed, “How is the gold become dim; how is the most fine gold changed!”—pp. 155, 156.

The day appointed for their profession is at hand: but it is postponed on account of the increasing illness of Eustace. In the intercourse between him and the traveller the state of his mind is fully revealed:—

‘At these various times he heard how gradually but completely had faded away from the sanguine mind that glorious Ideal of a perfectible earthly Church which it had been so sure must be realized, not dissipated, by the approach to Rome. With expressions of the deepest distress Eustace reproached himself for want of steadfastness and humility to yield without question to the course to which he had committed himself. “But, ah!” he said, “it is a terrible thing to awake and find that we have made vows in a dream which all but sunder us from our salvation, and certainly tie up our hands from the labour which is Life. Still, we cannot turn back to retract without double peril, for the vows were made to God, and cling to us more bindingly than even the oath of Jephtha clung to him. Sometimes,” he said, “the thought of Jephtha has been very consoling to me. He made a most rash vow, but in faith he fulfilled it; and we see, by his mention among the worthies that St. Paul commends, that it was counted to him for Righteousness. May our *self-sacrifice* in obedience even to rash vows be received as a true offering on the altar of our God.” Confidence and certainty had departed, vision by vision had vanished, hope after hope had failed, and to this sad issue had the earnest truth-seeker come at last.

‘He inquired concerning those of his more immediate friends whom he had left still adhering to the English Church. Over those who had subsequently deserted it he lamented, often with self-accusation that to some he had been the cause and cherisher of change; and to those who still



still remained, but were doubting of their course, he sent most earnest messages to try their ground, to prove every step by the standard of Conscience and Revelation; and, last of all, to be warned by his bitter Disappointment—that the image showing so fairly in their minds, of a Church whose stones were silver, and out of whose hills they might dig fine gold—a Church abounding with oil-olive and honey, might possibly be a Mirage, which a nearer inspection would show to be only the result of an unclear atmosphere playing over a lake of water less pure, or a land whose soil was less wholesome than that they possessed already.’—pp. 169, 170.

We refrain from quoting the description of the closing scene. The remainder of the volume is occupied partly by the story of his married sister, at once wife and widow, partly by reflections upon the relations of the English and Roman Churches, and on the recent defections from the former to the latter. Those who have perused our extracts from the volume will judge for themselves whether they shall turn to it for the rest of the narrative. It must, we apprehend, be regarded as little more than a parable under which the writer has chosen to convey his views: we now come to the consideration of those views, to the ethical character of the work, and to its probable utility with reference to the dangers and temptations of the present day.

We attach no exaggerated importance to its publication. Nor shall we dwell particularly upon either its literary merits or defects. As to the one, it is not the work either of an eminently logical mind, or of a hand practised in authorship: as to the other, it abounds with passages of rich native eloquence and of deep feeling: though dealing, and in a certain sense polemically, with topics that pierce to the very quick, it does not contain an unkind word, nor a statement affording the slightest colour for a charge of unjust intention. In passing we must remark that our author has, by rather a guarded arrangement of diction in the preliminary advertisement, avoided using the term ‘he,’ and its correlatives, while effecting an introduction to the reader. Not from this only, but from the internal evidence of the book in general, we should be disposed to employ another gender: but the anonymous writer as such is masculine, and for that reason only we shall, when dealing with the person to whom we owe this work, make use, though with a more than doubtful conscience, of the signs which designate the ruder portion of our race. *He*, then, has been a student of Carlyle, and of his American *pendant* Emerson. He has drunk at the fountains, not only of Roman discipline and devotions, but also of Puritanical teaching both in prose and verse, and retains its best portions: he has digested and assimilated those among its half-truths, which have been most valuable as the correctives of  
opposite

opposite half-truths developed into mischievous corruptions. His mind might seem to have passed, and passed somewhat rapidly, through several schools, if not in the most inward sense of religious, yet of ecclesiastical belief. Sometimes, if too severely pursued into consequences, he might seem to abandon all that is objective in religion except its very highest doctrines, and to treat everything beside as left to human option: sometimes to lean to a very large and free doctrine of progress. When we hear him teach us how the Roman religion was the Christianity congenial to and ordained for the middle ages (pp. 187, 188), although now it has fallen out of harmony with the movement of the world—and when he proclaims the reformed Church of England as a *development* intended to supply the note of concord which Rome can no longer sound—we cannot deny a certain resemblance between these ideas and those of no less alarming a personage than Strauss, who tells us that many phases of religion have risen and set in their succession, and promises us many more: *urchristenthum* (*i. e.* the old original Christianity) having strutted its hour, gave place to patristic Christianity, this to the Romish or mediæval system, this to original or orthodox protestantism, original protestantism in its turn to supernaturalism, supernaturalism to rationalism, and rationalism to the purely critical system of which he (Dr. Strauss) is the expositor.\* But this resemblance is the merely partial likeness which may always be traced between the practically true and the practically false among current historical speculations. We advert to such features of the work before us, because they may be made the occasion of hostile and suspicious comment; they may afford a plea and a handle to those who may have urgent cause to depreciate whatever it can fairly claim of real merit and importance, and they demand from us the frank admission that it is not to be recommended as a precise theological standard, or as an absolute and consistent intellectual whole. Yet, as we believe, those who have proceeded thus far with us will agree with us, first, that it has just claims to notice for its qualities as a work of art; secondly, that if, and so far as, it really is the testimony of one who has travelled the region it describes, then, in spite either of invidious or of just deductions, it is of real weight as a work of experience—as the narrative of an expedition of discovery into a very far country, of the venture of one who has been to the garden of the Hesperides for the golden apples, and has eaten, and found them bitter to taste and noxious to health and vigour. Only those who open the book must not do it with the expectation of finding it a well-knit

\* 'Streitschriften zur vertheidigung,' &c. p. 22, 2.



argument. There is little of strict argument in it, and what there is, by no means appears to be the most forcible portion of the work.

But farther, if we are to judge of the author's position by those glimpses of occasional light which are allowed here and there to fall upon it, it is an inconsistent, and it might even become an immoral, position. He regards, and justly, his own transition to the Church of Rome as an unwarranted and a sinful act; but appears to intimate, that the less favourable religious condition which, through that act, he occupies, is to be accepted and adhered to as a just chastisement in the way of consequence for a heavy misdeed. But this, in the first place, is a solecism. Such of our misdeeds as are capable of being undone, it is our duty to undo, and that with promptitude. Then he pleads the vow to embrace the doctrines and follow the commands of the Church of Rome (p. 198). But first of all, it is plain that this vow is already broken to atoms, when the mind of the person who made it comes to believe that the teaching of that Church directs the mind to many mediators instead of one (pp. 195, 222), and enforces respecting the Holy Eucharist propositions contradictory to the evidence of the senses (p. 224); and that other and separate Churches are true, living, and sound; and can say, 'What a great Church, and glorious and beautiful is that Anglican Church!' (p. 217.) Next, it is plain that the vow is conditional upon continued conviction, and while a Director would tell him that he has sinned in changing his convictions, it must be plain to every one that, as soon as they are fully and clearly entitled to be so called, he sins in not acting upon them by flying from a position which he believes to be full of imminent peril to souls. And here comes into view the new danger in which he is placed: this hesitation to accept the legitimate consequences of convictions is not a sin at the first moment, but an intellectual and even a moral virtue: it is a duty to wait for reconsideration, and also to test new impressions by the manner of their contact with that great and incessant instructor, our daily life: but this should be done before such a work as '*From Oxford to Rome*' is given to the world for the guidance of others,—in order that, in the touching language of this author, 'one page of a little book may be to them instead of painful years.' (p. 219.) When those precautions have been for some time in use, then what before was circumspection has passed into inconsistency; and inconsistency, upon matter of the deepest moral interest, must gradually pass into immorality. Something indeed may be referable to a want of strictness in the sentiments of this writer with regard to Church communion; but the obligation upon members of the Roman Church

Church to perform certain practical duties will force forward the practical question, and will even extort an answer.

There is indeed one supposition upon which we should regard this work as a mischievous one, and the design of it as itself immoral;—that is, the supposition that it does not, even under the veil of fictitious characters, record real experiences. If it were the clever attempt of an ingenious and imaginative member of the English Church to act the part of a repentant proselyte, and to do good by causing a warning voice to seem to issue from the adverse position, we should most strongly disapprove this kind of theological ventriloquism, as a moral fraud. Much more, if without a practical end the desire were simply to handle such sacred and solemn matter as a mere effort of art, and to produce that perfect illusion which the scene-painter and the maker of wax-work figures may legitimately study. Eloquence, and feeling, and even charity itself, in which the work abounds, do but aggravate the crime, if they are employed only as the servants of a master-falsehood. The main force of the book depends upon its *πίστις ἡθικὴ*, upon persuasiveness derived from the character and history of the writer as transparent through its pages. But purposely to convey untrue impressions of them in such a case would be not fiction, but falsity. A counsel is justly liable to the charge of fraudulent dealing when he attempts to import into his pleading his own individual convictions apart from his professional character, because no one is entitled so to mix up the two capacities of advocate and witness: and the writer of this work would, under the hypothesis we have stated, be much in the same predicament. But great as are the powers of sheer imitation in this age, and deep as is sometimes the shadow of anonymous authorship, we do not believe that the language we have quoted in an earlier part of this article is the language of an *electro-proselyte*, feigning alike the secession and the remorse, with pious fraud, for the purpose of gaining a hold on persons difficult of more direct and honest access. From considerations appreciable by the understanding, and still more from such as appeal to the feelings, less from its eloquence than from its pathos, and less from its pathos than from its entire want of signs of wrath or malice, or offended pride, or galled vanity, we are convinced that we are dealing with a real person who, under the double veil of secrecy and fiction, has presented us with the mournful records of a perilous experience. But let each reader of the work judge for himself,

‘dignoscere cautus

Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguæ.’ (PERS. v. 24.)

Let them, however, judge liberally, and not by inaccuracies of trifling



trifling moment, which may fairly be explained as such. Particularly not by our author's topography of actual Rome, which, we fear, is far from being experimental, as he seems to make one of his travellers take Saint Peter's and Santa Maria Maggiore in the way from the Piazza Nuova to S. Giovanni in Laterano (p. 118).

Being ourselves satisfied upon the point we have been discussing,\* we must next consider in what way this writer has exhibited the motives or considerations which have brought him to the views he sets forth. He is evidently familiar with doctrines chiefly on the side of their practical application, and he carefully avoids framing a theological indictment against any Church or body. Still, the reasons and still more the influences which have acted on him are clearly enough, though informally, presented to us.

We gather then from the book that he joined the Church of Rome from a feeling excusable in a young lay person, but which astonished and even shocked the world, when it was announced about two years ago by a presbyter of some age and experience, as the motive of his defection: namely, that he found the Church of Rome, in the lump as it were, correspond to those cravings and anticipations of his galled and fevered mind, which he coloured with the dignity and sealed with the titles of that bright ideal 'the Catholic Church.'† And many are they, as we believe, who have, out of this homely England and her homely Church, looked upon the Roman Church as men look upon a warm-toned picture of Claude with its hazy golden distance. For ourselves, we freely own never to have contemplated one of those pictures without a sense of uneasy longing after something undefined; a longing of that kind which is condemned in the judgment of the practical moralist, from the fact that, so far as it is indulged, it indisposes and unmans for the real work of God appointed to every one of us, the performance of quiet and daily duty. So far as it admits of description, it is a desire to be in a region of enchantment, instead of circulating constantly as we in London do between walls of brick and mortar: a desire to take heaven by violence and before its time. Bubbling upwards

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\* It appears from the preface to the second edition, which reaches us while this sheet is in the press, that some friend of the author had made to him the following suggestion, viz.:—'It seems needful that it be sorrowfully avowed the actual work of an actual convert.' These words ensue:—'The object of the writer—the first and the final—however otherwise the aspect of the story underwent change—right or wrong, in wisdom or in sin—God knows, was the utterance of a warning voice, that should be heard and felt, from the furnace whose teaching is with tongues of fire, and whose discipline is administered to the refugeless soul.'

† See Mr. Oakeley's pamphlet, entitled 'A Letter on submitting to The Catholic Church.' London, 1845.

from within us till it fills the mind, upon some shock or disturbance from without it readily overflows. Thus these persons join the Church of Rome to satisfy an ungovernable sense of want, which sense, within bounds, is a law of our state and an ordained element of our trial, and which, when it passes beyond them, ought to be taken as a note of fever, and to be cured as other fevers are cured.

This want, according to our author, is not satisfied in the Roman Church; and the pretence or promise to satisfy it, when it breaks down, aggravates tenfold the disappointment of the sanguine proselyte, whom nothing but the lofty ardour of his expectations could have carried through the terrible crisis of his change. Here we must diverge to say, that one very pleasing feature of this volume is the care of the author, a care unmingled, so far as we discern, with self-regard, to make us understand the sufferings and appreciate the sacrifices of the recent exiles from their fathers' faith. There is danger that we, who ascribe their defection to some form or other of light-mindedness and spiritual intemperance, should fail to estimate aright the moral grandeur of their fortitude and their readiness to abandon all for conscience' sake. Let their circumstances be remembered. They were for the chief part, as we believe, though not universally, among those who in a time of unexampled religious excitement had most largely imbibed the general heat; and who, concentrating the energies of youth and of devotion in the comparative seclusion of the Universities, had poured forth the first ardour of their love upon the English Church—such as they had idealized it to their own imaginations. In those retreats, so happy to the pious and the earnest mind, their souls were filled, as it were, with perpetual music and with an amber light. But the first attempt to fit that ideal, when very highly wrought, to the actual, must ever cause a terrible revulsion, which can only be borne by the circumspect and well-established, or else by the well-befriended and well-advised. From their years they could scarcely be in the former class: they could not be in the latter, when the man they followed and almost adored had himself had the groundwork of his convictions swept away, and stood in the position of an involuntary traitor. Hence some of the most dangerous of all forms of evil grew rife: mistrust, suspicion, coldness, anger, hard thoughts, general quarrels inflamed by individual attachments and the sedulity of hostile emissaries—all these acting and reacting on one another, and coming athwart the devout but heated mind at or near the moment when it had to quit the paradise of youth for the wear and tear and the stir and fret of the life of manhood in an iron age,



age, banished that sobriety of temperament which alone, we will venture to say, can and does guard from great and constant excesses a nature so strong and massy, so profound in affections, and so little capable of deliberate halting between conviction and practice, as is the English nature.

But a change of religious communion is a trivial, or a middling, or a gigantic fact in personal history, first, according to the degree of outward pressure by which it is impelled or opposed; secondly, according to the view in which a religious communion is accepted or repudiated—that is to say, as an ordinance of private choice or religious expediency on the one hand, or, on the other, as an ordinance of direct determinate command from God, and of the highest spiritual obligation; thirdly, according to the degree in which the devout affections have been developed before the change. Where the transition is made in a period or amidst a society toned down to religious indifference; or where no Divine claim is recognised in any visible organization of the Church; or when the person who passes over is himself cold or crude in spiritual things: in any of these cases the matter is of small importance, and men may change their communions as they would their coats. But here the period was glowing with fresh and as it were virgin heat; men full of earnestness, who had themselves passed through the fiery trial, beckoned onwards the intending proselyte, while others, not less venerable to them through learning and devotion, through toil and suffering, held him back;—visible allegiance to the visible Church was profoundly acknowledged as among the matters of life and death in our faith—the terrors of schism, if not of heresy, lying before and behind;—the religious affections had already been raised perhaps to their highest degree of sensibility, aided by a stern asceticism and by great purity of life; the call was not from a superficial religion of words and phrases to one of reality and depth—but plants which had struck a thousand roots into the very heart of the soil (p. 191), and had fed largely and felt intensely through every one of them, were to be rooted up and borne away, bleeding at every pore, to try to live in another atmosphere and another earth. An enumeration like this seems to leave no room for reference to those ordinary, natural, and weighty, though inferior repulsions and inducements, which are connected with the authority of friends and the loss of prospects in the world; and shows that to all those of our self-outcast brethren whose characters we have truly described, the change must have been one of an agony, rocking nature from her seat, and seeming to divide asunder soul and spirit.

The author, regarding the existence of a void, and eagerness to fill it, as the principal inducements which have been leading persons

persons to the Church of Rome, also treats the disappointment of that desire as that which, in dissipating her attractions, supersedes the further and formal discussion of her claims. Since then, according to his view, it has not been in general by an adverse decision, after inquiry, upon historical, ecclesiastical, and dogmatic points, but by instinctive or imaginative affinities and repulsions, that the seduction has been effected, we must not complain of him if he does not establish systematically and in detail the argumentative case against the Church of Rome. Considering the nature of the book, we are better pleased that this is so; and we regard it as an evidence of moral genuineness. But some of the strongest practical objections to the actual system of the Church of Rome are brought out in a way that furnishes, if not the ready-made weapons of controversy, yet the motives of reasonable conduct. He is grieved by a pliable morality (p. 223) and by the grudging and restricted use of Holy Scripture (p. 244). He feels that in passing from the Church of England to that of Rome he has passed from daylight to candlelight, from flowers to perfumes, from nature to art, from a trust in truth and freedom to a trust in a showy and disguising garb for the one, and in gilded manacles for the other (pp. 157, 199, 215). The question whether any given amount of ceremonial is suitable or excessive, must be answered variously in different countries, according to national temperament; it is not uniformly ruled even in the several countries of the Roman Communion—not even within Italy itself; but his experience has told him that the multitude of forms in its worship tends upon the whole both to overlay and oppress the activity of the spirit which they are meant to help, and from their very number to pass into frivolity and even profanation. He touches also on a more deeply painful subject, the often repeated charge against the Church of Rome, which strikes at her very heart, that she does not hold up in its distinct incommunicable grandeur the One expiation, the One righteousness, upon which as Christians we should build our hopes, but with her subordinate expiations and her many mediators baffles the eye that would look only to the summit and the centre, and perilously arrests it at some lower point:—

‘An awful strangeness has sprung up between him and his God; the names of many intercessors are to be invoked as the mediators of his appeal to Him; and his former peace in the deep-trusting filial feeling towards that great Abba, Dear Father, who hears and pities all the sad, is gone from his place of prayer, while his thoughts wander to the ends of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. And the old Want, a thousandfold fiercer, devours his life.’—p. 195; see pp. 181, 222, 269.

We shall not dwell upon the various forms into which this  
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capital accusation may be thrown, nor upon the defences which are set up by the Roman divines. But we shall venture so far as to say that the charge is one which will, and which must, and which ought to ring in the ears of their Church, until she shall, if indeed that happy day shall ever come, have submitted her living and working system to a thorough reform in this vital particular. Whether we look to her practically most operative authorities, such as the varied utterances proceeding from the Papal chair, and the writings of canonized persons, or turn to common books of popular devotion and to sermons and usages of worship, the evidences are copious, even to redundancy, of the fearful perils with which, under the forms of Virgin and Saint-worship, subaltern expiations, and the purgatorial system, the Roman Church herself waylays the souls of her members. Perhaps the most recent, and one of the most frightful proofs of the reality of these dangers, and of their effects, is to be found in the last chapter of the work '*On the Development of Christian Doctrine*,' by which Mr. Newman but too appropriately signalized his abandonment of the principles of our own Church.

Time, and time only, will inform us whether our author is correct in the belief that the cravings which have seduced men into the Church of Rome, remain in very many instances unappeased there. Nor is the question one that can lead to any decisive result, though it is of great and varied interest. If they are satisfied, it may be owing to something defective in the balance and order of the mind; if, on the other hand, they still pant and yearn for something unattained, as they did before quitting the Church of their Baptism, it may be from their own fault or error now as well as then, and does not of necessity impeach the system to which they have attached themselves. Again, we must not suppose that, until after the lapse of much time, we shall hear otherwise than secretly and separately of their sufferings and remorse. The Roman Church no longer subjects recreant nuns to the fate of Constance in '*Marmion*;' but by means of Direction she has almost as effectual powers of bearing down disappointment and repugnance; first, by detecting it in its beginnings; next, by her command of a great variety of modes and appliances of treatment; lastly, by maintaining and securing secrecy so as to prevent contagion and combination. Yet we believe, and the opinion is not wholly speculative, that many a heart will inwardly echo back the words of the volume before us—'the old Want, a thousand-fold fiercer, devours his life.'

Still, as it respects our own actual condition, it is a fact full of mournful meaning, that a French writer should have been enabled, and that now for the first time three centuries after the  
Reformation,

Reformation, to publish his *Io Pœan* under the title '*Conversion de Cent Cinquante Ministres Anglicans ou personnes de distinction*;' \* a fact that well deserves to be pondered by all who duly appreciate the importance of the religious destinies of England, not to herself only but to the world. Considering the many vicissitudes of those three hundred years, the vigour with which the controversy has been prosecuted, and the antecedent improbability upon these grounds of so novel a phenomenon, the questions arise with point and urgency—from whence do these secessions or perversions spring, and what do they portend?

The first of these inquiries will receive various answers from various quarters. The convinced adherent of the See of Rome, and the deserter, if such there be, ready for his flight, can only recognise them as a witness to the truth. Among ourselves, some will say they are mainly to be attributed to the miscarriage of one singularly gifted yet not safe and steadfast mind; some will ascribe them to the gradual and unperceived growth of a spirit of party and of party leaderships, among men who, as seeking to revive a Catholic temper, were above all others bound to renounce and repudiate every such influence; some will allege the petulance of popular prejudice or the bustling narrow-mindedness of authority; some will say there was an original apostasy from the spirit and intention of the Church of England, which has at length cast off the mask; some, on the contrary, do not scruple to hold that there must be a leaven of Romanism in the formularies and constitution of that Church, which has in the way of legitimate consequence, so far as these persons are concerned, 'leavened the whole lump,' and taught them how to use her own doctrines and arguments for the justification of revolt against her.

It is not for us to enter into the inquiry, where does the blame of these secessions lie, or how is it to be distributed? Not because we can doubt either that blame is due, or that a thorough sifting of the causes of mischief is one needful and effective way of taking precaution against its recurrence; but because it is a task lying in a higher and in a more inward region than the province of our censorship. We only venture a few words upon the last in the catalogue of causes which we have recited, because the idea is one which attacks not persons but institutions, and which, if at any time it should obtain extensive acceptance, would be fraught with the most fatal consequences.

We aver, then, that it is fundamentally unreasonable and unjust to charge upon the formularies of the Church of England, without examination and proof, the responsibility of desertions from

\* Such is the title of a late publication by M. Gordon.



among the ranks of her children; and more, that it is grossly inconsistent so to do, on the part of as many as receive the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament for the Word of God and the standard of their own Christianity. For out of those inspired writings, and out of the living system to which they bear witness, proceeded, as matter of fact, the religion of the Roman Church. Not indeed, so far as the evil teaching or acting of the Roman Church is concerned, by way of growth, but by way of corruption; yet of corruption gradually engendered, so accumulated in the course of ages as to form a system, and yet arising, in its various parts, from beginnings of which the untainted counterparts are still distinctly traceable in the records of Scripture. No one, however pronounced and extreme his sentiments may be, not even our most fanciful and light-minded expounders of prophecy, will assert that at any one given moment or crisis, by the introduction from without of a great mass of disturbing elements, the current of the mighty stream was reversed and thrown back upon the fountain-head, so as to perform a course just opposite to its original and ordained direction. At all times the thorough-going opponent of the Roman system has had it *primâ facie* in his power to cast reproach upon the Scriptures and upon the Apostolic Christianity of the period when they were written, as the parents of it, because it has, as matter of fact, been derived from them in outward historical continuity. There is, then, chargeable against the New Testament, at first view, the presumptive parentage of Romanism; and with just the same degree of justice the actual and Reformed Church of England may be held responsible for the recent secessions upon the ground that she adheres generally to what has been called the Patristic system. And it is utterly inconsistent in those who think it no reproach to the religion of the Bible that it should have degenerated into mediæval Christianity, to admit it as a reproach against the Church of England that her system, misunderstood and misapplied, should have served to foster cravings and to sustain claims which have finally issued in the adoption of Roman tenets.

It is upon the careful observation of the proportions and relations of the parts of truth, that we must rely for maintaining its character as a whole. Our imperfect faculties are not capable of receiving it in its inseparable oneness, as it may offer itself to a faultless intelligence. We must view it side after side, must handle it in detail, must digest it piecemeal. In the process of instruction we are beset by danger on all sides. If we dwell on the parts separately one from another, we lose their equilibrium and falsify the general result. If we think much of their combination and little of what they are in themselves, we form a whole

whole indeed; but it is a colourless and lifeless whole. It is hard to say by which of these opposite errors we most widely deviate from the intention of revealed religion. But it is clear that the Church of England, as being peculiarly in a middle position, is open in a peculiar degree to these distinct perils:—first, to be alternately charged with aberration towards one extreme or towards the other; secondly, to see her children fly off either way; and thirdly, under the notion of shunning these calamities, to overestimate the dangers of zeal and fervour, and to sink into that cold and lethargic temper which first afflicts all spiritual energies with palsy, and then, by generating a violent reaction, provokes the very evils which it was—not too deeply but too exclusively—anxious to avoid.

Few systems if any, either of philosophy or religion, are absolutely and entirely false; they commonly rely upon the possession of broken parts of truth, while they repudiate the bond which holds them together; or else, holding all truth in the letter, they virtually falsify it by adding what is untrue. In particular, the religion of the Romish Church as a whole establishes its relation to primitive Christianity by means of positive elements which it contains, and which are not found in some modern schemes. Among these positive elements, which checked and balanced one another, she has however dealt unfaithfully, giving to some an exaggerated and to others a defective development, and thus not only changing the aspect and outer shape of the whole, but shifting its centre of gravity, and likely to bring about its total overthrow. But any genuine restoration of primitive Christianity will of necessity be open to the reproach of a resemblance to Romanism, for there must be resemblance between the original and the caricature—between the healthy branch and the diseased one—between the green tree and the dry. The proof of such resemblance is, without doubt, useful in debate to the adversaries of the Church of England, whether on the side of the torrid or of the frigid zone: but this is one of the many cases, in which the very same circumstance that manifestly entails a polemical disadvantage, becomes a favourable witness before the tribunal of truth, and under the test of deliberate and comprehensive reflection.

In so far, then, as certain doctrines of the Church of England are susceptible of being exaggerated into Romanism, it may be true that she is responsible for the first steps of a process of which the last step passes within the Roman pale. If in this sense she is charged with the late conspicuous defections of her children, we admit the allegation, but not the guilt. If in any other, we deny both. And further, we aver that no institution in the nature or  
semblance



semblance of a Church can shield itself effectually from the reproach of resembling Popery in a greater or a less degree, until by abandoning every fixed sense of Scripture, the function of authoritative teaching, and even the inspiration of the Sacred volume, it has acquired a resemblance, nearly approaching identity, to sheer unbelief. Just so a constitutional monarchy must truly though partially resemble a despotism, up to the moment when it is about to pass into the figure of a republic. Whatever be the trials reserved for the Church of England—whatever their final issue—may she never meet that most ignoble fate which must ensue when a vulgar fear of party catchwords takes possession of the minds of men, and the rule of truth and of conduct is sought not in positive convictions—not

‘In the affections of the general heart,  
And in the wisdom of the best’\*—

but in the determination to avoid obloquy at all risks, and in the readiness to take to flight before reproaches which it is only required to face with steadiness in order easily and utterly to repel them.

But again: What do these defections portend? Are they to continue? Are they to multiply? Are they to convulse the Church of England to her centre? Are they to establish a running issue in her body, to drain away the strength which should recruit it? Can she bear about with her such morbid tendencies, and yet nerve herself day by day for her arduous labour, with the constantly increasing expenditure, and therefore supply, of strength which it demands? Are they only the feverish excesses of an irregularly returning vigour, or are they the signs of coming inanition?

Now, first, we are bold to declare, that if for argument's sake we suppose that past and coming secessions are to tear in pieces the Church of England, it will not be to set up the system of Rome in her place. That powerful, ambitious, and aggressive polity will still be infinitely far from every rational hope of lording it over the energetic, self-asserting, and self-directing mind of the English nation. It is not difficulty with which she has to contend; it is simple impossibility.

True there are elements in the English character, reproduced with a wonderful fidelity in the present conformation of the national Church, which have caused her to strike as deep her roots as she holds high and heavenward her leafy head among us. But those elements are placed in a juxta-position far too close with other forces, to be capable of receiving the exclusive and

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\* Talfourd's ‘Ion.’

one-sided development, by means of which alone it seems in the nature of things possible that they might unfold into the rankness of the Papal system. Englishmen have strong instincts towards loyalty, obedience, order, tradition; but these are effectively balanced by an energetic love of freedom. If the former, which we may call the catholic qualities of the English clergy and people, should verge towards Rome, they would at once fall out of harmony with the general tone and character of the nation; they would no longer so far assimilate with its general composition as to be a natural and healthful counterpoise to the luxurious, the secular, the money-getting, the innovating, and the individualising tendencies of our age and country; instead of the balance of forces compatible with and even belonging to the idea of organization, we should have violent divorce and the collisions of mere chaos. The religious influences which we have designated would take here the position they seem to have assumed in France—a position external, and as it were hostile, to society at large; that which the spiritual Church must always more or less be in reference to the world, the visible Church would come to be in reference to the visible community—a garrison in an enemy's country, perpetually assailing and assailed. And who can doubt that this, when considered in its relation to the work and mission of the Christian Church, as the converter of the world, would be a retrograde, not a forward, movement? The very same contingencies which might enable our Roman adversary to unfasten the bands and break up the organization of the English Church, would destroy her last hope of conquering the English nation. Repel us and scatter us as a people she possibly, though not probably, may; but attract and unite us to herself she never can—neither the better nor the worse ingredients of our character will permit it—until she herself shall have unlearned the depraving lessons of her pride, and shall have returned to the spirit of her first love in its simplicity and its freedom. She offers us a sealed Bible; a mutilated Eucharist; an arbitrarily expanded modern creed; a casuistry that 'sews pillows to all arm-holes,' and is still open to the reproach of Pascal, that while it aspires to the service of virtue it does not disdain that of vice; a scheme of worship involving constant peril of polytheistic idolatry; a doctrinal system disparaging Scripture, and driving her acutest champions upon the most dangerous and desperate theories; and a rule of individual discipline which offends against duty even more than against liberty, by placing the reins of the inward and outward life, given by God to conscience, in the hands of an extraneous person under the name of a Director. Now whatever be the fundamental, permanent affinities of the national mind, at least



least we may predicate with an absolute assurance its deep unconquerable repugnance to these things and such as these.

It is the greatest mistake to argue from our connexion with the Roman See before the Reformation, that a corresponding relation can now or hereafter be reproduced. For first, but not principally, let it be considered how uneasily the yoke of the Papal claims was borne; upon what sorry terms the national and the purely sacerdotal elements of the ecclesiastical and social system even then kept company. Let it be remembered, and let the recollection be well digested, that Henry VIII. found every Bishop of England, except Fisher, ready to renounce the Papal supremacy, and that Gardiner and other prelates had anticipated him by writing treatises against it. But there is much more than this to be considered. Since that time there have been two movements in constant progress. The English mind has developed rapidly and powerfully in the direction of freedom and of self-assertion. The Roman policy, perhaps obeying the law of its condition, has indeed on the one hand put away many gross outward abuses, and by knitting much more closely its hierarchical organization has acquired, within the clerical ranks, a great increase of strength; but this at the expense of a further contraction, no less marked, of human freedom. The sharp discord between the Church of Rome and modern society is not wholly owing to an erratic movement of the latter while the former has been standing still. Both have moved in diverging directions, and it is hard to say which has diverged the most from the line of their earlier and combined march. A great change has passed upon the Church of Rome. Not in that she—we mean her central spirit—has softened her doctrines, although she has acquired undoubtedly a more refined and subtle tact in discerning necessity, in submitting to it with a better grace, and in covering the act by elastic explanations. Except for this she could not have kept the peace with Germany thus long. But as to her own inward, presiding, and ultimately prevailing intention, she has forged new and stronger fetters for men, even while some of the old and rusty ones that galled the skin she has been content to cast away. And this both in the sphere of thought and in that of practice. No Dante could now arise to denounce the vices even of individual Popes, much less of the Papal See, with the same boldness and the same impunity as did that giant of his generation and wonder of the world. No Thomas à Kempis could now, out of the heart of monastic seclusion, describe the use of the written word of God as that which, together with the Holy Eucharist, is the prime necessary of life, not to the highly and carefully educated mind alone, but to every pious believer in the religion of Christ.

Christ.\* No Alcuin, no Bertram, no Scotus, could now write concerning the Holy Eucharist with the Catholic freedom which those writers not so much asserted, as without assertion and its moral hazards exercised.

But as she has become less free, so perhaps has she grown more licentious, or more tolerant of licence. The efforts of Petavius (which seem, however, to have been covered by a subsequent recantation) towards the repudiation of primitive testimony as the rule for interpreting Holy Scripture, were a novel and alarming sign of the tendencies of the Church of Rome when hard pressed in fight; but much more portentous is the modern phenomenon of a full-blown doctrine of Development. In a recent work of popular shape, but of solid texture, and full of telling facts, an English divine has shown the close and exact resemblance between the views propounded in Mr. Newman's Essay, concerning the imperfection of the Christian faith in the primitive Church, and those which, when propounded by Julian, were denounced by Bossuet as palpable and pestilent heresy.†

And again in the domain of practice. As the priest of early times grew gradually into the Confessor, so since the Reformation has the Confessor become the Director. If 'Confess your faults one to another' be the Scriptural germ of this modern penitential system, certainly we must own that in this case is realized the parable of the mustard-seed: the least of all seeds has produced the greatest of all trees. We shall not now dwell upon the earlier stages of the transition; but let us remind the reader that modern Romanism has made a great stride even in advance of *compulsory auricular confession*. The idea of Confession is negative: for every great deviation from Christian duty the aid of the priest must be called in with a view to restoration. But the idea of Direction is positive: it is the general and uniform disclosure of all the soul's concerns, in the way of duty as well as out of it, prospective as well as retrospective, smaller as well as greater, and the recognition of the authoritative judgment of the priest concerning them: and Direction, as distinct from Confession, is now, we apprehend, the favourite and normal system of the Roman Church. We do not fraternise in the least degree with Messrs. Michelet and Quinet; we lament and commiserate the false position of the literary men of France, and their estrangement from the Church: to favour or import among ourselves their mischievous tendencies would be monstrous indeed, when we are free from any provocatives, such as they unhappily see and feel, to error and to scepti-

\* Compare Dante, 'Paradiso,' v. 76.

† See Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's Letters to M. Gondon, 1847; Letter X.  
cism.



cism. Yet we apprehend that M. Michelet has drawn the world's attention to a fact alike important and lamentable, by tracing the transition from the older system to the modern doctrine and practice of Direction.\*

The writer now before us has a striking passage (pp. 210 *et seqq.*) on the nature and evils of Direction, but considers that the usually mild and affectionate, as well as careful administration of this power, is the best palliative of the evils inherent in the principle itself, as well as in other tenets and injunctions of Romanism. His rejection of 'the mass of the charges of impiety or impurity lavished' on the system as actually administered (p. 207) is, considering the anti-Roman tone and purpose of his work, highly creditable to his candour; and his evidence, as far as his own experience may have gone, must be accepted with respect. But the true objection to the system is, that it tampers with the eternal laws of our reasonable nature, and with the one cardinal doctrine of our personal responsibility, on which all natural and all revealed religion rest: that it exactly reverses the order divinely revealed in that emphatic protest of the Apostle: 'Not for that we have dominion of your faith, but are helpers of your joy; for by faith ye stand.' (2 Cor. i. 24.) The priest is no longer an auxiliary; he has dominion over faith and action, and the danger is that, because men are taught to stand by a faith in what is human and immediate only, the roots of the belief of the many never penetrate into the lower and more living soil, and that in the time of social tempest, having no deepness of earth, they may be overthrown.

We have been speaking of the region of individual duty. But changes no less striking have passed upon the discipline of the Roman hierarchy. All power is drawn inwards to the centre. What Paris is to France, Rome more and more becomes to the Roman churches. No longer the Church at large is the living judge, the pillar and ground of truth; but the papal infallibility, though sometimes taught with qualification, is in practice the very keystone of the system. How widely different was the case 400 years ago, when not only the assemblies of Western Christendom made and unmade bishops of Rome according to their independent and superior authority, but when even a phantom pope, Felix V., sustained by no more than a knot or clique of presbyters and laymen at Basle, because he was *their* Pope, and *they* were the shadow of a shade of a General Council, was recognised as a rival by the actual Pontiff, who had the whole West, except mere morsels, in his obedience; and the Salmonean thunder of his judicial

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\* Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille. See Quart. Rev. No. 152, p. 299.

acts was owned as of equal authenticity with the awful peals of the Vatican.\*

There were then independent rights of independent orders: beneficed priests were not simply dependent upon the breath of the diocesan; upward from them, sturdy Gallicanism existed in power, though not in name:† it had its counterparts in Germany and in the Peninsula, though perhaps not in Italy; and bishops had scarcely yet owned themselves to hold 'by the grace of the Apostolic See' jointly with the grace of God. But the deposition of the ancient bishops of France under the *Concordat* with Napoleon, and the immense preponderance at this moment of the dependent *Desservans* among the clergy of that country over the priests with fixed tenure of their cures, together with the spirit which animates that clergy, and its now almost exclusive reliance upon Rome, measure for us a part at least of the vast distance that the Papal Church has travelled, not with, but against the age. More and more does she approximate to the perfectly centralized organization of one of her own religious Orders. The dependence of each lower on the higher, and of all upon the highest, attains more and more nearly to a geometrical precision. A wonderful strength is the result of this policy,—a wonderful sagacity has prompted it; but what sagacity in the sum of any system can do more than recognise and appreciate the necessities of its actual position and of its onward movement? Let us admit that Rome has done all this for herself,—that her tactics are astonishing for their continuity, as well as for their perfection of detail; but, after such admission, it remains a fresh unbroken question, whether the position itself is solid and secure, or whether it is liable to be stormed, or undermined, or both at once,—whether the constitution of our intelligent nature will not from time to time take vengeance on its despisers, sometimes by a slow and hidden, sometimes by a violent and world-awakening reaction,—sometimes, as when the whole heart of religion is eaten out by secret profligacy and unbelief,—sometimes, as when political and social convulsions, like that of France in the first earthquake of her revolution, work out for the enslaved a wretched emancipation, and carry them into an arid wilderness, in which they cannot subsist, yet out of which they cannot return.

In a word, then, strengthening herself as a belligerent, the Church of Rome has at the same time weakened herself as an educator; and, having ceased to harmonize with the conditions of

\* Döllinger's 'Kirchengeschichte,' vol. ii. pp. 342, 347.

† In the clear and learned work of the Rev. W. Palmer on the Church, will be found a very striking exhibition of the enormous overgrowth of the papal prerogatives since the period here mentioned.



modern society as a whole, and been driven from the head of its intelligence and cultivation, wherever those conditions have begun to take determinate form, she can least of all be expected to re-conquer that position in a country which repudiated her sovereignty at a period infinitely less unfavourable to its recognition.

The serious question, then, raised by the recent aggressions of the Church of Rome upon our soil, is not whether we shall all by degrees become her proselytes; but whether by drawing off the young unripe mind of the country from the due course of its training, and from a legitimate and normal growth, she shall so cripple the energies of that one great moral engine, the National Church, to which faith and reason alike bid us look for an effective correction of our excesses and for the renovation of our decays, as to disable it for its work. Shall she destroy the great radiating influence among us of which the increasing power has seemed to supply an increasing hope of our being gathered again into one fold of truth and peace? Shall she, by establishing interminable division and lawlessness as the very law of our condition, secure to herself, as next best to the prerogative of actual dominion over us, the power of pointing to our disunion and disorganization as a fearful warning against the hazards of asserting independence?

The adoption of the belief which we have expressed as to the utter impossibility of her realizing her dreams of conquest does not make it less, but even more vitally important for us to be assured, that the doom of the Church of England is not yet sealed, nor her days numbered. The grounds of this assurance we must seek in the lessons of past history, and of our own experience, as well as in the signs exhibited by her present condition. Not that we shall attempt to draw aside that curtain of deep mystery, which shrouds from our view the course, and in an earthly sense the issue, of the closing conflict between good and evil, between the Church and the Antichristian power. We know not, nor seek to know, how sore and terrible may be that 'bruising of the heel' of the woman's mystical seed which shall precede the final crushing of the head of its enemy. Who can anticipate, or who can desire, for the Church of our own land an exemption from the tribulations which, in the absence of the Bridegroom, must be the perpetual portion of the Bride? What soldier, militant in the army of the Lord, would arrogate to himself the privilege of immunity from wounds in the battle and from scars after it, or would not rather point to them as the witnesses of loyalty and valour? If in all things our own branch of the Church is to aim at conformity with her Head and her Pattern, surely she must not refuse the cup of suffering which was His 'drink day and night,' but of which she has rarely tasted. All we may lawfully desire for her is this, that she

she may well and truly keep her faith, and do service in the midst alike of violence and temptation, and may be able to render at the great day a just account of the talents committed to her charge. Has she then upon her the signs of a true vocation to labour in the vineyard, and of an earnest purpose to fulfil her work?

Let it not be thought to proceed from an undue craving after comfort, if we venture to suggest that these defections, and the temper from which they immediately spring, sad as they are in themselves and in their consequences, are not altogether sad when they are more largely viewed in reference to the entire breadth of things with which they are contemporaneous. On the one hand, as we contend, they are not chargeable upon the Church and her laws, but upon some distinct and lower cause; but, on the other, we admit that they are too many, too independent, and too deliberate, to be regarded as the accidental and capricious results of the workings of this or that peculiar mind. They amount to a sign of the times, though they are not a just index of the tendencies of the Church; and it may fairly be asked of those who hold thus concerning them, that they should give some reasonable account of them.

They have indeed, even on their darker side, many moral uses. They not only demonstrate, but they create, strength. They tend to throw the minds of men inwards; to prevent merely external, formal, and fashionable revivals; to give greater solemnity and earnestness to religious life, and greater warmth to the attachments of those who bear the trial. But they likewise open larger sources of consolation.

We suggest it for the careful consideration of the reader, that they are to be ascribed to the depth and intensity of the movement, within the sphere of religion, which has manifested itself during the present century in the Church and the people, and which, powerful enough in its grasp to arrest the downward course that had continued through several successive generations, and bold enough to beard the spirit of the age in its strongholds, and do battle with it for the mastery over the youth of the country, has, notwithstanding, failed in so binding together and so balancing the elements of a fervid, and in some departments an impetuous, reaction, as to keep them in complete unison of tone and parallelism of march. In the pursuit of a flying enemy, some have broken rank and lost themselves amidst unknown paths. In the purifying agitation of the gale some stately trees, and many of recent planting, have been overthrown. The sudden return of warmth to a frozen body cannot be without sharp pain and peril. Food administered to the starving, in quantities absolutely small

yet



yet relatively great, overtaxes the exhausted powers of nature, and, by rejecting it, she warns us to greater care in the procedure.

But why search for figurative illustrations? Is it not known to all that every profound and powerful movement among men, however unequivocal its direction and purpose towards good, yet, if not governed by an inspiration from above altogether transcending the usual order of Providence, does, by the necessity of our infirm judgment and wayward will, generate at least partial excess? Men may indeed differ in deciding when it was that the work began to be marred. Some may say it was when the clergy at large, penetrating below the surface of things, began to include in their views of professional duty more than an exterior decorum together with activity enough to give a relish to habitual ease. Some may consider that it was when an unusual anxiety began to be awakened on behalf of the visible Church, and when everything that tended to prevent her spiritual claims from falling into abeyance became a prominent and vital object of regard; others that the access of danger was in the first pulsations of a secret wish to adopt the actual Church of Rome as a model in faith and practice. To the first of these classes we can offer no consolation; for their Paradise belongs to the past and the perished; and, if the time has any voice or meaning, *that* state of things at least will not be reproduced in any future upon which we may presume to speculate. But all those who recognise the heaving and swelling of the mighty heart of England for many years past, as being upon the whole a response to an awakened and reproofing conscience, may join, whatever their more particular judgments, in the belief that the recent desertions from the Church of England—as these are few when compared with the numbers who have become vigilant yet have continued sober—so also are in nature but the misgrowths and abortions scarcely perceptible amidst the abundant promise with which the branches of the tree are charged, the occasional failures which it is reasonable to expect in every process—reasonable also without doubt to lament, but most unreasonable to convert into an occasion of despondency.

But then the violent and erratic character of these movements among the members of a body like the English clergy, and their novelty,—for the rare and unimportant perversions of the seventeenth century, which scarcely any one thinks it worth while to drag from their obscurity, form no corresponding picture,—at least testify to something peculiar, and to something faulty;—to much, and to many things, but most of all, surely, to the depth of that lethargy from which the Church is at least in part aroused, and to the elevation of that spiritual life, and inward as well as  
outward

outward activity, of which she is beginning in a degree to realise the idea.

We should be among the last to recommend or tolerate that visionary, if not spurious humility, which has sometimes found unhealthy scope in exaggerating the sins, infirmities, and scandals of our own country, and the suppression of its healthier signs and better deeds, while at the same time the opposite rule has been applied to other lands in which the Church of Rome bears sway, and what is good there dangerously magnified, what is evil superstitiously repressed. Not upon grounds of impolicy alone, but of injustice, do we protest against the admission of any such maxims. They can only proceed upon the grossly false supposition, that the parties acting on them are so identified in feeling with their own Church and nation, that in comparing them with others they must proceed, as they might laudably proceed if they were measuring themselves individually by the standard of other individuals; whereas, on the contrary, they have been men discontented and estranged, or fretted and sore in spirit, and therefore with the balance of their predispositions already cast in favour of what is foreign. We trust that we have seen the last of these miserable and mischievous exhibitions. But it is one thing to profess to aim at comparative estimates, and then distort them by enhancement and suppression; it is another frankly to observe upon the particulars of our common sin and shame, with a view not to disparagement but to amendment, and to a clear comprehension of our position as one of the first conditions and guarantees of reasonable hope.

It is then too true, that we have abundant cause for shame and confusion of face. Multiplication of details is needless: few words will suffice to measure our betrayal of trust, our deadness to mercies, our neglect not only of the highest and more remote opportunities, but of the nearest, plainest, most elementary duties. We have not churches for the people: true; but neither have we people for the churches. It has become common to observe that our new churches (the remark might extend to many of the old) are not filled. The apology used in reply is this, that when a population has fallen away, through generations of neglect, from Christian habits, the process of recovery is of necessity a slow one. And the apology is valid and sufficient. But what a fact does it use by way of plea! what wounds and bruises and putrefying sores does it disclose! In England, wealthy, powerful, intelligent, refined; in England, after sixteen hundred years or more of Christianity, and three hundred of reformed Christianity, the doors of the house of God are opened, the voice of the Gospel sounds, but yet



yet it is too often true that the people, the many, hear not and enter not. For a very long time we hugged ourselves with the delusive notion, that the want of churches was the true and only cause of the undeniable abandonment of almost all Christian ordinances by immense numbers of the people. We are now driven back upon the admission—happy will it be for us if thereby we are forced at length to realise the consciousness—that the great mass of our operative, mechanical, and mining population, together with some part, we fear, of the peasantry, have receded so miserably far from even an ostensible Christianity, that when it is brought to their very doors they deny it entrance. Is it or is it not an exaggeration to say, that more than half of all the adult persons who belong to the communion of the Church of England, live and die without ever participating in the Holy Eucharist? Does it soften or does it aggravate these horrors to know that the rites of Baptism, marriage, and burial, still connect millions of these persons with the Church? Ought we more to shudder at the extensive profanation which this implies, or to draw hope from the fact that some lingering influence, real, though ‘without form and void,’ still restrains men, in spite of themselves, from absolutely severing their connexion with her who will one day, we trust, yet be a mother to them and to their children’s children? If this be true, or if it be near the truth, never can we enough ruminate upon it, or with enough of pain. Half of a Christian nation, lost to even the outward recognition of the one central and most solemn act of Christian worship! A thousand years elapsed from the Ascension of our Lord, and the Church had not yet completed the work of converting Europe. Another thousand have not now passed, and in perhaps the noblest of all her nations this deadly havoc has been made. Into schisms, into heresies, into hypocrisies, into the thousand forms in which here, as elsewhere, a recognition of Christian ordinances is combined with, or even made an apology for, sin, it is needless to examine. Let a man consider how slow a process, even to the energy of the Church in her first love, was the work of converting nations—how gigantic and exhausting was the labour—and how wonderful was the work when it was accomplished, and society clothed in the forms as well as largely impregnated with the power of Christian life. Then, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, our drowsy consciences here in England, where we are wont to plume ourselves upon doing everything better, and especially on being more practical than our neighbours, receive some glimmering of an idea that, as to one half our people or more, that almost immeasurable work is virtually undone; that we have slid down within one stage of the very bottom of that long and steep, and  
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almost hopeless ascent ; that of the myriad ties, by which human life in its whole course was so subtly but so strongly bound to the Christian faith, one after another has decayed and snapped—and now but some one or two remain, and only remain because they are so entirely unfelt through any restraining or renewing influences, that it seems scarce worth while to take the trouble of breaking them ; that there are huge assemblages of human beings in vast and wealthy towns, and wide districts also of the land through which we may walk and see the spectacle of a Christian people silently unchristianised, and religion all but relegated within the pale of wealth and temporal ease, which it menaces, by the poverty which it came to bless and ennoble. When the consciousness of these things becomes definite, when it falls upon the affections of sensitive and pious, especially, if also youthful and ardent minds, like a spark upon tow, can we wonder that every thing which exists shall be questioned and arraigned, and many a harsh and unjust sentence passed under the excitement of the moment ? Times of general and sudden awakening are of necessity more or less times of confusion ; what marvel if remedies for our evils, or means for our personal escape from them, which require to be considered by the most dispassionate judgment, have been sought in haste, almost in fury, under the influence of an inflamed imagination ; if some overstrained reaction against our national pride and insularity should have followed upon the late violent disturbance of the heaven of our self-conceit ? Lastly, we must not feel surprise, though we must deeply grieve, that the faults of men have been laid upon the holiest institutions ; that the Church of England, her laws, her schemes, and her spirit, should have been made responsible for our offences, whereas she has indeed been the chief sufferer under them ; and it has been the peculiar aggravation of our case that this frightful desolation has come upon a land which, together with the greatest abundance of material means, likewise possessed the best moral machinery for preventing the calamity. She was preserved to us by the marked agency of Providence through the wild convulsions and the subtler seductions that attended and followed the period of the Reformation ; the violent rocking of the seventeenth century, by the alternate efforts of Rome and of Geneva, did but confirm her in the national affections, and in her impartial and consistent witness to the truth. But the time of ease was with us the time of corruption : we slumbered, and the enemy sowed tares ; we awoke and find them a wide-waving crop. Too large a share of those energies, which earlier generations consecrated to the unseen, have been spent upon schemes of public, and yet more of personal aggrandisement ; and our torpor was prolonged



until accumulating vice and neglected ignorance broke out into forms of political and social disease so palpable, so menacing, so near, that we could not, if we would, be deaf to their appeal. But in this history, whatever may be said of the Church as she lives in her members, the Church as she teaches in her laws, and as she acts in the spirit they tend to diffuse, and in the pattern they set before us, has been an antagonist to domineering evil; the unfaithfulness, whether of priest or people, was wrong and treason against her; the fact of her existence during all the time of declension is the last and highest count in the indictment against us.

When, therefore, we observe, after a torpor to all appearance desperate, a reaction equally beyond all human hope—a reaction diversified indeed in form and in degree, but which, considered as an effort to attain an increase of spiritual vitality, may justly be said to possess the whole body of the Church—the very subjects of our sorrow, whether they be the depth of that lethargy now in fact shaken off, or the occasional eccentricities which have accompanied a brisk return of vigour, are converted into the elements of high and sanguine anticipation. A Church which has conquered the inward diseases following upon a state of unexampled worldly wealth and grandeur, never can be overcome by difficulties or assaults from without. If the thorns of riches and pleasures have not choked the word in her, she has passed the climax of her dangers. And the care which has preserved her from them becomes an evidence that it is not for nought that she has been so preserved. When we trace it in the past, and when in reading the present we compare the work lying before her to be done with her capacity to do it, we find that argument of design, which has been so powerfully used in natural theology, not less legitimately applicable to show that she has a part, a great and conspicuous part, divinely appointed to her in the destinies of the country and of the world. The peculiar characteristics which she combines, her balanced regards to stability and progress, to truth and freedom, to the visible and the unseen, to corporate and individual development, seem to fit the conditions of the problem, by which it is required to harmonise the fixed and dogmatic religion of the Church with the spirit and the movement of modern society.

We do not, however, rest simply upon such a conviction of the fitness of the Church of England, from her combined moderation and stability, to try fully and fairly the great experiment of adjusting the relations of the Church with the world, and the yet greater work of readjusting the fragments of the Church among themselves, as a speculatist might form. The active signs of her condition, however humbling as to the past and even the present, tell  
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of the future in a loftier voice and in one not to be mistaken. In the last ten or twelve years, a thousand churches, within the limits of England alone, have, to use the words of an American bishop, 'sprung up to meet the day.' The same period has seen her gird herself in earnest for the work of primary education: and she now stands in that field, full of hope and vigour, unhampered by political associations of any kind, and without a rival. Simultaneous with this, has been the general organization of the Colonial Churches. Amply have the hopes been justified with which we welcomed the beginning of her great and systematic efforts in this department.\* She has now eighteen, a few weeks hence she will, we trust, have twenty-two bishops in the transmarine dependencies of this country. These are but a very few taken from among the chief notes of her exterior, and, so to speak, material expansion. But the consideration which converts mere hope into solid and certain confidence is this, that she unites inward with outward growth, and that every thing good in her deepens as it widens. The bishops who have gone to our Colonies, and those who are now about to set foot on board ship in that sacred character, are men full of the spirit of Apostles in act, and of martyrs in intention: and those who know the lives they live, and the kind of labour they discharge, in dioceses such as Newfoundland and New Zealand, may also know that they have need of that spirit for daily use. At home the change, it must not be called a growth, but a transformation, in the character of our clergy, strikes with the same wonder those who hail and those who dread it; and many of the latter bethink them of that deep, but rather demoniacal saying of Gibbon, that the vices of the priestly order are less dangerous than their virtues. Those who knew the religious turn and spirit of our public schools and Universities, even so little as twenty years ago, will bear witness that their progress in that time seems almost to have retrieved the lapse of centuries. Devotion begins to rekindle her ancient fires; charity to be known as not capable of measure by one, two, or more guineas, but by self-denial, and by personal exertion. Indeed, the subject passes much too far inwards to be followed by any effort of ours at description; it is one that never can be fully known until the day of the revelation of the secrets of all hearts, and among them of all the thirstings of the just after perfection. We simply point, then, to her meetness for the vocation which the time proclaims, her simultaneous increase in extension and in depth, and her profiting thus amidst the sorest of all afflictions, the defection of ungrateful children, to warrant our belief that she has a great and signal work before her.

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\* *Quart. Rev.*, No. 149, Decr. 1844.



But then she must not shrink from sneers, nor be startled at paradox. With seeming paradox at least she will have to grapple, and sneers she will assuredly incur while she circulates the Scriptures without limit, and yet asserts one particular construction of them through Catholic and local formularies; while she at once claims authority and encourages inquiry. She attempts, without doubt, a very arduous task; for while she, no less than the Church of Rome, aspires to the maintenance of that living idea of a changeless faith, and of a divinely appointed organization, binding the past, the present, and the future Church to one another, and to their Head, she differs from that Church in substituting publicity for mystery, and in the desire to add to faith knowledge, instead of securing the former by the exclusion of the latter. On the other hand, while she agrees with other bodies around her in leading the individual straight to the fountain head of his faith, and making him acquainted as it were with her case, in the proofs on which she relies, yet she stands widely apart from them, inasmuch as they admit no higher authority, and seek no higher guarantee, than the private spirit. An ample scope for gibe and for invective she affords, in aiming seriously to combine conditions, which are certainly antagonistic, and which some deem incompatible. But though bold, this is not visionary, nor does she move without regard to the lessons of experience. For, first, she only seeks to reproduce, in the domain of religion, a spirit analogous to that mixture of loyalty and freedom, of deference to authority with the sense of individual responsibility, which has been the peculiar characteristic of our political system. Secondly, this view of her proper functions is itself the result of the most profoundly rooted tendencies and most fundamental convictions of the nation itself, which have outwardly expressed themselves in the form of its ecclesiastical polity. Nor has any other scheme, even in the time of lukewarmness, supplanted the scheme of the Church in the public affections. If she be weak as compared with her work, yet, as compared with her rivals, she is strong. England has assumed to herself the task of solving for the advantage of the world at large, certain great problems of trade and intercourse upon which the material interests of the human family are supposed to depend. It seems as though in her person were to be solved a higher and deeper problem; the question, namely, whether the advancing wave of modern society is or is not to carry the ark of the Church upon its crest.

But for this she must be faithful to her calling, not under one alone, but under all of its conditions. Long years of the toil which is content to sow, that future times and not its own hand may reap, of searching self-denial, of sedulous and eager approximation

mation to the neglected masses and study to win their affections, of progressive elevation both of the ideal and of the working standard—long years of such patient toil are before her. But besides the immediately practical parts of the art, she must consider her science—she must abound in the fruits of leisure even while she is losing its ease and enjoyment. If she is to conquer, it must be by remaining true to her fundamental idea, and not vainly seeking to ape the character of bodies actuated by a different spirit and intention. The idea not only of supernaturalism or revealed religion, but of a given and fixed dogmatic system with its visible exponent or counterpart, she must hold—and yet hold in a free and living contact with the consciences of the members at large; and must be faithful to the principle of a twofold witness, so variously subjected to unnatural divorce, of the Word and of the Church. Further, neither as to herself, nor as to the sacred text of which she is the keeper, must she look askance at inspection as an enemy, but must invite and challenge it; and she must give the hand of kindly welcome to historical study, to critical investigation, and to scientific discovery. Let her wage incessant war against the myriad counterfeits of the common sense and reason of mankind; yet let her cast shame upon the impostures, not so as to disparage the original, but so as to do it more abundant honour, and to show that she can never be on evil terms with the human understanding, except when it has become the blinded and brutish organ of proud or angry or lustful passions. For all the gifts of God in nature and revelation are in unison together; and as the lower may not rebel against the higher, so neither may the higher displace the lower, and the hand may no more say to the foot ‘I have no need of thee,’ than the foot to the hand. Such is the relation of the Church to the intellectual temper and movement of the day. We shall touch but gently on the more embarrassed question how her political position is to be adjusted, from time to time, to the great and rapid though silent changes in the public sentiment, and the more and more free recognition of the principles of representative government. This is a more embarrassed question—not because its intrinsic difficulties viewed by the impartial eye are greater, for on the contrary they are less; but because its decision is in the hands not of those who reflect, so much as of the multitudes, and because dealing at once with the higher and the lower inducements to action, with truth at one end of the scale and gold at the other, it stirs up the half-subdued carnal with the half-matured spiritual elements of our nature into a dark and formidable compound. But thus much we venture to say, that of this problem also the Church of England appears to us to be working out by slow and cautious



cautious degrees a solution. Her roots are in the heart of man. The very fact that with such masses of indifference around her, the shadow of religious allegiance that still remains among the neglected crowds is paid to her—the fact that she still possesses all but universal respect, is the proof that she may soon possess all but universal affection;—and though such affection be infinitely less precious than the jewel of truth, how far does it transcend every other dowry! The secret of her strength will lie in her giving proof, as occasion may arise, that her spiritual work is not only first, but first and last in her thoughts, and that all her prerogatives and appurtenances which belong to earth, the venerable gifts of ancient piety and wisdom, she will judge nevertheless with an exclusive regard to their bearing upon her prospective discharge of that work, and with reference to such bearing only will claim the adherence of the people and the support of the legislature.

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ART. VI.—1. *A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions during the Years 1839-43.* By Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.

2. *Notes on the Botany of the Antarctic Voyage conducted by Captain Sir J. C. Ross.* By Sir W. J. Hooker. London, 1843.

THIRTY years have elapsed since one of our colleagues first addressed himself to the task of directing the public mind to the subject of Arctic exploration.\* He has lived to see many of his expectations justified—and we hope he may yet see others of them realised. During the interval, those so long honoured with the fruits of his *horæ subsecivæ* have never been inattentive to the progress of that system of discovery which owes so much to the suggestions and official encouragement of that veteran. Few greater pleasures, indeed, are ours than when, from our literary signal-post, we can make the number of one of those gallant vessels, returning ‘rough with many a scar’ of bloodless conflict with the floe and iceberg, and with its log one continuous record of danger and difficulty vanquished by courage and intelligence, and of triumphs unpurchased by other human suffering than the voluntary endurance of the wise and brave in pursuit of noble ends. Well pleased have we lingered so long within the confines of that Arctic circle which has been penetrated by so many expeditions, and with interest which accu-

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\* Quart. Rev., vol. xviii. p. 199.

mulates by the hour do we watch for the return of those two vessels which are, perhaps, even now working their southward course through Behring's Straits into the Pacific. Should the happiness be yet allowed us of witnessing that return, we are of opinion that the Erebus and Terror should be moored henceforth on either side of the Victory, floating monuments of what the Nelsons of discovery can dare and do at the call of their country in the service of the world. Meanwhile these two portentous names, whatever be the fate of the vessels which own them, are associated with services as brilliant and discoveries as striking, at the extremity of the globe Antipodean to the region of their present employment, as any which have yet invited the notice of our columns. That such notice has not been sooner invited we can only ascribe to the fact, that between the task of collecting scientific materials and that of arranging them for publication—of overcoming danger and difficulty, and reciting their Odyssey to the public—there is all the difference to men of action and enterprise that lies between catching a hare and cooking it. We know no other reason why three years should have been suffered to elapse from Sir James Ross's safe return and the present publication, or why no authorised details of the expedition should have been made known, other than were sparingly afforded in Sir W. Hooker's botanical work of 1843. The purely scientific results have doubtless meanwhile been privately accessible to those who could turn them to account. They have, we may be sure, occupied the attention of Gauss and Humboldt and Sabine.\* They may have supplied new elements for those wondrous calculations which enable the former from his study at Berlin to prick off on the map, to a near approximation at least, the place of the magnetic pole; they have probably suggested paragraphs for a new volume or a new edition of the 'Cosmos.' To guide the investigations, to correct the conclusions of such minds as these, is a privilege of which a British sailor may be proud.

The more popular results of this expedition, such as are appreciable by the mass of the reading public, lie in a narrow compass. The record is not diversified by any encounter with any southern counterpart to those secluded tribes of the human family who burrow in the farthest regions of the North, habitable as these regions are, and civilised in comparison with the volcanic deserts of the South. No northern explorer has, we believe, yet passed the limits of vegetable life. Even on Melville Island the lichen and the alga yet retain their place in the scheme of

\* See on this subject, Quart. Rev., vol. lxvi. Art. 'Terrestrial Magnetism.'



Nature. But on the ice-clad peaks of the land discovered by Sir James Ross not the minutest trace of a cryptogamous plant is discernible, and the ocean, which freezes to their base, is equally barren of aquatic vegetation. Some features, however, of the Antarctic region have a character of far greater sublimity than attaches to any scenery yet observed in the North. A continent of vast and, as yet, unmeasured extent, the northern extremity of which is situated in the 71st degree of south latitude, sheathed in eternal ice from where its sea-line gives harbour to the seal and the penguin to where its summits, attaining three or four times the height of Hecla, like Hecla give vent to subterranean fires;—extending at nearly a right angle to this continent a precipice of ice, varying from 100 to 150 feet in height, and presenting for some 500 miles an impervious barrier to the bowsprits of

‘Those sons of Albion who, with venturous sails,  
On distant oceans caught Antarctic gales :’—

these are in themselves objects which, however briefly described or roughly sketched, must take at once the highest rank among the natural wonders of the world.

Before we proceed to cite the passages in which these and other memorabilia of Sir James's expedition are described, we think it advisable to give, as far as we are able, a measure of this officer's performance by a sketch of those of his predecessors. With respect to the Arctic circle, this task has afforded Sir John Barrow the materials of a valuable volume, to which, perhaps, some additions might be obtained from the recent researches of the Society of Danish Antiquaries into the records of early Scandinavian navigation. A few lines may suffice to convey all we know of Antarctic discovery anterior to the period of Wilkes, D'Urville, and Ross. Many obvious causes have contributed to direct the attention of governments and independent navigators rather to the North Pole than the South. The dream of an available passage to Cathay has been, like many other visions, pregnant with practical results. In England, after these visions of mercantile advantage had lost their influence, the official directors of maritime enterprise have still been stimulated by the desire to resolve the geographical problem of the North-west passage, and also to map out the configuration of the continent of North America, and of the great adjacent masses of land—thus to finish off, as it were, a work which has been in progress since the days of Baffin and Hudson—rather than to break up new ground and seek for the conjectured Terra Australis. With the exception of the expedition of Captain Cook, of which the exploration of the  
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higher southern latitudes formed but an episode, the Antarctic department has, down to a recent period, been principally left to the casual efforts of the whale and seal hunter. The earliest exploit of importance in its annals of which any record has come under our notice is the discovery of the islands which now rather unfairly bear the name of the South Shetland, situated about the 62nd degree of south latitude. They should in justice bear the name of the honest Dutchman Dirck Gerritz, who, in his vessel of some 150 tons, was driven to them by storms in 1599 from the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan. It is true that, nearly a century earlier, the French navigator De Gonville had acquired the reputation of having discovered a Terra Australis far to the south of Africa. Doubts, however, have always hung over the precise position of the country visited, if not discovered, by De Gonville. It was reported extensive and well inhabited, and he brought away with him a son of its sovereign, an article of export which could hardly be obtained from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic circle. This prince was adopted by the Frenchman who had imported or kidnapped him, married, and had descendants in France, one of whom, a grandson, became a canon of Lisieux and an ambassador. It is to this person we owe an account of the voyage of De Gonville. He was, however, unable to bring any evidence of the position of the land in question, which, having long been traced *ad libitum* on the maps of the Southern Ocean, remains still uncertain, though the probabilities of the case appear to be in favour of Madagascar. It was mainly in pursuit of this land, of which distance and uncertainty had magnified the extent and resources, that the Breton Kerguelen in 1772 embarked on the expedition which led to the discovery, three years afterwards acknowledged and confirmed by Cook, of Kerguelen Island. Of Captain Cook's expedition, thumbed as its record has been, and, we hope, continues to be, by school-boy hands, it is unnecessary to speak in detail.

Down to 1840 we believe that no navigator of any country but his own had penetrated beyond the point marked as Cook's farthest on the maps, or, with the exception of the Russian Bellinghausen, made any material addition to his discoveries in those latitudes. Indeed of our own countrymen one only had fulfilled the former of these conditions. This was Captain Weddell, who, in the year 1822, in a small vessel fitted for the whale and seal fishery rather than for discovery, first disproved the existence of a continental range which had been supposed to extend itself immediately to the south of the islands discovered by Gerritz and rediscovered by Smith, and then, pursuing his  
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fortunes between the 30th and 40th degrees of longitude, ran down to the highest southern latitude yet attained by man,  $74^{\circ} 15'$ . A passage in Weddell's narrative, in which he takes occasion to lament that he was ill provided with instruments of scientific observation, may have given a pretext for the doubts which some foreign authorities have entertained as to the reality of this exploit. He told the world, however, that he had spent 240*l.* on the purchase of three chronometers, all of which performed well; and the whole tone of his narrative and of his observations on the subject of polar navigation, seemed to us to bespeak the man of instruction and research as well as enterprise. Taking into account all the circumstances of his expedition, we venture to pronounce that his performance comes nearer to those of the giants of old time, the Baffins, the Davises, and the Hudsons, than any voyage of the present age accomplished without the assistance of governments. We endeavoured at the time to set him in a proper light before his countrymen;\*—if it be true, as we fear it is, that a man of such achievement died in neglected poverty, let others bear the blame.

A Russian expedition was fitted out from Cronstadt in 1819, consisting of two ships, the *Vostock* and the *Mirui*, under the command of Captains Bellinghausen and Lazarew. An account of this expedition, in two volumes with an atlas, was published at St. Petersburg; but, as far as we know, it still remains locked up in the Russian language. In January, 1821, they reached the latitude of  $70^{\circ} 30'$ , which, in the '*Russian Encyclopædia*,' is stated to be the highest hitherto attained—but the statement is incorrect, for it falls short of Cook's farthest. An island was discovered in latitude  $68^{\circ} 57'$  and longitude  $90^{\circ} 46' W.$ , and called the island of Peter I. Floating ice prevented the vessels from approaching this land nearer than fourteen miles, but its insular character appears to have been ascertained, and the height of its summits was calculated at 4200 feet. Their next discovery appears on the maps as Alexander's Island, in latitude  $68^{\circ} 43'$ , longitude  $73^{\circ} 10' W.$  It would appear, however, that Bellinghausen was unable to trace the prolongation of this land to the south, and it has been considered as not improbable that it is continuous with the land afterwards discovered by Captain Biscoe, and designated as Graham's Land. Bellinghausen himself took care to call it Alexander's Land, not Alexander's Island. Be this as it may, to the Russian undoubtedly belonged the honour, previous to 1840, of having discovered the southernmost known land.

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\* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxxiii, p. 280.

In 1830 and 1831 the brig *Tula*, of 148 tons, commanded by Captain Biscoe, prosecuted the task of discovery under special instructions from its enterprising owner, the great promoter of the southern whale fishery, Mr. C. Enderby. Biscoe did not, like Weddell, succeed in passing beyond the degree of south latitude which had formed the limit of Cook's progress, but, to use the words of the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. iii. p. 122, he 'made two distinct discoveries, at a great distance the one from the other, and each in the highest southern latitudes which, with a few exceptions, had yet been attained, or in which land had yet been discovered.' These were, first, that of Enderby's Land, in lat.  $65^{\circ} 57'$ , and long.  $47^{\circ} 20'$  east; and next, that of a range of islands, and of land of unknown extent, situated between the 67th and 63rd degrees of south latitude, and between the 63rd and 71st degrees of west longitude. The principal range of these islands bears the name of Biscoe.

We find the distinguished name of Mr. Enderby again associated with Antarctic discovery in the case of Balleny's voyage, 1839. This voyage demands our more particular notice, because its track was followed by Sir James Ross for special reasons in his two first cruises; because some questions have arisen between the American and English expeditions, in which the precise position of the islands discovered by Balleny is concerned; and lastly, because there is every reason to suppose that land which D'Urville, in ignorance of Balleny's voyage, claims to have discovered, had been in fact seen by Balleny. We have, indeed, little doubt that should subsequent researches prove that the south pole is the centre of a vast continent, the outworks of which in some longitudes are to be found in the neighbourhood of the 70th degree of south latitude, but indented by at least one bay to the height of the 79th, the first and second claimants to its discovery will be the gallant agents of Mr. Enderby, Captains Biscoe and Balleny. The schooner *Eliza Scott*, of 154 tons, commanded by Mr. John Balleny, and the dandy-rigged cutter *Sabrina*, of 54 tons, Mr. H. Freeman, master, sailed from the southern end of New Zealand, January 7, 1839, fitted for sealing purposes, but with Mr. Enderby's usual liberal instructions to lose no opportunity of pushing as far as possible to the south. They crossed the track of Bellinghausen on the 24th, and continued without material impediment a southward course over the very spot where the Russian navigator in lat.  $63^{\circ}$  had been compelled by ice to alter his course to the eastward in 1820. On the 1st of February they had reached the parallel of  $69^{\circ}$  in long.  $172^{\circ}$  east, 220 miles to the southward of the extreme point which Bellinghausen had been able to attain in this meridian. This evidence of the shifting  
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character of the ice in this direction was the circumstance which induced Sir James Ross to select this quarter for his first attempts. Here the packed ice compelled them to work to the north-west; and on attaining the 66th degree, in long.  $163^{\circ}$  east, they discovered a group of islands, which turned out to be five in number. A landing was with much risk effected by Mr. Freeman on one of these, the summit of which, estimated to rise to the height of 12,000 feet, emitted smoke, as if to corroborate the evidence of volcanic origin furnished by the fragments of scoriæ and basalt mixed with crystals of olivine collected from the beachless base of its perpendicular cliffs. In their further progress the vessels must have passed within a short distance of Cape Clairée, a projection of the land to which M. D'Urville in the following year gave the name of Adelie, in right of his supposed discovery. On the 2nd of March, in lat.  $69^{\circ} 58'$ , long.  $121^{\circ} 8'$ , land was again discovered, which now figures on the map by the name of Sabrina. We cannot omit to mention that on this voyage a phenomenon was observed, which strikingly illustrated that transporting power of ice to which so extensive an influence has been attributed by some eminent geologists. At a distance of 1400 miles from the nearest known land, though possibly within 300, or even 100, miles from land which may hereafter be discovered, an iceberg was seen with a block of rock, some twelve feet in height, attached to it at nearly a hundred feet from the sea-line. We cannot here pursue the train of reflection and theory which the appearance of this luggage-van of the ocean is calculated to suggest. Mr. Darwin on this, and other similar evidence, observes that 'if one iceberg in a thousand, or ten thousand, transports its fragment, the bottom of the Antarctic sea, and the shores of its islands, must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere.' It must be gratifying to the writer in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. ix. p. 517, to whom we are indebted for what we know of Balleny's voyage, to find that his anticipations of its proving useful to the success of Sir James Ross's greater expedition have been so fully borne out.

The services of Ross and his gallant companions covered a space of three years, exclusive of the passages to and from the Cape of Good Hope. During this period three distinct voyages were accomplished. Their first departure from Simon's Bay took place on the 6th of April, 1840, and pursuing a course to the northward of and nearly parallel to the 50th degree of south latitude, they reached Van Diemen's Land on the 16th of August, after having passed two months and a half of the winter season at Kerguelen's Island. On the 12th of November, 1840, they left

Hobart

Hobart Town, and after some stay at the Auckland Islands, finally sailed in a direct course towards those entirely unexamined regions which were the main points of their ambition. They returned to Hobart Town late in the autumn of that latitude, April 7, 1841. During this cruise was accomplished the discovery of the vast extent of mountainous continent which now bears the gracious name of Victoria; the active volcano, Mount Erebus, and the extinct one, Mount Terror; and the icy barrier, probably an outwork of continued land, which, running east and west for some hundred miles in the 78th degree of south latitude, prevents all approach to the pole on either side of the 180th degree of longitude. Between July and November, the vessels visited Sydney and New Zealand, remaining three months at the latter.

The second voyage commenced on the 15th of November, 1841, and was pursued towards the region explored in the former trip, and with nearly the same success. From the 18th of December to the 2nd of February, the ships were employed in forcing their way through pack-ice from the 62nd to the 68th degree of south latitude; and when, on the 23rd of February, they at length reached the icy barrier, in long. 162° west, the season was too far advanced to admit of further attempts to find an opening. Having approached within a mile and a half of the barrier, in lat. 78° 10' south, some six miles farther to the southward than the limit of their former voyage, they commenced their reluctant retreat, and not having seen land for 138 days, gained a winter anchorage in Berkeley Sound, off the Falkland Islands, on the 6th of April, 1842. The spring season of this year, between September and December, was occupied by a cruise to Cape Horn, and back to Berkeley Sound.

The third polar voyage was commenced on the 17th of December, 1842, in a direction nearly opposite to that of the two former years, and towards the region explored by Weddell. The difficulties and dangers encountered in this last attempt appear to have exceeded those of the two former voyages, and the lat. 71° 30', long. 15° west, formed the limit of their southward cruise. The ships gained the Cape of Good Hope on the 4th of April, 1843, within two days of three years after they had first quitted those parts.

We do not profess in the above summary to have enumerated all the commanders who, between the period of Cook's expedition and the year 1840, had attained high southern latitudes in various directions, or even made discoveries of land. We believe, however, that from it our readers may derive a correct general notion of the condition and progress of Antarctic discovery down



to the period when the French and American expeditions, under D'Urville and Wilkes, gained, nearly simultaneously, some ten months' start of Ross in these seas. The result of these expeditions, so far as concerns our present subject, may best be given in the following passages from Sir James Ross's work :—

'The most interesting news that awaited us on our arrival at Van Diemen's Land [August, 1840] related to the discoveries made, during the last summer, in the southern regions by the French expedition, consisting of the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, under the command of Captain Dumont D'Urville, and by the United States expedition, under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, in the frigate *Vincennes*.

'The accounts published, by the authority of Captain D'Urville in the local papers, stated, that the French ships sailed from Hobart Town on the 1st of January, 1840, and discovered land on the evening of the 19th; and on the 21st some of the officers landed upon a small islet lying some distance from the mainland, and procured some specimens of its granitic rock. D'Urville traced the land in a continuous line one hundred and fifty miles, between the longitudes of  $136^{\circ}$  and  $142^{\circ}$  east, in about the latitude of the Antarctic circle. It was entirely covered with snow, and there was not the least appearance of vegetation: its general height was estimated at about one thousand three hundred feet. M. D'Urville named it *Terre Adélie*. Proceeding to the westward, they discovered and sailed about sixty miles along a solid wall of ice, one hundred and fifty feet high, which he, believing to be a covering or crust of a more solid base, named *Côte Clairée*. It must have been extremely painful to the enterprising spirit of D'Urville to be obliged to relinquish a more extended exploration of this new-discovered land; but the weakly condition of his crews imperatively demanded of him to discontinue their laborious exertions, and return to a milder climate to restore the health of his enfeebled people, upon finding that the western part of the *Côte Clairée* turned away suddenly to the southward. He accordingly bore away on the 1st of February, and reached Hobart Town on the 17th of the same month, after an absence of only seven weeks. Although the western point of *Côte Clairée* had been seen by Balleny in the preceding summer, it was mistaken by him for an enormous iceberg, and the land he at first imagined he saw behind it he afterwards thought might only be clouds. These circumstances are mentioned in the log-book of the *Eliza Scott*, but are not inserted here with the least intention of disputing the unquestionable right of the French to the honour of this very important discovery.

"The result of the American expedition was, in compliance with the instructions of the government, kept profoundly secret on their return to Sydney, and nothing appeared in the local papers respecting their extensive operations but uncertain conjectures and contradictory statements. I felt therefore the more indebted to the kind and generous consideration of Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the expedition, for a long letter on various subjects, which his experience had suggested as likely to prove serviceable to me, under the impression that

I should

I should still attempt to penetrate to the southward on some of the meridians he had visited; a tracing of his original chart accompanied his letter, showing the great extent of his discoveries, and pointing out to me those parts of the coast which he thought we should find most easily accessible. These documents would indeed have proved of infinite value to me had I felt myself compelled to follow the strict letter of my instructions; and I do not the less appreciate the motives which prompted the communication of those papers because they did not eventually prove so useful to me as the American commander had hoped and expected: and I avail myself of this opportunity of publicly expressing the deep sense of thankfulness I feel to him for his friendly and highly honourable conduct.

‘The arduous and persevering exertions of this expedition, continued throughout a period of more than six weeks, under circumstances of great peril and hardship, cannot fail to reflect the highest credit on those engaged in the enterprise, and excite the admiration of all who are in the smallest degree acquainted with the laborious and difficult nature of an icy navigation: but I am grieved to be obliged to add, that at the present time they do not seem to have received either the approbation or reward their spirited exertions merit. The narrative of their comprehensive labours is now in the hands of the public; I need, therefore, make no further remark here on the subject.

‘That the commanders of each of these great national undertakings should have selected the very place for penetrating to the southward, for the exploration of which they were well aware at the time that the expedition under my command was expressly preparing, and thereby forestalling our purposes, did certainly greatly surprise me. I should have expected their national pride would have caused them rather to have chosen any other path in the wide field before them, than one thus pointed out, if no higher consideration had power to prevent such an interference. They had, however, the unquestionable right to select any point they thought proper, at which to direct their efforts, without considering the embarrassing situation in which their conduct might have placed me. Fortunately, in my instructions, much had been left to my judgment under unforeseen circumstances; and, impressed with the feeling that England had ever *led* the way of discovery in the southern as well as in the northern regions, I considered it would have been inconsistent with the pre-eminence she has ever maintained, if we were to follow in the footsteps of the expedition of any other nation. I therefore resolved at once to avoid all interference with their discoveries, and selected a much more easterly meridian ( $170^{\circ}$  E.), on which to endeavour to penetrate to the southward, and if possible reach the magnetic pole.

‘My chief reason for choosing this particular meridian, in preference to any other, was its being that upon which Balleny had, in the summer of 1839, attained to the latitude of  $69^{\circ}$ , and there found an open sea; and not, as has been asserted, that I was deterred from any apprehension of an equally unsuccessful issue to any attempt we might make where the Americans and French had so signally failed to get beyond



beyond even the 67° of latitude. For I was well aware how ill-adapted their ships were for a service of that nature from not being fortified to withstand the shocks and pressure they must have been necessarily exposed to, had they ventured to penetrate any extensive body of ice. They would have equally failed had they tried it upon the meridian I had now chosen, for it will be seen we met with a broad belt of ice, upwards of two hundred miles across, which it would have been immediate destruction to them to have encountered; but which, in our fortified vessels, we could confidently run into, and push our way through into the open sea beyond. Without such means it would be utterly impossible for any one, under such circumstances, however bold or persevering, to attain a high southern latitude.'—vol. i. pp. 113-118.

Any detailed notice of the published voyages of the two able and distinguished navigators with whom the pursuit of a common object brought Captain Ross into a generous and peaceful rivalry, is beside our present purpose. We must pay, however, our tribute of admiration to the skill of French artists and the liberality of French Government patronage, as illustrated in the splendid atlas of D'Urville. Nor can we omit to lament the dreadful and untimely death, by the catastrophe on the Versailles railroad, of the man whose genius and enterprise furnished the materials for such a work. To Captain Wilkes we must also acknowledge our obligations for many agreeable hours of pleasant reading, which have left upon us a strong impression of the professional merits of the author and his gallant associates. We are, moreover, bound to say, on the evidence which he does not scruple to furnish, that we consider the merits of his exploits much enhanced by the circumstance that the naval departments of his country appear to have acted with negligence, at the least, towards the brave men whom it sent on the service in question. Between the officers and men of the United States and England, respectively, we are as incompetent as we should be reluctant to draw any comparison which should strike a balance in favour of either. We rest satisfied with the general conviction that there is no service, warlike or scientific, which they will not be found qualified and zealous to discharge to the extreme limit of human ability. We cannot, however, but entertain, on the evidence of Captain Wilkes' own pages, a complacent conviction that, however rivalled by our Anglo-Saxon relations in blue water, we as yet manage matters better in the dockyard. If, with respect to an isolated occurrence in this instance, a controversy has arisen in which the evidence appears to us conclusive in favour of Sir J. Ross, we are the less inclined to leave unnoticed the fact that the American ships appear to have been not only insufficiently strengthened for this Polar navigation—which in their case, as in that of Captain Cook formed but an episode of their instructions

—but

—but ill-found for an extensive voyage of discovery in any direction.

It was on the 11th of January, 1841, and in that 71st degree of south latitude which formed the limit of Cook's southward course, that the first distinct vision was obtained by Ross's expedition of the vast volcanic continent which bars access to the southern magnetic pole, and probably to the pole of the earth. Appearances of land there had been some days earlier, sufficiently plausible to have deterred less experienced navigators, and perhaps to have left spurious traces on maps which might have waited long for correction. On this day, however, Mount Sabine rose conspicuous in the view, attaining, as was afterwards ascertained, the height of nearly 10,000 feet, at a distance of some thirty miles from the coast. A long range of mountains of scarcely less elevation was perceived towards the north-west. The magnetic observations taken here placed the magnetic pole in lat.  $76^{\circ}$ , long.  $145^{\circ} 20'$  E., therefore in the direction true south-west from the position of the ships, and distant some 500 miles. The land, however, Sir James says—

‘interposed an insuperable obstacle to our direct approach to it; and we had to choose whether we should trace the coast to the north-west, with the hope of turning the western extreme of the land, and thence proceed to the south, or follow the southerly coast-line and thence take a more westerly course. The latter was preferred, as being more likely to extend our researches into higher latitudes, and as affording a better chance of afterwards attaining one of the principal objects of our voyage; and although we could not but feel disappointed in our expectation of shortly reaching the magnetic pole, yet these mountains, being in our way, restored to England the honour of the discovery of the southernmost known land, which had been nobly won by the intrepid Bellinghausen, and for more than twenty years retained by Russia.’—p. 187.

The mainland, fenced by a projecting barrier of ice, on which a tremendous surf was breaking, defied all attempts at access, but at much risk a hasty landing was effected on one of a group of islands situated in lat.  $71^{\circ} 56'$ , and long.  $171^{\circ} 7'$  E. The usual ceremonies of taking possession were solemnized under a heavy assault from the aboriginal inhabitants, the penguins, who disputed with their beaks the title of Queen Victoria. Not a trace of vegetation was perceived; but that of our Australasian colonies may one day profit by the accumulated guano of ages, which annoyed the stoutest of the invaders by its stench. Whales were swarming in all directions, unconscious that the spell of that long security which they had enjoyed in this remote region was probably broken; thirty were counted at one time. We can hardly, however, share Sir James's anticipations as to the future success



of our whale-fishers in this quarter. For the present, at least, we believe that in such distant regions the whale-fishing can only be pursued with profit in conjunction with the chase of the seal. The precipitous cliffs of the circumpolar continents, or islands, would appear in no instance to afford that line of beach which is essential for the capture of the seal; and we cannot believe that underwriters would insure on moderate terms against the chances of packed ice, beyond a certain latitude. From this date the ships struggled on to the southward, generally against adverse winds, to the 73rd degree, discovering and naming, after various official and scientific individuals, new mountains and islands. In a moment of calm the dredge was let down in 270 fathoms; and the result was a variety of living plunder, the Captain's remarks whereupon must be quoted:—

‘It was interesting among these creatures to recognise several that I had been in the habit of taking in equally high northern latitudes; and although contrary to the general belief of naturalists, I have no doubt that from however great a depth we may be enabled to bring up the mud and stones of the bed of the ocean, we shall find them teeming with animal life; the extreme pressure at the greatest depth does not appear to affect these creatures. Hitherto we have not been able to determine this point beyond a thousand fathoms; but from that depth several shell-fish have been brought up with the mud.’—p. 202.

On the 22nd of January the reckoning of the ships gave the latitude  $74^{\circ} 20'$  south, and a double allowance of grog was issued to celebrate the first attainment of a higher latitude than that accomplished by Weddell. After struggling through the heavy packed ice which fringed the coast for 50 miles, they gained clear water on the 20th; Mount Melbourne, a peak some 12,000 feet high, being visible at a distance of perhaps eighty miles. A landing was with much difficulty effected on an island twelve miles long, honoured with the name of Franklin; and this proceeding led Ross to the conclusion that the vegetable kingdom has no representative whatever in those latitudes. Animal vitality, however, triumphs here over all obstacles, both on land and in the ocean; and the petrel, the gull, and the seal swarm about precipices of igneous rock, which leave no ledge on which the footboard of a captain's gig can be planted. In the night of January 27, the ship stood in clear weather towards some land which at first seemed an island, but which turned out to be the peak of a volcano 12,600 feet in height, in full activity, upon the continent. This magnificent and impressive object was named Mount Erebus; and an extinct, or at least inactive neighbour, of about 11,000 feet in elevation, was called Mount Terror. We find what follows in the Notes to the ‘Botany of the

the Antarctic Expedition,' drawn up by Sir W. Hooker, from the journal of his son, the accomplished naturalist to the expedition:—

' It was on the following day, Jan. 28, in lat.  $76^{\circ} 57'$ , long.  $169^{\circ} 25'$ , that was first descried that active volcano which could not fail to form a spectacle the most stupendous and imposing that can be imagined; whether considered in regard to its position,  $77^{\circ}$  S. lat., or in reference to the fact that no human eye had gazed on it before, or to its elevation of 12,600 feet above the level of the sea. What increased the wonder is, that it is but one of a stupendous chain of mountains—a portion of a new continent, of vast but undefined extent—the whole mass, from its highest point to the ocean's edge, covered with everlasting snow and ice; the sun at that season never setting, but day and night exhibiting the same spectacle of the extremes of nature's heat and cold. In mentioning such a phenomenon I may be allowed to make the following extract from my son's letter:—"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfectly unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward. This was a sight so surpassing every thing that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it really caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time, an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

Another great natural feature of these regions was met with on the following day, and is thus described by Captain Ross:—

' As we approached the land under all studding-sails, we perceived a low white line extending from its extreme eastern point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What was beyond it we could not imagine; for being much higher than our mast's head, we could not see anything except the summit of a lofty range of mountains, extending to the southward as far as the 79th degree of latitude. These mountains, being the southernmost land hitherto discovered, I felt great satisfaction in naming after Captain Sir William Edward Parry, R.N., in grateful remembrance of the honour he conferred upon me, by calling the northernmost known land on the globe by my name. . . . Whether "Parry Mountains" again take an easterly trending, and form the base to which this extraordinary mass of ice is attached, must be



left to future navigators to determine. If there be land to the southward, it must be very remote, or of much less elevation than any other part of the coast we have seen, or it would have appeared above the barrier. Meeting with such an obstruction was a great disappointment to us all, for we had already, in expectation, passed far beyond the 80th degree, and had even appointed a rendezvous there in case of the ships separating. It was, however, an obstruction of such a character as to leave no doubt upon my mind as to our future proceedings, for we might with equal chance of success try to sail through Dover cliffs as penetrate such a mass.'—p. 217.

In the course of this and the following voyage this barrier was traced through some thirty degrees of longitude, or for nearly 450 miles; the vessels taking every opportunity which winds, currents, and icebergs permitted of standing in towards it. But no symptom of indentation, save one, presented itself in the compact and even precipice. In long.  $187^{\circ}$  east, the appearance of a bay invited investigation, and the barrier was approached on February 9, to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Gigantic icicles pendent from the cliffs proved that the operation of thawing was not absolutely unknown to the locality. Still the thermometer, at a season of the year equivalent to an English August, ranged at noon no higher than  $14^{\circ}$ , and in this sheltered recess young ice was forming so rapidly, that the ships had the narrowest possible escape from being frozen up. On the 14th of February the main pack of ice was reported in every direction, except to windward, and the ships were hauled to the wind to make their retreat—amid blinding snow, and with frozen decks and rigging—from a chain of icebergs, probably aground, one of which was nearly four miles long. The wind afterwards changed to the eastward, and the ships sailed before it with the intention of making another attempt to reach the magnetic pole, and of seeking a winter harbour in its vicinity. But hopes, which none but such navigators as Ross could now have had the fortitude to entertain, were frustrated. The only position observed which would have answered the latter purpose was found to be fenced by an outwork of 15 miles of solid ice, and on February 17 the two commanders reluctantly concurred in the impossibility of making a nearer approach to the magnetic pole, from which at this moment they were distant 160 miles:—

'Had it been possible to have found a place of security upon any part of this coast where we might have entered, in sight of the brilliant burning mountain, and at so short a distance from the magnetic pole, both of these interesting spots might have been reached by travelling parties in the following spring; but all our efforts to effect that object proved quite unsuccessful. Although our hopes of complete attainment were not realized, yet it was some satisfaction to know we had approached the pole

pole some hundreds of miles nearer than any of our predecessors; and from the multitude of observations that were made in so many different directions from it, its position may be determined with nearly as much accuracy as if we had actually reached the spot itself. It was nevertheless painful to behold, at a distance, easily accessible under other circumstances, the range of mountains in which the pole is placed, and few can understand the deep feelings of regret with which I felt myself compelled to abandon the, perhaps, too ambitious hope I had so long cherished of being permitted to plant the flag of my country in both the magnetic poles of our globe.'—p. 246.

In the course of his northward progress, Sir J. Ross takes occasion to notice a circumstance which must make the task of a navigator of these seas far more unenviable than that of the Arctic explorer;—this is, the more constant prevalence of a swell so heavy as to make the calm, in the vicinity of land or iceberg, more dangerous even than the gale, preventing the use of boats to tow the ship from danger, and frustrating the effects of such feeble airs as would give her steerage-way in the smooth water of the Arctic seas. The dangers of gale and calm were alike overcome by the admirable management and unflinching perseverance of officers and men. On March 2, for instance, while the *Terror's* bows and rigging were encrusted with ice, some of the hands were slung over the latter for two hours, drenched at every plunge of the ship, while repairing the shackle of the bobstay, broken by rough contact with the pack-ice. At this date they fell in with some of the islands discovered by Balleny, and had the satisfaction of verifying the accuracy of his observations. On the 16th they sailed over the precise spot which, on the chart furnished by the kindness of Captain Wilkes, had been marked as *mountainous land*. It is unfortunate that the liberality with which that officer communicated to his British competitors the information which he conceived might be useful for their guidance, should have led to a result which has occasioned him some annoyance. For the details of the controversy which has arisen, we must refer our readers to Sir James Ross's volumes. We cannot doubt that Captain Wilkes was mistaken, and that his mistake originated in a too ready acceptance of a supposed observation of land by one of his subordinates,—an accident to which the deception of fog and the interruptions of ice must often expose even experienced and scrupulous navigators. On the 6th of April the ships were moored in safety in the Derwent, Van Diemen's Land, bringing back in health and safety every individual who had embarked in them there in November of the former year.

The second cruise of the expedition was directed towards the eastern extremity of that icy barrier which had repelled the  
attempt



attempt of the preceding year. The barrier was again reached, and the extreme southern limit of the former voyage was passed; but the track now followed led to no such discoveries of land as had immortalised that voyage, and a detention of fifty-six days in packed ice from the 60th to the 67th degree of south latitude lost them the best part of the season for the prosecution of their intended survey, or for penetrating or turning, perchance, the flank of the icy barrier. Their detention in the pack-ice was not merely one of those trials of patience of which Arctic voyages of discovery present so many examples, but of the strength of timber and iron, of rope and canvass, and still more of every resource of human courage, skill, and nautical experience. The narrow pools in which the vessels floated were no mill-ponds protected by the surrounding ice from the fury of the Antarctic tempests. These narrow spaces combined the mountain-swell of the open ocean with all the horrors of a lee shore and an intricate navigation. Lifted by ice one moment, and thrown on their beam-ends the next by sudden squalls—exposed in one instance for twenty-eight hours to a combination of influences, which at any instant of those weary hours would have crushed to fragments any ship of ordinary construction—the gallant vessels still held their own. The hawsers snapped by which at the commencement of the gale they endeavoured to moor themselves to the nearest floe. The rudders were torn from the stern-ports—the masts quivered to every collision with the grinding masses of ice—the storm-sails, by backing and filling which they could alone avoid or mitigate such collision, strained to the gale—the vessels were tossed in dangerous proximity to each other; but Providence helped those who helped themselves, and the gale had scarcely abated when the spare rudders had been fixed and due examination had shown that the skilful construction of the vessels and the compact stowage of their holds had enabled them to ride through every danger without any vital injury. At length, on the 1st of February, in latitude  $67^{\circ} 29'$  S. and longitude  $159^{\circ}$  W., they emerged from their stormy prison into a comparatively clear sea. Under ordinary circumstances the appearance of stars to men who for five weeks had scarcely seen the bowsprit from the quarter-deck through fog and blinding snow, would have been welcome enough, but this apparition told them that the season for navigating those seas was fast drawing to a close. On the 16th of February, in latitude  $75^{\circ}$ , though cheered by the prospect of a clear sea, they could not but remember that two days anterior to this date in the former year the young ice had enforced a retreat. The present temperature, indeed, indicated a milder season than the last, but on the 21st, with the thermometer at  $19^{\circ}$  and a clear sea,

sea, the waves froze as they fell on the decks and rigging, and while the people of the *Terror* were cutting it away from her bows, a small fish was found in the mass, which must have been dashed against the ship and instantly frozen fast. Being laid aside for preservation, it was unfortunately pounced upon by an unscientific cat. On the 23rd the great barrier was seen from the mast-head. It was approached within a mile and a half, but young ice prevented a nearer approach, and every indentation was frozen up. In latitude  $78^{\circ} 9'$ , six miles in advance of the former year, with strong indications of land, but without that certainty required by such an observer as Sir James Ross, he was again compelled by the advanced state of the season to close his operations—which, but for their unlooked-for detention, and the time spent in forcing their way through more than a thousand miles of pack-ice, might have led to far greater results.

It was now determined to shape the most direct course the pack would admit for the Falkland Islands, at which Sir James proposed to refit previous to a third trial of his fortunes on that meridian of  $35^{\circ}$  W. longitude, on which Captain Weddell had reached the 75th degree of latitude.

It was found impossible to effect a short passage through any opening in the body of the ice, but the flank of the pack was successfully turned, and, in latitude  $64^{\circ}$ , on the 7th of March, the first specimen of the vegetable kingdom was hailed in the appearance of small pieces of sea-weed. An awful moment of danger yet remained to try the skill and courage of both ships' companies. It is due to them to quote entire the vivid description of their commander:—

‘During the next three days we made rapid progress to the eastward, experiencing strong southerly winds and severe weather, but we met only four or five bergs during a run of several hundred miles, and began to think we had got to the northward of their latitude. On the afternoon of the 12th, however, several were seen during thick weather, and whilst we were running, under all the sail we could carry, to a strong north-westerly breeze. In the evening the wind increased so much, and the snow-showers became so incessant, that we were obliged to proceed under more moderate sail. Numerous small pieces of ice were also met with, warning us of the presence of bergs, concealed by the thickly falling snow. Before midnight I directed the topsails to be close-reefed, and every arrangement made for rounding-to until daylight, deeming it too hazardous to run any longer. Our people had hardly completed these operations when a large berg was seen ahead, and quite close to us; the ship was immediately hauled to the wind on the port tack, with the expectation of being able to weather it; but just at this moment the *Terror* was observed running down upon us, under her topsails and foresail, and as it was impossible for her to clear both the  
berg



berg and the Erebus, collision was inevitable. We instantly hove all aback to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion when she struck us was such as to throw almost every one off his feet: our bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars, were carried away; and the ships, hanging together, entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the weather-face of the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Sometimes she rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended as we in our turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury her beneath us, whilst the crashing of the breaking upperworks and boats increased the horror of the scene. Providentially they gradually forged past each other and separated before we drifted down amongst the foaming breakers—and we had the gratification of seeing her clear the end of the berg and of feeling that she was safe. But she left us completely disabled; the wreck of the spars so encumbered the lower yards, that we were unable to make sail, so as to get headway on the ship; nor had we room to wear round, being by this time so close to the berg that the waves, when they struck against it, threw back their sprays into the ship. The only way left to us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a stern-board, which nothing could justify during such a gale and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the mainsail; but no sooner was the order given than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself. The men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yard, they, after a short time, succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced bye, and the maintack hauled on board sharp aback—an expedient that, perhaps, had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather; but it had the desired effect. The ship gathered stern-way; plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter-boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination. The “under tow,” as it is called, or the reaction of the water from its vertical cliffs, alone preventing us being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it, than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running; and the difficulty now was to get the ship’s head turned round and pointed fairly through between the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth; this, however, we happily accomplished; and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel, between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers

breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water under its lee.

'The Terror's light was immediately seen and answered: she had rounded-to, waiting for us, and the painful state of suspense her people must have endured as to our fate could not have been much less than our own; for the necessity of constant and energetic action to meet the momentarily varying circumstances of our situation, left us no time to reflect on our imminent danger.

'We hove-to on the port tack, under the lee of the berg, which now afforded us invaluable protection from the fury of the storm, which was still raging above and around us; and commenced clearing away the wreck of the broken spars, saving as much of the rigging as possible; whilst a party were engaged preparing others to replace them.

'As soon as day broke we had the gratification of learning that the Terror had only lost two or three small spars, and had not suffered any serious damage; the signal of "all's well," which we hoisted before there was light enough for them to see it, and kept flying until it was answered, served to relieve their minds as speedily as possible of any remaining anxiety on our account.

'A cluster of bergs was seen to windward, extending as far as the eye could discern, and so closely connected, that, except the small opening by which we had escaped, they appeared to form an unbroken continuous line; it seems, therefore, not at all improbable that the collision with the Terror was the means of our preservation, by forcing us backwards to the only practicable channel, instead of permitting us, as we were endeavouring, to run to the eastward, and become entangled in a labyrinth of heavy bergs, from which escape might have been impracticable.'—vol. ii. pp. 217-221.

The harbour of Port Sims was reached on the 7th of April; and the interval from this date to the close of the year was occupied in the refitting of the ships, in the prosecution of scientific occupations, and in a voyage to and from Cape Horn.

We shall not at present offer any detailed remarks on the last and least successful of the three voyages. The lottery, in which Weddell had drawn the prize of a mild season and an open sea, presented to Ross nothing but the blank of pack-ice, contrary gales, and, in one quarter, a barrier much resembling that of the 78th degree, though of inferior altitude. Before these obstacles, and the near approach of the Antarctic winter, the ships were finally put about in the 71st degree, on the 7th March. They came safely to anchor at the Cape of Good Hope on the 4th April, 1843.

One sailor, washed overboard near Kerguelen Island, and a quarter-master, James Angelly, who fell from the mainyard on their return from the second cruise, make up the whole list of fatal casualties for the three years of toil and danger. The sick list is equally compendious—a single officer and sailor invalided,  
and



and since recovered. These statistics are the best commentary on the management, as well as the outfit, of the expedition.

One important branch of the commission intrusted to it has been admirably carried out by its botanist, Mr. S. D. Hooker, a worthy son of the learned Director of the Kew Gardens. It must be remembered that the operations of the expedition, though they were extended beyond the regions of vegetable life, were not confined to such barren latitudes. The ships were in no instance frozen up, and the long intervals of nautical inaction were fertile in employment for Mr. Hooker, in such localities as the Falkland Islands and New Zealand. We believe that a moderate government grant was never more scrupulously and ably applied than the 500*l.* allotted for his publication of the '*Flora Antarctica*'—a book which must find its place in every botanist's library, and which contains much matter interesting to other classes of readers.

The extracts which we have given may save us the trouble of commenting on Sir James Ross's work, as respects literary execution. They will speak better than we could for the plain, modest, and manly taste of the author—which seems entirely worthy of his high professional character and signal services.

We must beg a parting word with those who persevere in asking the old utilitarian question, What good is to result from these discoveries? What interest shall we receive for the expense of outfit, pay, and allowances? We are not about to make a flourish about national reputation, the advance of science, or other topics of small interest to such questioners. Let them study the pamphlet of Mr. C. Enderby in connexion with the description of the Auckland Islands given in the sixth chapter of Sir James Ross's first volume. They will learn that this little group is singularly adapted, by position and other natural features, to assist the revival of a most important, though at present, to all appearance, moribund department of British industry, the Southern Whale-fishery. We care not whether the term be used in that extensive sense which it has derived from the circumstance that the vessels destined for it take a southern departure from England, or whether it be used with more limited reference to the southern circumpolar regions. In the former sense, it may be said to embrace the whole extent of ocean *minus* the Greenland seas. If the time should arrive, perhaps some symptoms of its approach are discernible, when Englishmen can find capital, leisure, and intellect, for any object and any enterprise other than that of connecting points in space by intervening bars of iron, we believe that few speculations will be found more sound, more profitable,

profitable, and more congenial to our national habits than that suggested by the present grantee of the Auckland Islands, which were discovered under his auspices—the industrious, the liberal, and the eminently sagacious and practical Mr. Enderby.

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ART. VII.—*Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands Jours tenus à Clermont, en 1665-1666.* Publiés par M. Gonod, Bibliothécaire de la ville de Clermont. pp. 461. Paris, 1844.

THIS work, the editor informs us, is published under the patronage of the French government, and especially ‘of the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, M. Villemain,’ and whatever we may think of its literary merits, its historical interest certainly justifies its publication. M. Gonod thinks that the graces of the style, the flow of the narrative, and the benevolence of the sentiments, more remarkable than even the events narrated, will add to the reputation of the amiable and eloquent Bishop of Nîmes. We venture to be of a quite different opinion: we think that a most curious and interesting subject is very much marred by the trivial and superficial style in which it is treated. Flechier has always been considered as rather a brilliant orator than a profound thinker: this work certainly confirms that judgment, and to a much greater degree than we could have expected. The ‘Grands Jours de Clermont’ exhibited the closing scene of a very strange and picturesque state of society—a series of historical pictures of life and manners at the critical period when the individualities of the feudal system were making their last ineffectual struggles with the unity and vigour of a central sovereign authority. But Flechier saw it all from a lower point of view, and has treated these remarkable *days* as topics of sentimental gossip and flowery narratives, in the very bad style of the Scuderys—alternating criminal atrocities and rural felicities, passing from executions to flirtations, and interspersing the deepest tragedies with madrigals and sonnets—in elegant language indeed, but, as it seems to us, with marvellous bad taste and a strange misconception of the moral and historical interest of the scenes which he witnessed. There are also several passages in which the clergy—the monastic orders—and other still more serious subjects, are treated in an irreverent tone, so unlike the times and so little becoming the sacerdotal character, that we have been more than once inclined to suspect that the work was  
either



bers of the *Grands Jours d'Auvergne* to have sat in Guienne or Brittany. We doubt also whether M. Gonod's derivation of the name itself does not partake of the same error. It certainly differs from that given by, we think, better authorities. '*Les Grands Jours ont été ainsi appelés comme qui dirait Grands Plaid.*'—(*Menage.*) '*Les Grands Jours sont ainsi nommés à la différence des jours—c'est à dire des plaid—ordinaires.*'—(*Loiseau.*) In fine, these *Grands Jours* had a strong analogy to our assizes, except that, unfortunately for France, they were neither so general, so frequent, nor so regular as amongst us.\*

To understand in any degree the state of society which this work develops, we must recollect that France was still subjected to all the forms, and in a great degree to the substantial evils, of the old feudal system. 'In those disorderly times,' says Adam Smith, 'every great landlord was a sort of petty prince: his tenants were his *subjects*. He was their judge; and in some respects their legislator in peace and their leader in war. He made war according to his own discretion, frequently against his neighbours, and sometimes against his sovereign.'—(*W. of N.*, b. iii. c. 2.) The landlords were vassals of the Crown, and the tenants were vassals of the landlord, and these, instead of paying for the land they occupied in the shape of a fixed rent, were subjected to duties, services, and supplies in kind, and their natural consequences, *aids*, that is, fines or compositions in money in lieu of such duties and supplies. This system, so pregnant with exaction and oppression, was never so severe or general in England as on the continent of Europe, in the eastern parts of which it is still to be found; but even in England, where liberty dawned earliest, it was not legally extinguished till the 12th of Charles II., and in truth there still remain some traces of it in our copyhold tenures, by which, although pretty generally mitigated and regulated by legal custom, the lord still has in too many cases heriots, uncertain fines, and other arbitrary dues. It was not till the reign of George II., after the rebellion of 1745, that the *heritable* jurisdictions were abolished in Scotland; and even in 1773 Dr. Johnson and Boswell were startled at hearing Sir Alexander MacLean say to one of his highlanders who had neglected to send him a bottle of rum, 'You rascal don't you know that I can *hang you if I please?*' They at first thought that the Baronet knew of some misdeed of the fellow's which would have exposed him to the capital vengeance of the law; but it turned out to be only the good gentleman's recollection of his primitive authority, recently

\* The Parliaments of Toulouse and Bordeaux were directed by a royal ordinance in 1498 to hold their *Grands Jours* biennially in the various towns of their jurisdictions.

abolished indeed by statute, but perhaps not altogether, as to minor punishments, obsolete in practice. In France the same principles prevailed; but their exercise was much more general, arbitrary, and severe than they, even in the most barbarous times, had been in England; and, in fact, it was Louis XVI. that finally emancipated the serfs of the Crown, and abolished the *corvée* and other feudal grievances. When Flechier wrote they were all in vigour, particularly in the remoter districts; and in addition to this grand fundamental and, we may say, constitutional mischief, there were superadded the Civil Wars—the League and the Fronde—a combination of circumstances which had totally disorganized the political government and social order of France, and driven or encouraged the local nobility to an unscrupulous assertion, and even extension, of their old feudal privileges.

The courage, talents, and wholesome severity of Cardinal Richelieu had subdued the spirit of rebellion against the Crown, and reduced the power of the great vassals; but the local grievances—the violence, the exactions, the mutual feuds and general insubordination of the provincial nobility—had been, up to the majority of Louis XIV., but imperfectly checked, even in their invasions of the royal authority, and little, or not at all, as regarded their *subjects*. We know that in the preceding century *Grands Jours* had been held with the view of repressing all those abuses; but they appear to have been rare and ineffectual, and deemed of so little importance as hardly to be mentioned in history. Neither Voltaire nor any of the ordinary historians, that we remember, allude to them. We find them thrice mentioned in Henault, thus:—

‘ 1581. Grands Jours tenus à Poitiers.

‘ 1634. Grands Jours tenus à Poitiers. M. Talon (Avocat-Général) remarque *qu’il est bon d’en indiquer la tenue à huit à dix ans*: “Puisque,” dit il, “cette appréhension est capable de retenir les nobles et les officiers en leur devoir.”

‘ 1665. Grands Jours tenus en Auvergne contre les seigneurs et les juges qui accabloient les vassaux et les justiciables.’—*Hist. Chron., loco.*

But though only once mentioned by Henault, they had been held in Auvergne six times between 1454 and 1582; and it was after a desuetude of nearly eighty years that they were now revived.

Auvergne is a mountainous district in the centre of France—the most remote part of the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris, and essentially *highland* in the character of the country and its inhabitants. Flechier, who had no taste for the romantic either in scenery or character, describes the district as nothing better than

‘ a secret and safe asylum of crime, amidst inaccessible rocks and wilds,



wilds, which nature seems rather to have designed for beasts than for men, and where, in fact, men are abandoned to the irregular impulses of animal nature, unimproved by any kind of social cultivation, and where even in the horrors that are committed there is still a certain simplicity of character, which inclines us to lay their wickedness to the account of ignorance and misfortune.'—p. 224.

There, as in our Scottish Highlands, the feudal system and its hereditary jurisdictions held their ground with peculiar tenacity, and we shall see in the course of our extracts many circumstances of the same violent and bloody character with those which have been softened down and purified by the magic pen of the Author of 'Waverley' into scenes of romantic interest.

Indeed, the state of the province of Auvergne, and the chief sources of the disorders and crimes with which it was afflicted, may be almost summed up in the exercise of the powers enumerated in the chartularies of *Bradwardine*—'whereby the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free barony by a charter from King David I.—*Cum liberali potestate habendi curias et justicias cum fossa et furca* (i. e. pit and gallows), *et saka et soka, thol et theam, et infang theif et outfang theif; sive hand-habend sive bac barand*.' 'These cabalistic words,' as Scott calls them, are pure Saxon terms of our own old common law;\* and though the powers which they imply fell into gradual disuse in England, they continued to subsist in Scotland in theory, and even to be exercised now and then with a sufficiently startling rigour, till the final extinction of the heritable jurisdictions in 1747; nor can it be doubted that exactly equivalent grants were to be found in the charters of the 'free baronies' of *la haulte Auvergne*.† We shall see, as we proceed to individual cases, that many of the more serious offences arraigned before the *Grands Jours*, were exaggerated instances of the class of irregularities imputed to the Baron of Bradwardine—e. g. the imprisoning 'two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts and almost eaten by rats, and setting an old woman in the joughs (or Scottish pillory) for saying that there were mair fules in the Laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatly.' Nay, it is to be noted also that Sir Walter, in his historical accuracy, represents the hand even of his generous and kind-hearted Laird as stained with the blood of the 'fair-haired son of old

\* See Lo. Coke, 2 Inst. 31, Blount's Glossary, and the Law Dictionaries. There is in Sir H. Nicolas's curious 'History of the Earldom of Strathern, &c.,' a charter of James I., A.D. 1427, containing the Bradwardine clause almost *verbatim*.

† Even in our own days, when the Roman banker Torlonia bought the duchy of Bracciano, it possessed these feudal jurisdictions, but, wisely preferring money which he could employ, to powers that he durst not exercise, the new Duke sold all his privileges of *fossa et furca*, &c., to the late Pope Gregory.

Ballenkeirock,' in the fatal feud 'at the Mains of Tully-Veolan.' The great novelist, as we have said, has softened and embellished the historical features—but the hard outlines are still discernible; and how much harsher they were a century earlier, in the less mitigated feudality of Auvergne, this volume testifies.

It was chiefly to restrain the abuses of these private jurisdictions that the *Grands Jours* were commissioned; but as their powers extended to all kinds of pleas and complaints, civil, criminal, and even ecclesiastic, there were no fewer than 12,000 cases of various kinds submitted to the Court. Of these, however, as the reader may anticipate, the eloquent Abbé presents only a few of the most striking; and we again shall select from his diffuse narratives such circumstances as seem to us to throw most light on the state of society and manners.

The tribunal, on this occasion, was composed of the President de Novion and sixteen other members of the parliament of Paris. Denis Talon (the son of him who had wisely proposed the more frequent recurrence of these assizes), a man of severe manners and temper, but of great ability and consideration, was Advocate-General, or prosecutor for the Crown. The royal Seal, which accompanied the commission, with very undefined powers, was confided to M. de Caumartin, Master of Requests in the Privy Council; who was accompanied by his lady, their son æt. 17, and by his tutor, the Abbé Fléchier. Some of the families—mothers, wives, and daughters—of other Judges connected with that part of the country seem also to have taken the opportunity of visiting their friends in this strange party of pleasure.

At the approach of the *Grands Jours* the province was agitated with various emotions—the public in general were gratified, and the common people highly excited; while those—a vast number of all classes, but particularly the higher—who felt that any circumstance of their lives was liable to disagreeable question, fled or were preparing to fly. The chief personages of the court of *Grands Jours* assembled on the 25th September, 1665, at Riom, the second town of the province, distant one stage from Clermont, the capital of Auvergne, into which they made next day a splendid and ceremonious entry. They were received successively by different deputations, corporations, and authorities; the highest of all being the Count de Canillac, Seneschal of Clermont, at the head of the nobility of the province, amongst whom were prominent the Viscount de la Mothe-Canillac—the Count de Beaufort-Canillac—the Count and Marquis du Palais, father and son, &c. This noble cavalcade dismounted to harangue the Court, who alighted from their coaches to receive and respond to this honour. The Seneschal, as the representative of the public



force, 'congratulated the Court and himself on their arrival, and proffered his respect and obedience.' 'Those who were near enough to hear this compliment, and who knew that the Seneschal himself and most of the gentlemen who accompanied him were the very parties against whom the *Grands Jours* were directed, were astonished at their blindness or temerity.' The Court was then conducted to *its palace*, where, it being now late, the Judges were presented with the *wine of honour* :—

'At nightfall the consuls and aldermen of the city arrived, accompanied by the town-serjeants carrying torches adorned with the arms of the city and ribbons of divers colours. They were preceded by four young men, with knots of rose-coloured ribbons at their shoulders, their garters, and their shoes, carrying the wine of honour. The bier on which it is borne is covered with garlands of flowers and the gayest ribbons, as is the basket itself, which contains *twelve dozen and nine bottles* of the choicest wine of the country.'—*Intr.* xxvii.

We spare our readers the details of the other ceremonies of reception; but we cannot omit a specimen of the style, which had excited our doubt as to the authorship of the work :—

'Saturday and Sunday were passed in seeing the town, and in hearing an infinity of compliments from the members of the neighbouring jurisdictions who came to humble themselves before that of Paris, and from the *Religious of all colours* \* who came in a body to quote us St. Paul and St. Augustin, to compare the *Grands Jours* to the *day of Judgment*, and produce for our edification every thing that is to be found in Scripture in commendation of justice. A Jesuit at the head of his college, and a Capuchin friar, the most venerable of the province, particularly distinguished themselves in citing the most eloquent passages of the holy fathers in praise of the *Grands Jours*, and proving clearly that St. Augustin and St. Ambrose had prophesied all that which was now passing in Auvergne.'—p. 41.

This Voltairian flippancy, delivered in language which can neither in idiom nor orthography be distinguished, by us at least, from that of a century later, seemed suspicious. Again, it was startling enough to find in the next page the author mistaking the great Pascal—'reconnu par ses inventions mathématiques et par les *Lettres Provinciales*' (p. 42)—for a second cousin of his; and a few pages later we have him describing the same great man as alternately philandering, sonnetizing, and satirizing some coquette at *Clermont*, when, in fact, he was living, or rather dying, at Paris, amidst all the severities of ascetic religion. It is strange

\* '——— Eremites and friars,

White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.'—P. L. b. iii.

It is odd to find an *abbé* and future *Bishop of Nîmes* thus anticipating the sneer of the Puritan poet at the *many-coloured* fraternities of the Romish Church.

that Flechier, ætat 33, should have made such blunders as to Pascal.

After having wasted above thirty pages in detailing in the most tedious and frivolous style the courtships and jiltings of some young ladies and gentlemen, daughters and sons of presidents and counsellors, he at last arrives at the actual sitting of the terrible tribunal, which he treats with an *insouciance* that shows how little he was impressed with the real character of the great scenes that were about to open:—

‘M. Robert began the session by opening a civil cause which had been much studied. From that time forward they talked of nothing but of people arrested in the province. The *prevôts* (tipstiffs or constables) all took the field, and the terror became so general that even the most innocent had retired into the depths of the mountains. Having had an opportunity of making a trip to Vichy, an agreeable place, remarkable for the miraculous effect of its waters, we slept on the road, and next morning perceived

Ces vallons ou Vichy par ses chaudes fontaines  
Adoucit tous les jours mille cuisantes peines.’—p. 47.

We next have other watering-place verses on Vichy, and a detail of M. Flechier's visits to and conversations with the lady-nuns of the three convents of Vichy—after which digression the gallant abbé returns to Clermont and reports the first important trial of the *Grands Jours*.

The rich and ancient family of Canillac seems to have been, in all its numerous branches, the most powerful, and, what was in those days the same thing, the most lawless, turbulent, and oppressive of the whole province. It was even thought that the *Grands Jours* had been specially and chiefly directed against them; and it was for this reason that such wonder had been expressed at seeing so many of that name venturing to present themselves to congratulate the arrival of the judges. Of these Gabriel Viscount de la Mothe-Canillac was the man of the best reputation. He was even called *Canillac le Sage*, in contradistinction to the old Marquis of Canillac, the head of his clan, who was characterized as *Canillac le Fou*; and the surprise and consternation of the public were very great on learning that the first step taken by the President and Advocate-General was the arrest of this Viscount;—the wary old *Marquis*, who had not been one of the congratulating cavalcade, but, on the contrary, hastened to make a judicious retreat, intimating—when he heard of the arrest of his too confident kinsman—that he thought *Canillac le Fou* would turn out to be *Canillac le Sage*. The principal motive which Flechier attributes to the magistrates for arresting M. de la Mothe-Canillac does not



seem a very rational or creditable one—namely, that, the object being to strike terror into the whole family, it was good policy to begin with the least guilty—for if one comparatively innocent should be punished, it was not merely a pledge that the greater culprits were not to escape, but a warning that even smaller offences would not be overlooked; but he adds a deeper, a more probable, and still less laudable motive, namely, that M. de la Mothe had been active on the side of the Great Condé in his rebellion; and that, although he had been pardoned and amnestied for all those transactions, MM. de Novion and Talon were not sorry to make a partizan of the Prince their first victim. The occasion taken was this: during the civil war Condé had given M. de la Mothe a sum of 5000 *francs* (*sic*) to raise troops for his service. La Mothe handed over the sum to one M. d'Orsonette,\* who promised to raise the men, but did not; and the Prince having reproached La Mothe with this failure, he proceeded by law for the recovery of the money against d'Orsonette, who, as Flechier says, being unwilling or unable to pay, chose to turn the lawsuit into an affair of honour, and proclaimed his resolution to settle it by a personal rencontre.† In this temper they unfortunately met one day, attended by their servants. La Mothe, whose party was most numerous, routed his adversaries, and wounded d'Orsonette with his own hand, while one of his servants killed d'Orsonette's *falconer*—for the chace seems to have been a pretext for the gathering. Flechier omits to state the important fact of *when* this violence occurred—but it seems to have been of old date, and rather unfairly revived for the present occasion. Certainly the gentlemen themselves had been reconciled some time before the Advocate-General, on the part of the Crown, volunteered the criminal prosecution of M. de la Mothe.

Here the judicial history is interrupted by the episode of a runaway monk, stripped of a blue coat which he profanely wore, and sent back to his cloister; and another, *per contrà*, of a girl released from a compulsory noviciate;—and then the Abbé adds:—

‘One is tired of talking of prosecutions and crimes, and so I showed the company a little copy of verses which I had just received from Paris by Mdlle. Scudery, on the subject of a tuberosé that the King had

\* Orsonette is a village on the river Allier, on the verge of the Auvergne highlands, of which this gentleman was probably the *laird*.

† This was, to a late period, an approved *plea in abatement* amongst the remoter gentry of Scotland and Ireland, who were generally better provided with pistols than with ready money. Our readers will recollect Rob Roy's burlesque challenge to the Duke of Montrose.

in his room ; in which she makes the flower speak with all the gallantry in the world.'

Then come narratives of pleasure-tours about the neighbourhood, and a long story, which the writer professes to believe and reason upon, how the consummation of the marriage of a shepherd and shepherdess was suspended by some magical practices of an enemy on a piece of timber, and the difficulty removed by burning the said timber. And after this he returns to tell us, without further preamble or explanation, that on the 23rd of October M. de la Mothe was condemned to death, and executed within *four hours after*. We cannot make out why or on what evidence he was thus condemned, for it is stated that neither private prosecutor nor witnesses appeared, and that the only proof that was or could be produced was a royal *lettre de grace* which embodied an admission of his having wounded d'Orsonette, but with a salvo that he had done so in repelling an ambuscade in which d'Orsonette had attacked him.

All our readers may not be aware that in the old jurisprudence of France *letters of pardon* were granted on the petition of the party *acknowledging the crime* (*pardon* being for the guilty and not for the innocent) ; and therefore, to make the pardon secure, the suppliant generally took care to make his confession full enough to cover the offence—of this we shall see a most remarkable instance in the sequel ; but, in this case, what we cannot understand, though Flechier, in his zeal for M. de Caumartin, endeavours to explain it, is, how the *formal* recital of the *confessed* fact in the preamble should have been admitted to convict him, and the substantial portion of the instrument—the pardon itself—not be sufficient to save him. Flechier throws out some obscure hints, as if the recital had not fully stated the facts and was therefore invalid ; but this does not clear up the difficulty, for it is distinctly stated that there was no other evidence against him but the recital, and whatever was recited must have been covered by the pardon. Two only of the judges were in his favour, and in spite of Flechier's laboured defence of his patron, the conduct of Caumartin seems to us incomprehensible, for Caumartin himself deliberately and after long consultation, and in opposition to the President and Talon, had signed the very letter of pardon, which he afterwards nullified by what Flechier represents as being on his part, and that of some others who concurred in it, a most reluctant sentence. It seems certain that the majority were under some kind of influence or terror ; *ils opinèrent en tremblant*, says Flechier ; and although that phrase might be thought to indicate mere emotions of humanity, the whole context intimates that there was something of management on the part of the President



sident in procuring the capital conviction. 'In short,' says Flechier, summing up the case, 'he was the first tried—he bore a name odious at court—he belonged to a party opposed to the king—and though, in strictness of law, he may have deserved death, it must be confessed he was more unfortunate than criminal.'\*

The unfavourable effect of this unexpected condemnation and sudden execution on the public mind seems to have surprised and discouraged the Court, whose proceedings took sensibly a more moderate character. The cases tried were either in themselves of inferior importance, or became so by the absence of the parties. It was the practice of the old French law, when the culprit did not appear, to proceed against him in his absence *par contumace*—to hear the case *ex parte*, and pronounce the sentence accordingly. It was very natural that such one-sided trials should produce very rapid verdicts, and generally end in convictions; but on the other hand, and for that very reason, the sentences were not very formidable, being revisable with proportionable facility, when—time or treaty having cooled the rancour of the prosecutor or the zeal of the judges—the defendant ventured to come into court to *purger sa contumace*. The sentences for capital offences generally consisted of four items. First, death—secondly, confiscation of property,† and sometimes forfeiture of the local jurisdiction is mentioned in addition to that of the property—thirdly, a fine to the king, or damages to parties to be levied prior to the confiscation—and lastly, the rasing the house of the delinquent—a mode at once of punishment and prevention, because every country-house was literally a *château*, a castle—a fortalice when not a fortress—in which the gentry kept a kind of garrison—'made war on their neighbours,' and set all law, but that of the sword and what they called honour, at defiance. This rasing of the houses and the seizure of any valuable moveables were the only items of sentences *par contumace* that were capable of immediate execution, and they seem to have been sometimes carried into effect, even in slight cases, without any delay, so that when the *contumace* was subse-

\* This Vicomte de la Mothe seems to have been the last of his branch. He had married, in 1651, Anne de L'Aubespine, and their only child, Catherine, subsequently mentioned in the text, born in 1652, 'obtained the confiscation of her father's property,' but, dying unmarried in 1669, she left it to her mother, who survived till 1680.

† Confiscation did not, as the term seems to imply, always mean confiscation to the State, but a transfer from the culprit to the next rightful claimant: 'Déclarons tous ses biens acquis et confisqués à qui la confiscation de droit appartient; sur les quels sera véritablement pris la somme de 12,000 livres d'amendes envers le roi, et 30,000 livres de dommage intérêts envers'—the plaintiffs. *Arrêt contre M. d'Espinchal*, p. 422. Mlle. de la Mothe had, as we have just seen, 'obtained her father's confiscation;' but whether by right or favour is not stated.

quently purged and the rest of the sentence remitted, the gentleman returned to a heap of ruins, and had to rebuild, which it seems he was allowed to do, his castellated mansion.

The capital part of such sentences used to be performed by the executioner's beheading or hanging an effigy—in some (if not most) cases a *picture*. Our readers will recollect Madame de Sévigné's friend the Marquis de Pomenars' sentence to death by the parliament of Brittany for an abduction fourteen years before:—

'Pomenars,' she writes from *Les Rochers*, 'came to see me here the other day. Passing through Laval he found a great crowd collected, and asked what it was about. "Only," they told him, "a gentleman that they are hanging in effigy for carrying off the Count de Créance's daughter." *That gentleman was no other than himself!* He got close to the figure—complained that the painter had not done him justice—went to dine and sleep at the judge's who had condemned him, and came here next morning dying with laughter at his adventure.'—*Lett.* 11th, Nov. 1671.

Flechier says—

'It was amusing (*il faisoit beau*) to see such a number of pictures exhibited in the place of execution, all beheaded by the hangman—as many as thirty in one day. These bloodless executions and decent (*honnêtes*) representations, which inflicted only a little disgrace, were a sight the more agreeable because there was justice without blood. These pictures were exposed for one day, and the people thronged to see this regiment of criminals—dead without dying. It is a device of the law to disgrace those it cannot punish, and to chastise the crime when it cannot reach the criminal. We thought these pictures would be very appropriate ornaments for the apartments of M. Talon.'—p. 285.

The seeming inconsistency, negligence, and favouritism of the *Grands Jours* by which so many criminals who deserved real punishment were only subjected to this mockery of justice, occasion many observations from Flechier, who did not see, as we think our readers will do before the termination of this article, something more of a guiding principle and of prudence combined with mercy than the rhetorical Abbé imagined.

Before we return to the higher class of crimes, we must remind our readers that every species of plea, small as well as great, civil as well as criminal, private as well as public, was receivable by the *Grands Jours*. Flechier intimates, however, that the judges were very reluctant to do ordinary business, very indifferent about all minor matters. M. Talon seems to have loved the labour of prosecuting better than the Court did the trouble of trying; nor, indeed, did he restrict himself to the wide department understood and anticipated. Thus:—

'Every



'Every one believed that the Grands Jours were directed against the oppressions of the *noblesse*, but they were very much astonished when they heard that an *arrêt* had been issued for the reformation of the clergy, and that M. Talon had struck one of his boldest and luckiest strokes against the clergy and all ecclesiastical institutions in repealing at a blow all their privileges. This formidable man—the terror of all ranks—exposed in his severe eloquence the abuses of the ecclesiastical body, the idleness of the chapters, the licentiousness of the monasteries and of the religious communities, who pretended to be exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, the scandalous irregularities of the nuns in the country convents, and a thousand other things which he called by names very offensive, and particularly suited to excite the indignation of the Court.'—p. 94.

M. Talon's ecclesiastical reformations were not much relished by his colleagues; after some difficulty and demur they nominally passed his propositions into an *arrêt*, but it does not appear that this *arrêt* produced any considerable consequences.

But while the Advocate-General was thus fulfilling with more scenic than real effect his formidable mission, we are startled by the appearance of a new species of authority in the person of Madame Talon, his mother. Shows and feasts, and the like, satisfied most of the '*dames*' who accompanied the *Grands Jours*, but she, being the wife and mother of Attorney-Generals, seems to have had the ambition of taking a personal and active share in the legal campaign. She began

'by causing all the weights and measures of all the tradespeople of the town—silversmiths, butchers, bakers, and every class of shopkeeper—to be brought before her. She examined them very closely, and soon discovered that the pound, which everywhere else is sixteen ounces, is at Clermont only thirteen or fourteen. She made a great noise about the matter,'—p. 98.

but found the abuse too strong for her; and 'at last, after frightening the shopkeepers with the authority of the son and the anger of the mother, she was obliged to limit her exertions to weighing with her own hands every article that was bought for the consumption of her house. She also exerted herself with more propriety, though it seems with little better success, against certain abuses which she discovered in the hospitals, and endeavoured to excite the charitable zeal of the resident ladies in behalf of the poor:—

'She established meetings in the parishes, as there are at Paris, and invited all the women of quality in the town to attend them, observing to them that one need not wait till past fifty to be benevolent, and that youth, beauty, and gaiety became more graceful by the addition of charity.'

She showed the ladies that they must organise themselves, elect-  
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ing a president, treasurer, and superintendent, and she even condescended to enter into details of the superintendence to be exercised over the parish kitchen in a style of culinary theology not very sound or edifying:—

‘She told them how large the boiler of the charity should be—how much water should be put in, and a hundred other fine things. “You, madam” (she said to the superintendent), “are peculiarly chosen to feed the poor brethren of Jesus Christ, who are also ours. You are to imitate more particularly than the others our Saviour, who in the Holy Sacrament gives himself in the shape of food, as I once heard a worthy Capuchin father say in his exhortation to the ladies of our parish in Paris. To do your duty before God in the office which you have undertaken, you should endeavour to learn to make a good soup—how to clear it when it is too thick, by putting in successive portions of water, or to thicken it, if it be too thin, with four or five eggs.”’—p. 101.

And with eighteen or twenty pages of this sort of stuff Flechier wearies his readers, as he confesses Madame Talon did the ladies of Clermont.

At last he returns to the sittings of the Court, and tells at considerable length, and in his usual loose and declamatory style, the story of a poor *curé* who was condemned and actually hanged for the murder of a peasant who had been *some years before* beaten to death by some persons alleged to have been instigated by the *curé*. This second capital punishment of the *Grands Jours* was more unfortunate if not more iniquitous than the first, for the Editor informs us that it was by and bye ascertained that the *curé* was innocent:—the real murderer (who afterwards confessed it) being in the galleys for some other crime at the time when the tardy injustice of the *Grands Jours* came into Auvergne to rip up old stories and to hang a poor priest because he could not prove a negative.

Another rural *curé* was in perplexity for a murder, better proved, but of a more venial kind. He had married a couple, and was invited to the wedding-feast, at which the favourite dog of one of the guests had twice contrived, somehow, to carry off the contents of the reverend gentleman's plate. On a third assault the *curé*, in a fit of vexation, threw his knife at the plunderer and unfortunately killed him. There ensued great outcry and great scandal—hardly less in that sphere than there was here when an Archbishop of Canterbury (*temp. Jac. I.*) had the misfortune to kill a man, simply because his Grace would needs go a-hunting and was a wretched shot. The *curé* was prosecuted, his functions suspended and his benefice sequestered under the canon against blood-shedding; and, full of remorse for his crime, or, as we rather suspect, of grief for the loss of his revenue, he now came to implore the *Grands Jours* for a pardon, of which none of those



those simple folks seemed to doubt the necessity. 'It seems to me strange,' says Flechier, 'that people who could not distinguish between killing a dog and murdering a man, should yet know what a *sequestration* was.'

Then came a squabble, and rather a curious one in its details, between two ladies of the house of Talleyrand, aunt and niece, as to which was the duly elected abbess of a certain convent; but we notice it only for the incidental light thrown on the administration of justice in the *Grands Jours*, by Flechier's development of the motives which influenced the pretended inflexibility of M. Talon to decide, contrary to his own opinion and to the justice of the case, for the niece:—

'M. Talon had been at first rather inclined for the aunt; but his mother, who meddles in everything, having undertaken to bring the parties to an amicable arrangement, took offence because the elder lady would not sign a blank arbitration to be filled up by Madame Talon—and this lady insisted on her son's doing all that he could in favour of the young one, whom she had found more obsequious.'—p. 133.

We must now return to the more serious affairs of the Provincial Nobility: and we begin with a case which affords a general view of the kind of offences of which all these feudal lords were accused, and many of them, no doubt, more or less guilty.

'The case of the Baron de Sénégas perplexed the Court extremely, both by the great number of charges made against him, and the ability with which he defended himself.'—p. 232.

He was accused under three heads—of civil, ecclesiastical, and criminal offences. Of the first class were, the having caused in some of his jurisdictions certain creatures of his to be elected magistrates (*echevins*), and having under colour of their authority made various exactions; the maintaining a force of horse and foot, and quartering them on the country—having prevented the levy of the king's taxes—having laid exorbitant fines and impositions on particular districts, and extorted rents both in cash and presents from villages which were not liable to either—and generally, tyranny and oppression. Of the second class were—the carrying off a banner appropriated to parish processions,—the having demolished a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and employed the materials in repairing one of his houses—the having possessed himself of the tithes of a certain priory, by forbidding his subjects to farm them from the Prior in order that he might have a better bargain of them. The third class Flechier lumps into 'two or three murders, some false imprisonments, many illegal *rançons* (fines or compositions for offences), and many *corvées*, exacted without justice and executed under *duress*;' but the chief charge was, that he had as magistrate confined a man in a kind

of

of press, where he could neither stand nor sit, and so close and damp that his clothes were mildewed, and that when, after two or three months, he was released, he was so wasted and disfigured as not to be known. This last case, which exceeded the Baron of Bradwardine's imprisonment of the poachers in degree only—was, says Flechier, the best proved, and gave a certain credit to all the rest. But on the other hand, he admits that the Baron de Sénagas made a defence so able as to puzzle the not favourable judges. He first discredited all the witnesses against him, and proved that they were either rogues or convicts, or biassed by private interests or animosities against him. All the exactions and malversations he proved to be founded on ancient rights and immemorial usage and possession. As to the sacrileges, he produced acts of vestry justifying the smaller matters, and on the greater he appealed to the bishop of the diocese and prior of Plaisance for his character in those respects. As to the murders, he produced the proceedings in the various cases, which, says Flechier, seemed sufficiently clear; and as to the question of the cruel imprisonment, he alleged that the inconvenience of the cage was greatly exaggerated; that the man was duly convicted and legally punished, and that all the formalities of justice had been strictly observed. The Court was divided—seven were for death—six for a heavy fine, the rasing the fortifications of his houses, the confiscation of all his property, and banishment for life: and, the simple majority not being sufficient to carry a capital condemnation, the more lenient opinion prevailed. The President was very anxious to have convicted this gentleman, and as they had him in their hands he would certainly have been executed; 'but certain considerations of justice mixed with *policy* (*mêlées de politique*) induced the others to condemn him only to a miserable life. They thought the evidence not quite conclusive, and were reluctant to give further countenance to the extravagant account of their severity which was prevalent at Paris.'—p. 234.

M. de Sénagas seems to have experienced a measure of justice as scant as that he was accused of administering.

A much worse case was that of M. de la Mothe-Tintry, a gentleman who had cruelly murdered a poor peasant for refusing to mow his meadow. He had fled like so many others, but was taken, tried, and convicted—but only sentenced to the galleys—a sentence which, though our author says it was to a gentleman worse than death, showed that the severity of the Court had been essentially mitigated—for this was undoubtedly the most inexcusable murder and of the meanest and most felonious kind that we remember in the whole volume. M. de Tintry solicited a commutation of the sentence on the ground that,

having



having received several wounds in military service, he was incapable of rowing in the galleys. Flechier does not tell us the result of this appeal, but seems to indicate that it was likely to be successful. He adds a curious circumstance:—If the application for commutation should fail, Tintry's friends intended to solicit for him the intervention of the Archbishop of Lyons, who had, it is said, whenever the chain of galley-slaves passed through that city, the right of liberating one of the convicts. This right M. Gonod never before heard attributed to the Archbishop of Lyons—though on Ascension-day the Chapter of Rouen had the privilege of delivering a criminal.—p. 236.

But a more curious mode of pardon or remission was mooted in a similar case. Some poor wretch, who was also condemned to the galleys, had heard that if any girl consented to marry him, he must necessarily be spared. He interested the ladies of the *Grands Jours* in this view of the case, who charitably found him a deliverer; and Flechier makes quite a love-story of the affair, and says a world of what he thought pretty things about the *exchange of chains* which the intended bridegroom was to undergo. Nay, Madame Talon undertook to recommend the arrangement to her son; but her son sternly rejected the proposal, asserting that he had never heard of any such law or custom; and the poor fellow was sent to the galleys, to the great disappointment of the kind-hearted damsel, as well as of himself. It seems, however, that M. Talon was wrong in his law; for M. Gonod has found in an old law-book of *La Coustume du hault et du bas pays d'Auvergne*, Lyons, 1505—

‘En plusieurs pays et lieux est de coustume que si une femme à marier et mesmement si elle est pucel et requiest ung homme à mary qui est condempné à morir, et est mené au gibet, len le deslivre à la dicte femme, elle lui sauvera sa vie.’—p. 329.

It seems a little strange that the convict should have been more learned in the law than the terrible Talon. We think there is a novel of the modern French school, so fond of convict romance, built on some similar story.

The indictments against the Counts d'Apcher and d'Apchon, the Marquises de Salers, Veyrac, and Malause, the Barons de Blot and de Cusse, and a dozen other noble culprits, were all similar, as to the chief heads of accusation, to that of M. de Sénagas—various modes of extortion from their subjects—abstraction of tithes, and the like invasion of the property of the clergy—and feuds against each other, ending in duels and murders;—and all terminated in sentences of the same character—all the absentees being condemned to death in effigy, and those that were tried in person to fine, demolition,

demolition, and confiscation. The Count d'Apchon, a highland gentleman of great fortune and consideration, was, we think, the only one released without some form of trial—a favour conferred on him, according to Flechier, because Madame de Ribeyre, the President's daughter, was one day happily brought to bed:—

'The President in his joy would have opened all the prisons, as if a Dauphin had been born, but was obliged to content himself with the release of M. d'Apchon.'—p. 227.

But we can have little doubt that this lenity must have been suggested by deeper motives.

We are now brought back to 'the illustrious house of Canillac,'—which had, besides other illustrations, the very unusual one of having given the Church of Rome two Popes, Clement VI. in 1350, and Gregory XI. in 1370. Its head, whom the judges would have rather laid hold of, and whom all the province would have wished in M. de la Mothe's place, was, as already mentioned, James-Timoleon, Marquis de Canillac—*Canillac le fou*—'le plus grand et le plus vieux pécheur de la province,' who had lived, says Flechier, for above sixty years, a life of extortion and violence. It is fair to observe that the chief charges against him were for exactions as to which Flechier confesses that he, like the Baron de Sénagas, alleged legal rights founded on very ancient titles, and that the most serious of all was a question (the nature of which is not stated, but) which had been protracted for fourteen years by the conflict of two courts claiming jurisdiction in the matter. He was charged, however, with pushing those rights to an exorbitant extent. Other gentlemen levied *aides* from their tenants for their own marriage, or that of their eldest son—but what they did once in their lives the Marquis did every day, and under these pretences imposed incessant contributions for *monsieur* and for *madame*, and for all their children in succession. To maintain his jurisdiction, and to levy his pecuniary tributes, he kept in his mountain towers a band of twelve followers, whom he called his *Twelve Apostles*, and who, adds the facetious abbé, 'catechised by the stick or by the sword those who did not readily submit to the Marquis's demands. These men he called by the very apostolic names of *No-trust*, *Smash-all*, and the like, and the very terror of their *sobriquets* served to fill his exchequer.\* Sometimes he would be pleasant, and employ softer modes. He boasted that he had one

\* Even so late as the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. we find the strongly marked traces of a similar system in Scotland:—'The great men of the Highlands in that time (1712-1716) were desirous to have at their disposal, men of resolute character, to whom the world and the world's law were no friends, and who might at times ravage the lands and destroy the tenants of a feudal enemy.' (*Introd. to Rob Roy.*)



*barb* that enabled him to feed the rest of his horses—this was 'a maid called Barbara,'—*Barbe*—through whose undue influence a poor delinquent *curé* of one of his parishes was induced to supply oats for the Marquis's stud. He does not seem to have been guilty of any sanguinary excesses; but whatever crimes were committed in his district he was always glad to pardon *on a consideration*. These offences, says Flechier, it would have been very difficult to prove; but the arrest of M. de la Mothe having apprised him of the unreasonable kind of men who were come to put an end to his old fourteen years' law-suit, he found that his state of health required an immediate removal to a southern climate. He knew that, by absenting himself at this critical period, he ran the risk of being tried and executed in effigy—but that was no novelty to him, and he thought it a good joke. He had been many years before so treated by a sentence of the Parliament de Toulouse, and had, like Pomenars, witnessed from a window in the great square of that city his own execution. He declared that he did not feel the least pain in life from his decapitation, and had half a mind to see the same experiment made over again; but his increased age and size, and the unfavourable opinion he had formed of these new judges, indisposed him from enjoying a second representation of this kind, and he thought it more prudent to withdraw for a season, and so, after giving out that he was on his way to Rome to solicit the protection of the successor of St. Peter, Clement VI., and Gregory XI., the grim old 'sinner,' in the character and guise of a sick lady, closely shut up in a litter on account of the advanced season, hastened towards the frontier of Spain. In crossing Languedoc an over inquisitive *prévôt* of the police insisted on looking into the litter, and there saw a terrible face which he well recognised, but having no orders to arrest him and no desire ever to see that face again, he let him pass. This little accident metamorphosed the sick lady into an active old soldier, who, trusting to the saddle instead of the litter, rode day and night till he had placed the Pyrenees between him and all such impertinent inquirers.

This gentleman, surnamed '*He of the Twelve Apostles*,' had a wife, a son, and a daughter; and while Flechier does justice to the exemplary qualities of Madame de Canillac, he thinks that the temper and tastes of the father were rather too predominant in his children. His daughter, entitled by her remarkable beauty, rank, and fortune, to a high alliance, married one *M. de Masse-Beau*, which in English might be rendered *Stout-club*, sounding, says Flechier, like the name of one of her father's twelve apostles, though in fact he was a gentleman of ancient family. The marriage, however, was unhappy—the lady alleged (*Cosas de España!*)

*España*!) that the husband ought never to have adventured on matrimony—a scandalous and public experimental trial ensued (one of the last of the kind in France), in which the husband was cast, and Madame de *Masso-Beau* became again Mademoiselle de Canillac.

The son, the young Marquis, was at this time in love with a Mademoiselle Ribeyre, the daughter of a magistrate, afterwards one of the judges of the *Grands Jours*, who belonged to this part of the country—a charming girl, but not equal, his family thought, in rank and fortune to the heir of the Canillacs. ‘The young nobleman,’ says Flechier, ‘is exceedingly accomplished, and deserves to be the son of a better father; everybody praises his principles, his manners, his general character, even his gentleness:’—though there was one little affair which had something of an opposite colour. A certain priest having, ‘*indiscreetly perhaps*,’ says the indulgent Abbé, interfered with an intrigue of the young Marquis’s with some lady, the gentle youth waylaid him, gave him just time to say his prayers, and sent him to the other world. As this was done in something like hot blood, (and we hope with more extenuating circumstances than Flechier states,) he had obtained *lettres de grace*, which had been duly registered by the Parliament of Provence; but M. Talon, pretending the act had not been committed within that jurisdiction, evoked the case for the jurisdiction of his own *Grands Jours*. The documents were brought into the Court but two days before the final prorogation, and the judges were very much annoyed at being thus forced to pronounce sentence upon a crime which had been already pardoned; but Talon insisted; and the ‘portrait of the young Marquis was taken by the same artist as that of his father,’—that is, he also was executed in effigy, and all his property confiscated. It was easy to foresee that this sentence could have no fatal consequences. The king heard from all sides the most favourable accounts of the young gentleman, and commuted all his punishment into the obligation to equip a ship of war (a strange fine for a highland chief), which was valued at an expense of somewhat less than 30,000 livres. This young man we presume to have been the father of Madame de Genlis’s old friend the Marquis de Canillac, who was in 1770 about 91 years of age, and one of the most amiable and venerable monuments of the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. There is one anecdote of the old *Canillac le fou* which, though of a less violent nature, is still sufficiently characteristic to be worth relating. After having broken off his son’s match with Mlle. Ribeyre, perceiving him to be very deeply afflicted, he had a curiosity to see the charms which had produced such an effect, and so, hearing that she was to pass through his territory, he waylaid



waylaid her, and stopping her coach went up to the window, to her great terror—she naturally fearing some violence; but after contemplating her for a few moments in silence, he allowed her to pass, and turning round beat his breast with all the contrition of a pious penitent, and ‘begged pardon of God for having falsely said that La Ribeyre was not handsome.’

We have mentioned this affair of the young Marquis de Canillac, as Flechier does, out of its chronological order, that we might keep the *family portraits* together. We next proceed to the case of the Count de Beaune, for what Flechier calls the *farce of the trunk*—*la comédie du coffre*; and in truth it was a farce, following at a short interval the tragedy of M. de la Mothe.

It appears that Madame de la Mothe and her very interesting daughter having exhausted in vain the agonies of tears and prayers to influence the judges to mercy, retired on the catastrophe to the Château de la Mothe, where they were soon alarmed by a rumour that the officers of justice were coming to seize the moveables, and particularly the plate and jewels, liable to confiscation. Some goodnatured neighbour contrived to save the poor mourners from this outrage; a country lout—as *simple* probably as *Callum Beg*, or the *Dugald Creature*—happened to fall in with the officers of justice, and on being closely questioned, informed them, as clearly as his stupidity would permit, that they would lose their time and their booty if they went on to La Mothe, for all the plate and jewels had been just dispatched to the house of the Count de Beaune, where, if they made haste, they should find it. It was so; the chest was there, and M. de Beaune, on getting a formal receipt for it, delivered it to the captors, who conveyed it in triumph to Clermont. Such a valuable booty was rare; for in general the parties made haste to put their moveables beyond the reach of the harpies of the law, but the suddenness of the misfortune which had fallen on Madame de la Mothe had prevented any such precaution. The trunk, then, was brought into court, the seals broken in great form and high expectation; but, lo! on opening, it was found, to the utter shame and discomfiture of the judges, to be filled with old iron of no value whatsoever; and much ridicule was created by the terror of one of these terrible judges, who had been the first and most strenuous in the condemnation of M. de la Mothe, at the production of some rusty pistols, which he imagined were *infernal machines*, provided for the destruction of the Court. We need hardly add that in the interval the valuables of the Mothe family had been conveyed to a place of safety.

This was indeed a farce after a tragedy; but there was still a melodrame to be played. The judges, who had been piqued and mortified

mortified by the disappointment and ridicule arising from the seizure of the trunk, caused M. de Beaune, though one of the most considerable noblemen of the province, both for rank, wealth, and personal character, to be ignominiously arrested, and dragged to prison, where they even menaced him with the torture for the discovery of the abstracted property. *Messieurs des Grands Jours* seemed so earnest as well as irresistible, that M. de Beaune was much alarmed, and although a minority of the judges were for acquitting him altogether, as having committed no legal offence, he thought himself well off to escape with a fine of 20,000 livres, which he was to pay in the first instance, with a claim upon Madame la Mothe for reimbursement; the Court effecting by this circuitous injustice the real confiscation of a conjectural property, and enforcing it against a person who had no interest whatsoever in the property, even if it had been proved to exist. Assuredly this was a mode of justice as farcical as the *contempt* it affected to punish; but poor M. de Beaune had been 'so terrified by the menaces of the torture, and by the surprising punishment of M. de la Mothe, that he was but too glad to get out of the scrape at any price.'—p. 137.\*

A graver case followed,—that of MM. du Palais, father and son,—of which we shall endeavour to extract a plain statement from the verbose eloquence of M. Fléchier. We have seen that the Count du Palais was one of those who accompanied M. de la Mothe-Canillac to congratulate *Messieurs des Grands Jours*, and, like him, he became (though fortunately not in *person*) one of their victims. Fléchier gives no dates; but the affair for which these gentlemen were accused must have spread over a considerable space of time—several years at least.

The Count du Palais had some dispute with a neighbouring gentleman whose estate joined his, and who had proceeded to serve him with some legal process. The process-servers were ill received at Le Palais, and, though no actual violence was offered to them, they were glad, from the aspect of the parties, to make a precipitate retreat. Walter Scott well remembered when 'the King's writ did not run quite current in the Braes of Balquhiddy' (*Intr. to Rob Roy*); and we have ourselves heard that a similar species of intimidation—enforced, when the hint of sour looks was not prudently taken, by a little personal chastisement—has been, at no distant time, practised in the west of Ireland on persons so indiscreet as to disturb the privacy of a country gentleman with unfriendly missives from Chancery or the Common Pleas. But in this French case the intruders were not let off so easily. They

\* A gentleman of his name was Lieutenant-General (deputy-governor) of Auvergne at the breaking out of the Revolution—no doubt one of his family, if not a descendant.



were followed, it seems, and overtaken the same evening by two bodies of horsemen at a village some 20 miles off, where they had proposed to pass the night—two of them were killed, and the rest beaten, stripped, and in that condition brought back to Le Palais, where they were flogged, and turned into the woods, with orders (rather superfluous, we should suppose), on pain of death, to leave the neighbourhood without even looking behind them. No explanation is given as to who these horsemen were, nor why they should have wantonly maltreated the officers who had so readily retired, nor why they should have implicated M. du Palais so ostentatiously in their vengeance, as to bring them back to Le Palais only to drive them away from it again. But of course this outrage served to add a criminal prosecution to the civil cause before pending; and in this prosecution the Marquis du Palais, the son of the Count, *though then very young*, was included—because he was present at some part of the transaction, in company with one of the Canillac family—since luckily dead—but whose name was, we have seen, odious to the authorities. The affair proceeded, it seems, slowly in the provincial courts, but at last was ready for trial, when a compromise was effected by the intervention of M. de Villeroy (the governor, we presume, of the province), which terminated the civil suit amicably, and permitted the criminal one to fall to the ground. This affair must have been some years asleep; for the Marquis, who was a boy when it happened, was now the father of three children: but the proceedings of the criminal prosecution being found in the archives, the Court of *Grands Jours*—without the slightest notice to any of the parties, or any fresh inquiries, or any suspicion that this old affair had been re-opened—condemned, by a secret, sudden, and summary sentence, both the Count and the Marquis to be beheaded (some of the judges voted for their being broken on the wheel), with confiscation of their properties, a fine of 40,000 livres, and the demolition of the Château du Palais; and this last item they immediately proceeded to execute. It does not appear why the Court did not begin by securing the persons of the parties. The Count probably had some feeling that the affair was hanging over him and may have kept out of the way; but the Marquis, unsuspecting of any serious danger, was within reach, and had barely time, after the sudden promulgation of the sentence, to effect a very narrow escape from the officers of the court.

The strange severity of including in this extreme sentence the Marquis du Palais, whose share in the transaction was so slight and doubtful and who was so young at the time, is aggravated by some intermediate circumstances. Some time after the violence committed on the process-servers, there *came out* into the society  
of

of Clermont a young lady of the name of La Tour, of great beauty (which Fléchier describes very minutely) and high family (she was a cousin of the great Turenne's), who attracted numerous admirers. The most favoured of these was a M. de l'Anglar, and the union was about to be concluded, when he was unfortunately shot in a duel by the Count de Canillac (the Seneschal), a name sure to be found in every lawless or violent adventure. The young lady was very much affected by this misfortune, and retired with her mother to a remote country-seat, which happened to be near one of the châteaux of the Du Palais family,—where the Marquis, now grown into manhood, happening to come, he in courtesy visited his neighbours, and was immediately attracted by the charms of Mlle. de la Tour, who in her turn became gradually sensible to the rank, the fortune, and the agreeable person and manners of M. le Marquis, and was at last not unwilling to listen to proposals which had the sanction and advocacy of her mother. But the Count du Palais did not approve of the match. Mlle. de la Tour was richer in noble blood and in personal advantages than in worldly wealth; and he not only refused his consent, but obtained a prohibition from the Bishop of Clermont. The young people, however, were equally resolved to accomplish their object, and made a kind of elopement to a neighbouring diocese, in which they were married.\* The Count, very angry at this disobedience, took proceedings to break the marriage, and Madame de la Tour on her side was advised, by way of intimidating the father and forcing him to desist from his opposition, to treat the matter as an abduction† of her daughter, and to take proceedings against her son-in-law. This had the desired effect: the Count submitted, the two cross-suits were mutually abandoned, and a cordial reconciliation ensued. The young lady made herself as acceptable to her father-in-law as to her husband. The marriage had been, at the time we are arrived at, crowned with three children; but, unfortunately, the inchoate proceedings in the two cross-suits of nullity of marriage and abduction remained in the archives of the ordinary courts, where they were discovered

\* We suppose that Fléchier could hardly be mistaken in the remarkable fact of this irregular marriage and the law proceedings consequent upon it, but it seems at variance with the record in Anselme, vol. iv. p. 549, 'that *Frances de la Tour*, the younger, was married by contract of the 5 May, 1660, to *Henry de Rivoire*, Marquis du Palais; or was this a regular marriage, after the irregular one?

† This was a frequent crime in Auvergne, as it has been nearer home, even down to recent times. 'The imagination of the half-civilized Highlander was less shocked at this particular species of violence. The annals of Ireland, as well as Scotland, prove the crime to have been common in the more lawless parts of both countries, and any woman who happened to please a man of spirit who came of a great house, had a few chosen friends and a retreat in the mountains, was not permitted the alternative of saying him Nay.'—*Introd. to 'Rob Roy.'* The Irish statute-book is full of penalties against abduction, which still is, or lately was, a common offence amongst the peasantry.



by some of the ferrets of the *Grands Jours*, and criminal proceedings against the young Marquis, on the charge of abduction, had been begun, when it was discovered that his name was implicated in the earlier and more serious delinquency, and the public prosecutor being—it is not stated why—determined to have his life, thought it more decent to condemn him on the charge of riot and murder than for the imaginary abduction of his wife.

In this state of affairs the lovely Marchioness du Palais was one morning thunderstruck at hearing in the street of Clermont, as the news of the day, the sentence which had been just pronounced against her husband. She fainted away: the bystanders cut her laces, and on her recovering she hurried, all unlaced as she was, to the house of her sister, where Madame de Caumartin and some other ladies of the *Grands Jours* happened to be lodged;—and for once Flechier's eloquence is not misplaced in describing the scene that followed—her passionate defence of her husband, and her indignation at the injustice and cruelty of the Court. The whole company sympathized; her grief became contagious and so general, that 'you could not have known,' says Flechier, who was present, 'which of the ladies it was whose husband was in danger.' The Marquis, apprised by a special messenger, had just time to get on horseback, and was so closely pursued by the archers that he only escaped them by plunging into a river, which, being well mounted, he was enabled to swim across, while they were afraid to follow him.

And *there*, with a few words on the extreme grief and desolation of the young Marchioness at the danger and absence of a husband whom she adores, Flechier leaves this interesting story. There seems, however, no doubt that MM. du Palais, after the dissolution of the *Grands Jours*, returned to their châteaux, and were reinstated by a tacit if not a formal pardon. Certain it is that no blood was shed; and, though we find very little subsequent mention of this once considerable family, we read in Anselme of a *Gilbert Francis de Rivoire Marquis de Palais*, living in 1704, who was probably the son of Henry de Rivoire and Frances de la Tour.

Another case is curious, both from its own circumstances and from the question of jurisdiction which it raised. A M. Desheraux, who had been in Prince de Condé's party in the civil wars, had been accused, before the ordinary tribunals, of four offences, of which three were merely belligerent acts, and were covered by the general amnesty at the pacification; the fourth was of a different nature. During the war he had punished one of his soldiers—the man deserted to the enemy, and, being thus on the king's side, thought

thought he could revenge himself on Desheraux with impunity. He therefore hid himself in a wood near that gentleman's house, and, watching an occasion when Madame Desheraux was passing through the wood, he assaulted her, robbed her, stripped her, beat her even to breaking one of her ribs, and finally subjected her to the last indignity. When she reached her house, and, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, related her misfortune, her husband and his servants pursued the ruffian, whom they at last caught and brought back to the château. M. Desheraux assembled his neighbours, and, holding a kind of court on the offender, condemned him to death, and, after calling in a priest to assist him in his last moments, hanged him on the next tree. It was what Bacon calls a kind of wild justice; and the public, who commiserated the danger in which Desheraux had obviously involved himself, regretted that he had not killed the villain in the first heat of his passion, which would have been a justifiable homicide; whereas the delay and the trial, and the priest, showed a premeditation which the law would call murder. He was accordingly taken up and put into gaol at Bourges, and the proceedings were carried, by some kind of process not clearly explained, to the Parliament of Paris, and were *there* pending when the *Grands Jours* at Clermont claimed jurisdiction in the case, and brought the prisoner to their bar. But Desheraux—advised that his case, being already in process before the whole Parliament of Paris, was not cognizable by an inferior tribunal, which at best was but a fraction of that Parliament—refused to plead, and *stood mute*; while his wife, the unfortunate and innocent cause of his danger, nobly braving her personal reluctance to meet the public eye, took, like Lady Russell, her place at his side, and heightened the general sympathy which he excited. It even seems that, though broken down, as may well be supposed, in spirits and in health, she made three journeys to and from Paris, at that severe season, on post-horses—in search, Flechier says, of papers—more probably to solicit the Court, Condé, or the Parliament to intervene in her husband's behalf. Meantime Novion and Talon had no tenderness for one of the Prince's party, and pressed on the trial—but failed in their object; for the Court dividing—eight for death and execution, and seven for leaving the case in the hands of the Parliament—and the simple majority not being, as we have already seen, sufficient to carry the capital punishment, M. Desheraux was at least respited. We confess in this case also a kind of interest to know how the affair ended; but the author seems to have written his book contemporaneously with the events, before the results of the adjourned or appealed cases were known, and to have taken no more trouble about them; and the inquiries of the  
learned



learned librarian of Clermont have been very seldom successful in supplying the deficiency.

There is another case remarkable for the details which it gives of the personal jurisdiction of the feudal lords. M. de Montvallat, a gentleman of large fortune, and of a disposition so exemplarily peaceable as to have had the reputation of submitting to corporal chastisement from his wife, was accused of divers abuses in the administration of his hereditary jurisdiction—the chief of which were his accepting money for the pardon of offences, and his exercising, on the other hand, undue severity where he was not so propitiated. But the most curious charge was the abuse of that custom called *Mercheta Mulierum*—which undoubtedly existed in feudal times in many parts of Europe, and which was said to be the source of another custom amongst us called *Borough-English*, by which the eldest son did not inherit from his mother's husband—under a notion that he might be the son of the lord. Blackstone refused, indeed, to derive *Borough-English* from *Mercheta Mulierum*, because he could not learn that this latter custom ever prevailed in England; though, he adds, 'it certainly did in Scotland, till abolished by Malcolm III.' Lord Hailes, again, in a special dissertation, strenuously denied it to have ever existed anywhere. We confess that we had leaned to Lord Hailes's scepticism, and supposed the fine to be a composition for the pecuniary value of the female serf lost to the estate, not for the personal privilege alluded to; but we must now confess that there are proofs, which it is hard to resist, that the fine must have originated in such a custom;—indeed the evidence adduced and quoted in this work, if we can depend on its authenticity (which there seems no reason to doubt), would put it beyond all question, for it is stated that the privilege of the lord was to attend at the bedding, and (as is the custom in royal marriages by proxy) to put *one leg* into the bride's bed.\*

M. de Montvallat's abuse was that he would not accept a pecuniary composition, but insisted on going through the ceremony of *the leg*, which, however innocent in fact, was justly considered by the court as a gross indelicacy and vexation. He was fined eight thousand livres for extortion—he was deprived for his life of the jurisdiction which he had abused, and the composition for the marriage ceremony was fixed at a crown. Macquarrie, of

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\* The following extract, given in this work from the '*Customs of Bearn*,' it would have puzzled Hailes to answer:—'Quant auguns de tals maisons (*de serfs*) se mariden dabant que connexer lors molhers son tengutz de las presentar per la prumière noeyt audit Senhor de Lobier per en far à son plaser, o autrement lou valhar cert tribut.'—*Fors de Béarn*, p. 172. Le premier enfant qui naissait de ces serfs, s'il était mâle, était franc de droit, 'per so qui poeyre star engendrat deudit Senhor,'—p. 173.

Ulva in the Hebrides, told Johnson and Boswell that the custom still existed *there* in 1773, but that it was then reduced to a certain fine—it had been a sheep, but was at that time fixed at about the *Montvallat* tariff of five shillings.

We again return to more important cases. One of the main objects of the *Grands Jours* had been, it was supposed, the subjugation and punishment of the powerful house of Canillac, but the general disapprobation of the extreme severity exercised on M. de la Mothe had, as Flechier plainly intimates, the effect of taming the tribunal into more leniency towards others of the family who deserved it less; nor was Flechier without strong suspicions that personal favour had some share in saving the greater criminals. After a considerable delay, two others of this turbulent race were proceeded against.

M. de Beaufort-Canillac, it will be remembered, was one of those who attended his kinsman the Seneschal to congratulate the *Grands Jours*, but he was also one of those who hastened to escape personally from their jurisdiction. The principal of many accusations against him were, as usual, extortion and oppression of his people, and the murder of a man in a drunken squabble at some village feast or market, which had begun with raillery, but kindled into insult, and ended in blood. He was condemned *par contumace*—to lose his head, and to pay a fine of 25,000 livres, which was more than he was worth in the world; but the Court was divided eight to seven as to the demolition of his houses—a majority not large enough to carry the measure. As this last clause was the only part of the punishment which the Court could have immediately inflicted, it was concluded that their appetite for punishment was diminished. But this appeared still more strikingly in the case of the Seneschal himself—M. de Canillac de Pont du Château—who after some slight hesitation, and probably some secret negotiation, determined to stand his trial, and, surrendering himself, was confined for near three months in the prison of his own jurisdiction, and at last brought to personal trial. He had, fortunately (as Flechier insinuates) for his safety, married a young lady allied to the *President* Novion. He also contrived to keep some important witnesses out of the way, and to corrupt those that did appear; and, in short, he was as good as acquitted—that is, he was only sentenced

‘ to pay a fine of 500 livres and be discharged. He marched proudly out of prison, exciting against himself and the judges the indignation of the whole province, who believed him to be the most guilty of all that were prosecuted. M. Talon had proposed banishment, a heavy fine, and forfeiture of his office; but it was easy to foresee, when he had his connexion, M. de Novion, for presiding judge, and M. de Varoux, who was

on



on the point of marrying his sister-in-law, for reporter,\* that he was in no danger.'

This record does not enable us to account for the Abbé's extreme indignation against *this* Canillac. Whatever may have been his irregularity or his crimes, the only distinct article of indictment was that his father, in a law-suit between two of his subjects, had been induced by a *douceur* of 2000 livres to favour one of the parties, and had by a kind of testamentary paper enjoined his son to continue to countenance that same side, and that he had done so to a culpable extent of vexation and affront—a species of offence which, amidst such atrocities as the Grands Jours were usually employed on, might almost pass for filial piety. It is clear that either the general charges against M. de Canillac vaguely alluded to by Flechier, were greatly exaggerated, or the Grands Jours were guilty of shameful prevarication—unless indeed the conjectural explanation of their conduct, which we shall offer by and by, should be admitted as valid.†

The death of the Queen Mother (20th Jan. 1666) checked the gaieties with which the magistrates and their families amused themselves, and thus stimulated their impatience to finish their business and get back to Paris. The business, indeed, had now become little more than passing routine sentences *par contumace*, which, for the reasons before given, excited comparatively little interest in the public, or even in the Court itself, which used to dispatch twenty,

\* The reporter (*rapporteur*) is one of the judges, who is specially commissioned to examine the details of the case, and make a summary report of it for the information of the court at large.

† Madame de Genlis talks, about 1770, of the amiability and agreeable conversation of the *Marquis de Canillac*, then ninety-one, and one of the oldest generals in the service—perhaps the grandson of '*l'homme aux XII Apôtres*,'—and we find Philip de Beaufort-Canillac de Montboissier called *Le Comte de Montboissier*—no doubt a descendant of our Beaufort-Canillac—a general officer in 1748, knight of the St. Esprit in 1776, commander-in-chief in *Auvergne* in 1784, and in 1789 deputy to the *Etats-Généraux* for the town of Clermont—where, it seems, the influence of the Canillacs was still powerful. He was alive in 1792, and must have been nearly as old as the century. He had at least one son, a colonel in the army; and no doubt his grandson is the Count de Montboissier Canillac whom the *Armorial* of 1846 (p. 166) describes as '*chef actuel de cette maison, ex-colonel, Patrice Romain, Prince de l'Eglise, &c.*' In this heraldic work, which is obviously of anti-Orleans spirit, he is stated to have '*served in Africa in 1830*'—and we infer that he quitted the army after the *Grands Jours* of July. The Roman rank and title, whensoever conferred, have, we suppose, some reference to the two Popes of the Canillac family.

This gentleman's grandmother, of course, was the Countess de Montboissier recorded as presenting at Court, in May, 1772, her kinswoman, the *Countess de Canillac*, who became afterwards Lady of Honour to the Duchess of Bourbon, mother of the Duke d'Enghien; about which date that once formidable name became, by an accident, a proverbial pleasantry:—M. D'Osmond, a very absent forgetful person, was mentioning that he had happened to meet '*Monsieur—Monsieur—dear me, I forget his name,—Monsieur—O you all know him—Monsieur—why, he—le mari, vous savez, de Madame de Canillac!*' The Count was ever afterwards known in the fashionable world only as *Le mari de Madame de Canillac*.

thirty, and even fifty of those capital condemnations and executions in a day—a massacre in effigy that reminds one of the more terrible but hardly (if there was no secret reason at bottom) more scandalous diligence of the Revolutionary Tribunal.\*

The Court itself seems to have become wearied, if not ashamed, of this solemn mockery, and somewhat piqued at the criticisms which had been made on their early severity and their subsequent lenity; and as the day of their prorogation approached, they—or, at least, Novion and Talon, the mainsprings of action—were, as Flechier not obscurely intimates, resolved to vindicate their characters and signalize their exit by some act of striking and exemplary severity. The motive was low, and the result was, we think, more liable to reproach than any of their previous proceedings. We hope our readers will not be displeased to see—even though it may run into some length, and though it relates to a state of things gone never to return and now only a matter of literary curiosity—the whole of a story, a true story, which in the hands of a Walter Scott would be as romantic as *Waverley*, as wild as *Rob Roy*, and as terrible as the *Bride of Lammermuir*—and the various details of which will exhibit in the strongest light the depravation of manners and the degradation of the law in those rude districts and ruder times.

Charles Gaspard Baron d'Espinchal† was a man of very noble family, large possessions, and extraordinary talents; his personal advantages were equally remarkable: a hot and audacious spirit was in society veiled under such gentle and seductive manners, that he was, says Flechier, 'as much the favourite of all the women as the terror of all the men'; and of his success with the ladies the Abbé gives some strange explanations. In 1644 he married a Mdlle. de Château-Morand—like himself, high-born, rich, and handsome, and 'who thought herself happy in having carried off from her fair rivals *le plus gallant homme de la province*.' His marriage, however, did not, it seems, much interrupt his other amours; though he treated his wife for some years with personal kindness and consideration, which she repaid—in spite of all his subsequent misconduct, his accusations against her character, and his violence on her person—with unalterable duty and affection—a proof, as the Baron

\* There must be some exaggeration of these daily numbers, which would suppose a greater sum total than M. Gonod afterwards gives.

† The family was so ancient as to have, we believe, no surname but their title of *Espinchal*, a mountain parish and barony in the wildest part of Auvergne. It was stated, we observe, in a debate in the National Assembly on the division of France into departments, in January, 1790, that *Espinchal* (*sic*) and four adjoining parishes were so high in the mountains, as to be *even then* inaccessible during the greater part of the year. *Massiac* is a considerable town on the edge of the highlands, where the Barons D'Espinchal had their lowland seat, from which the eldest son took the title of Marquis.

alleged,



alleged, that he had not been guilty of the offences against her of which he was accused. This exculpatory allegation is found in the Appendix to this work, in letters-patent for a general pardon registered in the Parliament of Paris in 1678, which recite the memorial on which he grounded his claims to pardon. He in that document had given, for the reasons stated in the case of M. de la Mothe, a copious though apologetical version of the various transactions alleged against him; and this version, far from impugning Flechier's narrative, confirms it—establishing the main facts beyond all question, and leaving, in spite of M. d'Espinchal's excuses, little doubt as to the culpability of his motives.

Prior, however, to his marriage, he had distinguished himself by several criminal affairs. One of the more remarkable was, that in 1642 he had killed a neighbouring gentleman, M. de Baux, in a rencontre on the high road—d'Espinchal and a friend against the antagonist and five servants: the real cause, a personal feud about property—the pretence, that they had ridden past each other on the high road without the courtesy of a salutation; upon which each turning back to resent the incivility, M. de Baux was killed and M. d'Espinchal badly wounded. While he was under prosecution for this affair before the Parliament of Paris, the marriage of Louis XIV. gave occasion for an amnesty, in which d'Espinchal was included. In 1645 we find him justifying himself against charges of extortion and violence on his tenants, and of plundering the clergy, and seizing to his own use the tithes of certain districts—all capital crimes in the legislation of those days, and charged, as we have said, upon M. de Senegas, and indeed everybody; but in answer to which M. d'Espinchal alleged—as M. de Senegas and M. de Canillac had done—that he had only called in old debts, vindicated ancient territorial rights, and executed the legal powers of his hereditary jurisdiction. In 1650 he had the misfortune to kill another neighbour of the name of d'Oreille in a kind of pitched battle. His own version of this affair was, that being in command of a regiment of cavalry (raised, it seems, on his own estates), and intending to join the army of the Count d'Harcourt in Guienne,\* he set out from his château of Massiac with one officer and twenty-four troopers towards the general rendezvous, intending to quarter that night in the village of Malompise—the owner of which protested against this invasion, and called out his peasantry to resist it, placing them in a wood in front of the town, whence they fired on d'Espinchal's party as they were on their march; upon which aggression he, with no object, as he said, but to seize the rioters and bring them to

\* This is probably a little apologetical fiction. M. d'Harcourt was at that time commanding in Guienne for the Court against the *Fronde*, and d'Espinchal, to give a better colour to his case, represents that he was on his way to join the *King's party*.

justice,

justice, charged and routed the adverse party, and with his own hand, as it seems, shot their leader; and this, he, as the injured party, reported, he says, at the time to the legal authorities of the province; whose acknowledgments, however, of his zeal for the public tranquillity he did not think proper to await in person, but hurried away to the army of Italy, where he states himself to have had a high command; and there is no doubt that he was a distinguished soldier.

On his return home, however, in 1652, he became the chief actor in a tragedy so strange in all its circumstances, that we should have hesitated to give credit to Flechier's relation, if it were not in many essential points confirmed and in some exceeded by d'Espinchal's own apology. Though he was very general in his amours, his wife either did not or seemed not to know of his infidelity; while he, on his part, appears to have had a proper respect for and confidence in her. But, unfortunately, one of his paramours, a lady of family, piqued at his fondness for his wife, or (like a female Iago) in vengeance for some personal offence, resolved to excite his jealousy against her, by acquainting him—as a duty of friendship, and with a variety of circumstances which she had contrived to pick up—that he was dishonoured by a page who, in his long and numerous absences, was the consolation of Madame d'Espinchal. With this poison rankling in his mind he set himself to observe the conduct of his wife, and her innocent kindnesses for the page confirmed his suspicions to such a degree that he at last required her to dismiss the youth: but as he would give no reason, and as she had (it seemed) no suspicion of the real one, she resisted. This completed his conviction and his fury. He entered her bed-room one morning with a loaded pistol and a cup of poison, reproached her with her crime, and offered her the choice of deaths. After a long expostulation and protestations of her innocence, she was at last forced to take the poison, and he, rushing out of the room, hastened to another residence to execute the rest of his meditated revenge. The first effect of the poison was to make the lady sick, and her stomach rejected a great portion of it. The family doctor, residing in the castle, was summoned, and his remedies helping nature her life was preserved; but she was forced by a long series of barbarous usage to return to her father's house, and subsequently to take refuge in a convent. After administering the poison to his wife, d'Espinchal proceeded to his château of Ternes, where he seized the page, and having subjected him to a cruel mutilation,\* hung him

\* Flechier states that he was accused of a similar mutilation of one of his own infants, whom he suspected to be the child of the page. The memorial allows that there



him up to the ceiling—but not by the neck—and so left him to die a lingering death; having, before those violences, taken the precaution of making him sign letters, dated from Italy two or three years forward, to be subsequently produced, if necessary, to disprove that he had been murdered at that time or place. Such is the summary of the story as told by Flechier, who could have little thought, while recording these rumours in his private journal, that they were destined to be confirmed to a great degree by a subsequent avowal of the culprit himself. In the recital of the letters patent, d'Espinchal states that a lady informed him of his wife's incontinence with not one, but *two* of his servants—one, the page, *Lagarde* by name, the other, called *Bonnevie*;—that as prudence required, he secured these persons with a view to their legal examination, and set a guard over them in his château of Ternes, while he proceeded to question his wife, who was at another residence;—that in his absence these men made a forcible escape, in resisting which the Baron's valet-de-chambre, who had charge of them, wounded the page, of which wound he languished, and died in a distant part of the country; he further admits that long after, and when he was unable to collect the witnesses of the original transaction (*Bonnevie* having fled and keeping out of the way), he was charged with having *hung* the page; but he protests that the fact really was as he relates it. As to his wife, he admits that her family persuaded her to indict him for poisoning her; but says that in truth she was far gone in pregnancy when the story about the servants excited the *fracas*, and that the consequences of a premature labour were mistaken for poison. He does not deny that under that prosecution he tacitly submitted to be condemned by the Parliament of Paris to banishment for ten years, to a separation from his wife, and to the repayment of her dower—but protests that he did so only to spare himself and his family the shame of so scandalous a trial. He then states that his innocence is proved by a subsequent reconciliation with his wife, and her having lived with him twenty-six years in perfect health and mutual affection: but, he adds, that it being a rule of law that *pardon* can only be granted in cases where the party acknowledges his *guilt*, he in that view is willing to admit that he had attempted her life.

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there was some such operation on one of his children, but asserts that it was rendered necessary by an accidental hurt, and performed with the written consent of the mother (then at her father's) under the advice of three physicians, and by a regular surgeon, who, however, he admits, wished to delay the operation, but 'that he (d'Espinchal) answered that he preferred the advice of three physicians to that of one surgeon, who had nothing to do but obey their directions; which he did successfully, and the child, the Memorial adds, recovered.

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In the midst of these affairs occurred another highway battle between him and the Marquis de Saillans—or, as he represents it, a sudden quarrel between their attendants as the masters were peaceably riding together—in which d'Espinchal was worsted, two of his followers killed, and himself disarmed, but dismissed by the generosity of M. de Saillans. Though d'Espinchal admits that he fired a pistol at one of the opposite party, he thinks it very hard that he should have been prosecuted for this affair, as he had not begun the fray, and had missed his man.

In the same Memorial he relates a charge which Flechier does not notice, of violence, in 1652, to the person of a young woman whom he found trespassing in one of his woods in company with some men, who made their escape. He says that he confined the girl in his house till she confessed the names of the trespassers, which having done she was *next day* dismissed; and that it was not till five years after that she and her father made complaint of the personal injury—which, it is observable, he neither directly admits nor denies.

In 1662, again, having assaulted (he says very slightly) the son of the innkeeper of his own town of Massiac—*ce seditieux fit sonner le tozin*, and raised the country against him, and there happening to be a kind of fraternity of peasants assembled, to the number of 400, to celebrate St. John's day, this mob attacked his house, and he, with his son (styled the Marquis de Massiac), twelve years old, had but barely time to escape their fury, and then only by his servants killing one of the assailants, to protect his retreat—an act which the local magistrate, he complains, *pretended* that he had committed with his own hand. But though he denies this as matter of *fact*, yet, for the technical reason before alleged, he admits it as matter of *law*; and therefore confesses that he killed the man.

Hitherto the anarchy of the civil wars had enabled d'Espinchal to evade, by occasional flight, chicane, and terror, the vengeance of the law; but Louis XIV. having now taken the government into his own vigorous hands, and the local magistracy having resolved to bring this manifold offender at last to justice and issued a warrant for his arrest for this last murder, he found it necessary to leave Auvergne and conceal himself in Paris. The trial, however, proceeded in his absence, and, on the 28th August, 1662, he and his son the Marquis were condemned, *par contumace*, to death, and executed in effigy. His property was confiscated, and his houses, and particularly his château in Massiac, levelled with the ground. 'It was in vain,' says the Editor, 'that his virtuous wife  
and



d'Arèna \* killed a M. Dufour. The case was less culpable than usual; it was an open fight—rather provoked by Dufour, who had collected and led on a large body of supporters against Arèna and four friends. Of these, two were brothers of the name of Combalibœuf, who, though Arèna had actually killed the man, felt themselves in danger of the *Grands Jours* as accessories, and fled to the mountains with him—where, like d'Espinchal, they contrived to elude the officers of justice. At this time the judges of the *Grands Jours* grew exceedingly piqued at not being able to seize d'Espinchal, whose insolence offended them as much as his crimes, and it was proposed amongst them to endeavour to get him into their hands by engaging, on a promise of pardon, some of his accomplices to betray him. This was agreed to, and an overture was made to the father of the young Combalibœufs to obtain the safety of his sons on condition of the capture of d'Espinchal or Arèna—these youths being considered the fittest objects of mercy because they had not personally committed any crime, and were merely, and perhaps accidentally, accessories to that of Arèna. A promise to this effect was accordingly made, both personally and in writing, by the President Novion. Old Combalibœuf knew that his sons were too much men of honour to listen to any such proposal—he therefore kept it a profound secret from them, intending to employ them innocently and unknowingly in his design. For this purpose, confiding in the written protection of the President, he sent to one of his sons to return secretly home. The son obeyed; his return was by some means discovered; the local officers, knowing nothing of the secret treaty, were proud to make a capture of the young man, and he was lodged in the gaol of Clermont, in spite of the remonstrances of his father and the production of the President's letter, which the local magistrate affected to consider as a forgery. The father, having thus unfortunately betrayed one son into the lion's den, became still more alarmed and anxious for the safety of both, and wrote to the other to acquaint him with his brother's danger, and to implore him in the most urgent and pathetic terms to quit the country altogether, and avert the present danger in the hope of pardon in more favourable times; he further urged him to impress the same advice on his friend Arèna, and he appointed a place where he might bid them farewell

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\* We have discovered no other trace of this seemingly Italian name amongst the highland gentry of Auvergne; but we find that there is in the mountains, not far from the château of d'Espinchal, a small manor called *Avena* or *Avona*. Our readers will have observed that all these gentry, small as well as great, are called by their estates. Even so *Balmauchapple* and *Tully-Veolan* were held as legitimate titles as *Montrose* and *Argyle*.

before

before their exile. The design was well conceived, and so far succeeded that the two friends arrived at the rendezvous, where an ambuscade of officers had been stationed: but the unhappy father's device was again destined to recoil on himself—only Combalibœuf was taken. Arèna, more wary and more active, saw symptoms of danger, and made his escape—while his unfortunate friend was sent to join his brother in the prison of Clermont. The two youths were hastily brought to trial and condemned. The President declared himself released from his promise of pardon by the escape of Arèna—the youths died on the scaffold—and the unfortunate father saw his children perish through the very efforts he had made to save them. This was the last blood shed by the *Grands Jours*; and a more cruel and unscrupulous instance of bad faith and blind severity, on the part of the President at least, can hardly be imagined. Even Flechier, with all his *abbé-like* and obsequious complaisance, is forced to hint that M. de Novion's proceedings in this deplorable case were severely criticised.

There ends Flechier's account of Gaspard Baron d'Espinchal—but our readers will be curious to hear the conclusion of so strange a history. The fate of the Combalibœufs convinced him that it was high time to escape from Auvergne, and indeed from France; and with great difficulty and by extraordinary address and courage, he succeeded in reaching Bavaria. With so copious an account of his crimes, it is odd that we should have so little of his earlier military career; but it appears, incidentally, that he had risen, before his condemnation at Riom, to considerable reputation, and to the rank of Lieutenant-General. As to the sequel, we are told that, on his reaching Bavaria, the Elector Ferdinand, being then at war with France, was delighted to obtain the services of a soldier of such eminence, and immediately appointed him Colonel-General and Captain of his Guards. In a short time he became Generalissimo of the Bavarian Forces, and had what the editor calls the '*funeste honneur*' of defeating his countrymen on the banks of the Lech. At the peace of 1679 his intermediation contributed to the marriage of the Grand Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XIV., with the Princess Mary of Bavaria. This event procured him his pardon—his reinstatement in the rank of Lieutenant-General—the restoration of his confiscated property, and the erection of his estate of Masciac into a *comté*. The King, moreover, gave him, with his own hands, his portrait set in diamonds, which the family still possess.

'Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit—hic diadema.'



It was to give full effect to the letters of pardon, that d'Espinchal found himself under the necessity of making that strange and copious confession of the errors and crimes of his former life which we have abridged.

Advanced in fortune and titles—happy, the editor tells us, in his excellent wife, with a numerous family, who made distinguished alliances, the savage outlaw and rebel became a venerable country gentleman, built a new residence at Massiac (the old château having been demolished by sentence of the court, 1662), and died in 1686, full of years and honours; ‘having atoned for his former conduct by an exemplary old age and pious death, and recommending to his children with his latest breath their duties to God, the king, and their country.’—p. 421.

His eldest son Francis married Mademoiselle de Montmorin, and rose to high rank and reputation in the army; he was the nephew of Marshal Villars, and commanded the advanced guard at the celebrated battle of Denain, 1712. All the sons and grandsons of Gaspard attained the rank of general officers, and the family is now represented by Henry Louis, Marquis—and Hippolyte, Count—d'Espinchal—both colonels in the French army; the latter of whom communicated to the Editor the copy of the apologetical memorial that dovetails in so curiously with the narrative of Flechier, and gives to the Abbé's work a character of accuracy as well as authenticity, which, we confess, it would not otherwise have had in our eyes.

The execution of those unfortunate young men the Combali-bœufs—proxies as it were for d'Espinchal and Arèna—was the last serious business of the Judges, who concluded their sittings and set out for Paris on the 5th of February, 1666. Flechier's account is so vague and rambling, that it is not possible to say how many days of the four months were actually employed in business, but it seems certainly not one hundred. We are told that 12,000 affairs of all sorts were brought before them, which would be, on the least possible average, 120 a day; but a majority of these matters must have been referred to the inferior jurisdictions. We dare say that Flechier notes most of the cases that were of any gravity, and *all* those in which capital sentences were actually executed, which seem to have been but four in number; and M. Gonod has found a list of the sentences *par contumace* offers the following result:—

Condemned to be <i>hanged</i>	.	273
„ to banishment	.	96
„ to be <i>beheaded</i>	.	44
„ to be broken alive	.	32
„ to the galleys	.	28
„ to whipping	.	3—476

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There is also a curious account of the miscellaneous expenses of the *Grands Jours*, from which we extract a few items:—

"To M. Cisternes de Vinzelles for his time and trouble and assistants in demolishing the <i>Châteaux du Palais</i>	liv.	3285
Cost, wages, and time of those employed in the demolition of the tower of <i>Montel</i> belonging to the Sieur d'Espinchal		467
To M. Paul Chabre, Lieut. Crim. de Riom, for the demolition of the towers and castles of St. Urcise and Champeix, and the establishment of guards and garrisons in each of the châteaux of the convict d'Espinchal.		6000
For the scaffold for the execution of the Viscount de la Mothe and the two brothers Combalibœufs		68
To the painter for effigies of the <i>Contumaces</i>		30"
—p. 444.		

The painter so liberally employed seems to have been most scantily paid, and one is not surprised that M. de Pomonars should have been displeased with an artist of that school.

It will be observed that though Flechier takes little notice of any plebeian offences, and though the great boast of the *Grands Jours* was that they had punished and suppressed the crimes of the nobles, the noble condemnations were, as evinced by their peculiar punishment of *beheading*, in the not very heinous proportion of one-tenth of the whole convictions. It would seem, moreover, from M. Gonod's researches that not one of these contumacious convicts was ultimately executed.

'As soon as the court was dissolved, the most guilty of the gentry who had escaped punishment by flight, and who had been condemned *par contumace*, returned quietly into their châteaux. Some were still powerful enough to obtain reversals and restitutions.'—p. 444.

And Flechier hints that the refugees were only waiting the departure of the judges to celebrate by general and almost public festivities the departure of these formidable invaders.

The King, who had struck a medal in honour of the *Great Days*—that is, of his own justice—with the legends

SALUS PROVINCIARUM

REPRESSA POTENTIORUM AUDACIA

made at least a show of following up that measure, three of the most severe judges of the *Grands Jours* were sent down apparently to look after the execution of their sentences; but without, it seems, at all disturbing the tranquillity of the *Contumaces*, or even, says M. Gonod, giving them the lesson of caution for the future. This last rather hazardous assertion seems to



be founded on, at least it is solely supported by, a fragment of a deposition in which some peasant complains that a M. de Mazeroles—

‘ would not deliver up a certain note of hand which had been paid, and two hundred quintals of lime which he had promised; and that when deponent demanded their restitution, the said Sieur and his wife told deponent to go about his business, and that they were ready to answer any complaint he should make.’—p. 445.

A more ridiculous attempt to prove the continuance of the system of crime which the *Grands Jours* were intended to suppress, it is hard to imagine; but, in truth, M. Gonod seems not to have had, any more than Flechier, a clear idea of the policy which may have guided Louis XIV. and his ministers in this matter. Flechier in many places, and finally in a recapitulation which he prudently puts into the mouth of a third and anonymous person, exposes a great deal of inconsistency and injustice on the part of the Tribunal at large, and especially of the President, against whom he very broadly imputes favouritism and even corruption. There may have been some grounds for this censure, but we suspect that much of what is apparently liable to criticism was in truth the result not of the weakness or culpability of the judges, but of the original design and object of the Government.

Out of such a hideous catalogue of crimes, and such a multitude of criminals, it is observable that four only suffered capitally—that, of those four, one, the poor priest, turned out to have been altogether innocent, and the other three were executed for offences venial, according to Flechier's report, in comparison with those of others, who were either acquitted, or permitted to escape by illusory sentences *par contumace*. If we had a full note of all the cases, we should probably find either that the three unfortunate gentlemen who suffered were the only ones in custody against whom there was sufficient evidence, or that there was some motive beyond those stated by Flechier for the peculiar and, as the story is told, unaccountable severity towards them—though the enmity so strongly insinuated by Flechier as arising out of the civil wars may perhaps have turned the scale, and determined the choice of one victim rather than another. And with respect to the small number of those personally arrested, and to the great numbers who were allowed, whether by negligence or design, to make a temporary escape, and were afterwards, as it seems, so universally pardoned, we believe the true explanation to be, that the crimes which it was desired to repress—the feuds so prolific in murder, and the abuses of hereditary jurisdictions and territorial rights so pregnant with extortion and oppression—were diseases of the *system*;—that, although no doubt the temper  
and

and character of individual lords led them to great and sometimes terrible excesses of abuse, yet the disorder was general, and attributable in its origin to the state of the law and the condition of society. It would have been unjust, and indeed impossible, to treat the universal abuse or rather misfortune, as a series of separate offences, and to have sent the whole province to gaol and to the scaffold. We do not doubt that the wise as well as merciful object of the government was to reform, rather than to punish; and this principle once adopted, most of the circumstances that strike us as extraordinary in the composition and proceedings of the Court of the *Grands Jours* seem capable of reasonable explanation. If the Crown prosecutor was a man of severe character and rigorous zeal, well calculated both to punish and intimidate; on the other hand, several members of the court were known to be of indulgent tempers; and many had connexions in the province; so that, if it had reason to fear the severity of the former, it would naturally expect some moderation, if not favour, from the latter. The ladies too were perhaps allowed to accompany the judges, and plays and balls were encouraged, to soften the rigorous aspect of the legal proceedings. So, probably, were some occasions of indulgence taken during the proceedings—such as the accouchement of Madame de Ribeyre. The delays of the Court, and the days and weeks which Flechier thought idly wasted, were, we suspect, intended and calculated to give the district more permanent ideas of justice, and a more lasting impression of the power of the law. The great numbers of the accused who evaded actual trial did not escape altogether unpunished; they were subjected to the shame, inconvenience, and expense of a flight, and to a long interval of intense personal alarm. The examples made—one at the outset and two at the conclusion—were terrible enough to create an extensive and durable effect, but so few in number as to limit within a narrow circle the pain to families and the general unpopularity which even the most necessary punishments must produce. The numerous condemnations *par contumace* were not, as Flechier represents them, a mockery of punishment to those whom the law *could not* reach, but an awful admonition to those whom the Government *did not choose* to punish more severely; and these condemnations were stretched, we have no doubt, as far as M. Talon could carry them, because he saw in them the most powerful security for the future good behaviour of this turbulent gentry. With the clue which this hypothesis affords, we can understand, if not all the details, at least the general proceedings of the *Grands Jours*. And the policy, if our conjecture be admitted, appears to have been as successful in its consequences as judicious in conception.

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Those wild districts seem to have been restored to tranquillity and order. Respect for the laws and the royal authority were established. We read of no more *Grands Jours d'Auvergne*;\* and the Canillacs, the Beaunes, the Apchons, the Espinchals, and their posterity—restored to their properties, natural rank, and influence in the country, but stripped of their powers of vexation and oppression—became respectable country gentlemen or distinguished servants of the state: and although the *Auvergnats* have even to this day something of their distinctive highland character,† we believe that, for the century that preceded the Revolution, Auvergne—still celebrated for its romantic scenery and traditions—had as little of that terrible romance of real life which we see depicted in the *Grands Jours*, as any other of the provinces of France.

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ART. VIII.—1. *On the Regulation of Currencies; being an Examination of the Principles on which it is proposed to restrict within certain fixed Limits the future Issues on Credit of the Bank of England and of the other Banking Establishments throughout the Country.* By John Fullarton, Esq. London. 8vo. 1845. Second Edition.

2. *An Inquiry into the Currency Principle; the Connexion of the Currency with Prices, and the Expediency of a Separation of Issue from Banking.* By Thos. Tooke, Esq., F.R.S. London. 8vo. 1844. Second Edition.

3. *Speeches of Sir Robert Peel on 6th and 20th May, 1844, on the Renewal of the Bank Charter.* London. 8vo. 1844.

4. *Speech of Benjamin Hawes, Jun., Esq., in Opposition to the Second Reading of the Bank of England Charter Bill, Thursday, 13th June, 1844.* London. 8vo. 1844.

5. *Thoughts on the Separation of the Departments of the Bank of England.* By Samuel Jones Loyd. London. 8vo. 1844.

6. *An Inquiry into the practical Working of the proposed Arrangements for the Renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England.* By R. Torrens, Esq., F.R.S. London. 8vo. 1844.

7. *The Financial and Commercial Crisis considered.* By Lord Ashburton. London. 8vo. 1847.

THE recurrence of another of those visitations of commercial difficulty and distress, of which our history during the last hundred years has presented so many examples, has again directed

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\* There were *Grands Jours* in 1668 for the Limousin and Languedoc, but we have no account of them; and they are the last we read of—probably the last ever held.

† Lamartine (*Hist. des Girondins*, viii. 185) says, in his usual *boursouflé* style, that '*leurs âmes sont rudes et calcinées comme le sol*,' which seems to us very like—what M. Lamartine too often mistakes for fine writing—nonsense.

public attention to the subject of the currency and the management of our banking institutions.

The doctrines of those who determined the actual state of the law may be thus epitomized:—That upon the quantity of the circulating medium of coin and bank-notes, metropolitan and provincial, depend in a very intimate degree the range of prices and the complexion of the whole commercial condition of the country:—That a purely metallic currency is the only safe and true type, with reference to which a mixed circulation of coin and paper can be conducted:—That the fluctuations of amount of such mixed circulation can only be legitimate and safe when they follow strictly the index of what would be the variations of a metallic medium:—That with our mixed currency of gold and paper this true and only index is to be found in the fluctuations in the amount of bullion in the Bank of England:—That under the system which prevailed up to 1844 the fluctuations of our circulating medium did not conform to this rule, but quite the contrary in a multitude of instances:—That the consequence of this departure from sound principles was an extreme aggravation of financial pressures and of commercial excitements and revulsions, attended in some instances with such a drain on the cash reserve of the Bank as to endanger its solvency:—That the most powerful, if not the exclusive, cause of these vicious irregularities arose from the power possessed by all issuing bodies, of fixing the limit of their note issues at whatever amount might fall in with their own views of profit or convenience:—That convertibility on demand was only an ultimate and distant check upon this *ad libitum* power of creating paper-money:—And finally, that when the circulating medium should be made to conform to a metallic model, the pernicious influences incident to our monetary system prior to 1844 would be effectually removed. The system of opinions, of which this is an outline, has very generally received the name of *the currency theory*. It originated mainly with Mr. Ricardo—its most learned and eloquent expounder is Mr. Jones Loyd—it obtained the sanction of the legislature on the earnest recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, in 1844.

The doctrines maintained by Mr. Tooke, Mr. Fullarton, and Mr. Hawes, and which, we believe, have now acquired the concurrence of most mercantile men of eminence, may be briefly described as *the converse of those on which the act of 1844 was founded, and which we have just epitomized*—except only as respects the cardinal points of keeping intact the integrity of the metallic standard and the obligation of full and constant convertibility of bank-notes into gold on demand. There is no third class of doctrines which we think it necessary to discuss in reference to the interests of  
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the present time. There is no other which any considerable number of persons would thank us for discussing.

We will not try the patience of any reader by an introductory dissertation on the mere nomenclature of the subject. We will grant, for the sake of argument, that the use, according to the currency theory, of the terms 'money' and 'circulation' as interchangeable expressions for coin and bank-notes, is correct; although it would not require any very profound faculty of analysis to show that a bank-note is as emphatically a mere form of credit as a book-debt. Assuming, however, that this representation of the constituent elements of money is correct, there still appears to be no sufficient ground for the allegations which are so generally put forth as to the paramount influence of fluctuations in the quantity of this circulating medium upon the range of prices and the mercantile transactions of the community. We are, on the contrary, satisfied that the tendency of every progressive step in the career of a commercial people is to place them more and more above the influence of variations in the amount of their circulating medium. We believe that their system of credit and their resources and facilities of capital first economise, and then almost entirely supersede, the ordinary functions of money, except for the purposes of retail trade and the payment of wages. The transactions which originally could not be settled without the intervention of coin come by and bye to be liquidated by bank-notes. Next, the use even of these notes is found to involve a needless amount of trouble and risk, the whole of which can be safely and satisfactorily avoided by a cheque;—and through the medium of the banker's clearing-house the cheques so created are cancelled daily to a perfectly astounding extent by the exchange of the veriest fraction of the circulating formula. It is in this way that a simple transfer of title to certain portions of capital becomes gradually sufficient for the complete discharge of functions that seemed at one time entirely to depend on the quantity of the circulation. In a word, we hold with Mr. Fullarton that

'When in the progress of society credit comes to perform an important part in all mutual dealings, and in the great majority of transactions supersedes the necessity for this interchange of equivalents, an entirely new principle is brought into play, and one governed by distinct laws. Credit becomes the legitimate substitute for money; but in all its modifications and phases it is distinguished by a broad and impassable line from money itself.'—*Regulation of Currencies*, p. 36.\*

These opinions are obviously irreconcilable with the currency

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\* At pages 29 and 51 of Mr. Fullarton's work there are passages to the same effect, which we beg to press upon the attention of the reader.

theory as to the direct moving causes of the influx and efflux of bullion. That theory finds these causes in the condition of the circulation. It inculcates that by a redundant circulation of convertible paper, we raise the level of local prices above the legitimate bullion level, and by that means attract into the country an excess of *imports* over *exports*; that the quantity of the circulation then undergoes (or ought to undergo) a diminution equal to the extent of this excess; and that through the influence of this diminution the redundancy of the circulation is corrected, and the general and legitimate level of bullion prices is restored. The converse of this routine is, of course, affirmed to take place in consequence of what they call an appreciated, or deficient currency. With such a currency it is alleged that the level of local prices is below the proper level, and below the level prevailing in other commercial states: that hence our exports exceed our imports; that an influx of bullion is superinduced, and that, through the agency of this influx, the equilibrium is again re-established.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that the level of bullion prices throughout the world is determined by the quantity of the precious metals compared with the uses for them; or, in other words, with the demand for them as coin, and for other purposes; and it is also true that after the discoveries of Columbus, the great increase of the supply of gold and silver did gradually raise the metallic prices of commodities, according to Hume, fourfold, or, according to I. B. Say, sixfold; that is, that gold and silver are not now worth more in commodities and labour than one-fourth or one-sixth of what they were before those discoveries; but it is not *therefore* true, now, when these precious metals have become distributed among the nations of the world according to a natural law, which admits of an easy demonstration, that the metallic circulation of a country determines within that country the range of prices, and of their co-ordinate phenomena.

Nothing is more certain than that prices do rise and fall perpetually, and that in numerous important instances fluctuations take a very wide range; and nothing is more certain than that there is at least no corresponding extent of change in the quantity of the circulating medium. This is a *prima facie* contradiction on the very threshold of the currency doctrines, which we must say we have never yet seen fairly answered, or even fairly grappled with.

If this country has the misfortune to suffer from a harvest so deficient that the price of corn is doubled, we all know that the high price of corn in England will sweep into our harbours cargoes of grain from every point of the compass from whence, according to the ordinary rules of calculation, the importation will

be



the weeks of highest circulation were those of lowest prices; and that in the latter half of May, when the outstanding notes with the public had fallen to the extent of a *million*, we had a decided improvement in the tone of the commercial circulars.

The course of our inquiry leads us now to notice the two remaining cardinal postulates of the currency theorists, viz. :—

1. That the Bank of England and other banks of issue, in spite of the obligation imposed on them of paying gold on demand, can and do regulate the volume of their notes in the hands of the public, according to their respective views of their own interest :—2. That in consequence of the unsound policy usually adopted by these bodies, our mixed currency does not conform to the changes which would take place in a circulation entirely metallic.

Now, if the control of the bankers over the quantity of their outstanding notes be thus complete, it will scarcely be denied that the following results ought to be palpable on the face of the evidence, viz. :—

1. That with greater population and greater trade, and consequently a greater number of applicants at the banker's counter, there ought to be a greater amount of circulation. 2. That with more issuing banks, there ought to be more issue. 3. That in a country abounding with banking facilities, the quantity of circulation ought strikingly to exceed that which obtains among a people possessing a less perfect and a less extended system of banking institutions. 4. That in the same country the distribution of the greatest masses of circulation ought to be coincident with the districts of the greatest population, the most extensive trade, and the most adventurous activity. 5. That with reference to a fact so important as that of the power of the country bankers to regulate the amount of their *issues* (by which is always understood the amount of their notes outstanding), there ought at least to have been something like an acknowledgment to that effect extracted from those bankers by the persevering cross-examinations to which so many of them have been subjected during the last thirty years. 6. That from the exercise of such a power as this doctrine assumes, nothing less than an aggregate of the most irregular results could be looked for in the periodical returns of the country notes.

1. and 2.—Upon balancing the evidence for and against the first two of the results here enumerated, our conclusions could not be more clearly expressed than we find them to be in the following extract from Mr. Fullarton's masterly treatise :—

'A remarkable and decided test of the utter powerlessness of banks to increase the issue of their notes *ad libitum* has been supplied by the recent history of our currency from the period of the first introduction

roduction of joint-stock banks in 1833 to the present time. These gigantic establishments began to spring up at a season when the industry of the country, more particularly in its manufacturing and mining departments, had just received an impetus which in the course of the three following years was productive of results perhaps without a parallel in our domestic history. The succession of productive harvests from 1833 to 1835, and the abundance and cheapness of the necessities of life in general, seem to have given a remarkable stimulus and extension at this period to our internal consumption. The spirit of adventure was abroad; besides the new banks, other great joint-stock companies were formed for the construction of railways and a variety of projects, chiefly of internal improvement, and a vast enlargement was given to our commercial dealings with the United States of America and with the East.

\* According to the commonly received opinions on the subject, every circumstance seemed to favour the expectation that among other developments of credit a considerable addition to the bank-note circulation would be called for to feed the activity and enterprise that were in progress. And the new establishments were scarcely set on foot ere they entered on a career of the most uncompromising competition with the private banks and the recently established branches of the Bank of England, and prosecuted that competition by the most unscrupulous means. So systematic, determined, and powerful a series of efforts to enlarge more particularly the circulation of bank-notes had probably never been attempted since the invention of banking; and what has been the result? With all their zeal and empressment to attract and create employment for their paper, what were these hundred and seven great companies, with their fifteen millions of paid-up capital, their subscribed capitals of ten times the amount, and all that prodigious command which, through their interest-accounts and their re-discounts in the London markets, they obtained over the capital of others, with their four hundred and seventy-one branches and agencies, penetrating into every corner of the kingdom, and carrying their paper-circulation into quarters where the name of a bank had never till that time been heard of; what with all this did they accomplish? By the facilities of credit which they afforded to wild speculators, men without capital of their own, they contributed largely, it is true, to the calamitous reverses which soon followed. They succeeded also, to a considerable extent, in driving weaker or less venturesome rivals from the field, and in usurping more than a fair share of such additional issue of bank-notes as the stir of industry and the extension of production between 1833 and 1839 had called into existence. But far from contributing to the eventual enlargement of the aggregate mass of the bank-note circulation, the effect of this competition from the first was obviously to keep it down. The utmost expansion at any given period from 1833 to 1839 will not bear a comparison with the fluctuations of any of those seasons of extraordinary commercial activity which preceded the chief monetary crises of the last half-century, in 1809 or 1814, for example, or in the early part of



of 1824-5. What at any time they added to their own circulation was obtained for the most part at the expense of others. They succeeded, in concurrence with the new branches of the Bank of England, in supplanting nearly altogether the bill-currency in Lancashire and other manufacturing counties. The issues of the country banks, with every other circumstance favourable to their augmentation, exhibited in every year but 1838 a progressive decline; and, notwithstanding the considerable share of the country circulation which the Bank of England had recently appropriated to itself through its branches, the total issues of that establishment diminished almost *pari passu* with the growth of the joint-stock circulation, and to such extent, that between October, 1833, and December, 1835, the very period when the spirit of commercial enterprise reached its height, the reduction amounted to three millions and upwards. There was a rally indeed to some extent in 1836; but upon the unfavourable turn of commercial affairs in 1839, and the depression of industry and credit which followed, the reduction was carried still further. The return of the 24th December of that year gives the total circulation of the Bank of England under that date at only 15,532,000*l.*; and as of that sum 3,818,000*l.* were issues made through the branches, there remained for the circulation of the metropolis and its environs only 11,714,000*l.*, a sum more nearly corresponding with the average issues of the Bank of England previous to 1797 than with the minimum metropolitan circulation of any more recent period. Nor was this decline any longer compensated by the increased issues of the joint-stock banks. Those institutions had by this time fallen into discredit and disrepute, from the failure of some and the flagrant mismanagement of more; and their issues, as well as those of the private banks, partook with the circulation of the Bank of England of that general declension which was by this time in full progress, and which brought down the whole circulation of England and Wales, metropolitan, private, and joint-stock, to 25,010,706*l.* in the first quarter of 1842, being upwards of three and a half millions less than the average circulation of 1833; though during the interval the population of the kingdom had increased in the proportion of about one-tenth, and the consumption of commodities had on the whole kept pace with the growth of population.'—*Regul. of Curr.*, p. 89.

3.—With reference to the third criterion again, let us turn to Mr. Tooke's pamphlet of 1844, p. 44. He there extracts the evidence of Mr. Blair, treasurer and manager of the Bank of Scotland, to the effect—1. That the total amount of deposits held by the Scotch banks (which in 1826 was computed to be about 21,000,000*l.*), had in 1841 reached to about 27,000,000*l.*; 2. That in 1841 there were about 380 bank offices in Scotland, 348 of these being branches, the population 2,500,000—that is, one bank for every 6600 individuals; whereas there were in 1825, 167 bank offices, of which 133 were branch banks;—that is, the population being then 2,200,000, there was one bank to every 13,170

13,170 individuals.—Mr. Tooke, after these quotations, remarks that nevertheless, since 1826, the amount of the aggregate circulation in Scotland has *considerably diminished*.

In no country is there a network of banks so extensively spread over every district as in Scotland. The competition in no other part of the United Kingdom is so systematic and determined. Striking, then, out of the Scotch returns the 1*l.* notes, for which on this side of the border we have no analogous class of paper money, and comparing the amount of Scotch 5*l.* notes with the amount of the English 5*l.* notes, what is the result? Does the country so profusely provided with banks, and fostered by banking competition, carry off the palm by exhibiting an exuberance of paper-money?—By no means. A very simple process in arithmetic will suffice to show, that while the highly favoured people of Scotland command, on an average, 8*s.* a head of circulation, our own population possess whatever advantage is to be derived from a prodigality of issue in a proportion exactly *four times as large*.\*

4.—The absence of any decisive evidence, or indeed of any evidence worth mentioning, in behalf of the fourth required result, is every way as striking. The distribution of the greatest masses of the provincial circulation, so far from being coincident with the districts of greatest population, greatest trade, and greatest activity and enterprise, is in point of fact coincident with the districts where population and trade are alike of the most stationary character. How, for example, can it be contended that commercial temerity and speculative excitement wait upon the rise and fall in the column of the local notes, when throughout the whole territory of which Manchester is the manufacturing and Liverpool the commercial capital, a single local note does not exist? There may be found, to be sure, a trifle of provincial circulating paper upon the agricultural borders of Lancashire; but the fact is equally notorious and significant, that the predilection for a gigantic scale of enterprise which distinguishes the people of the more southern parts of that county, finds no impediment to its most energetic forms of manifestation in a rejection of the aid of an *ad libitum* power of paper issue. There is no class of persons amongst us more ready than those who uphold the currency doctrine, to stigmatise and bemoan the commercial errors and excesses of this the most remarkable of the provinces

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\* The circulation of English country banks is 8,648,853*l.*, which *plus* 20,000,000*l.* of Bank of England notes, gives as stated 28,648,853*l.*; and as the population may be taken at 16,000,000, the average to each person would be 36*s.*, or four and a half times as large as in Scotland. Some small allowance, however, is due for the notes which circulate out of England, and we therefore take 32*s.* as an amply safe estimate.



for activity and enterprise; but if the censure be just, the theory can hardly be true. If the miscalculations of these manufacturers and merchants, and the revulsions caused by them, are as mischievous as they are said to be, it seems at least a remarkable anomaly that the precise order of effects which is alleged to be so intimately dependent upon a specific cause, should be most conspicuous in the very place where the cause itself has absolutely no existence.

Again: the gross local circulation of Yorkshire is not more than 1,500,000*l.*, and of this sum only one-third finds employment in the manufacturing and mining districts, while two-thirds are distributed among an agricultural population very nearly one-half less in numerical strength, and occupying a still lower comparative position with reference to all the elements of commercial activity and importance.

The largeness of the circulation of the agricultural banks is every way as remarkable: so constant is this phenomenon, that in running the eye over the Gazette returns published under the Act of 1844, whenever a sum, extraordinary from its magnitude, attracts attention, it will be found, with very rare exceptions (and those admitting of explanation), to belong to a rural locality. The maximum circulation, for example, of the oldest of the Boston banks is 75,000*l.*; that of the oldest of the Birmingham banks is 23,000*l.*; the circulation of the Yarmouth Bank is 53,000*l.*; that of the Hull Bank is 29,000*l.*; and the bank at Saffron Walden has an issue very nearly as large as the oldest of the banks at Leeds—the Saffron Walden figures being 47,000*l.*, and those of the bank at Leeds 53,000*l.*

It may, perhaps, be said that this line of argument does not meet the real question—that it does not prove that banks of issue have not the power of emitting their notes *ad libitum*, but simply that the emission is larger in the regions of agriculture than in those of trade—but, in truth, that is the very point. According to the currency school the amount of issue is regulated by the intensity of the demand for pecuniary accommodation on the one hand, and by the inclination to meet it on the other. But it will hardly be maintained that the bankers of Boston are exposed to solicitation more urgent than the bankers of Leeds, or that the atmosphere of competition is more intense in a country-town of Lincolnshire or Norfolk than in the busiest marts of the West Riding or Warwickshire.

5.—Passing on to the fifth point, we need only advert to the utter and signal failure of every attempt which has been made to elicit from the country bankers the slightest countenance to the notion which would represent them as the arbitrary dispensers

persers of paper-money. On this subject the strain of testimony is uniform and consistent, and if our position required any corroboration, the chief difficulty of this would consist in the selection of materials from the superabundant store in the folios of the Committees of 1832 and 1840-1.

6.—We have now to consider the last of the criterions enumerated, namely, that which relates to the character of the variations in the quantity of the local bank-notes. If their issue was governed solely by arbitrary motives of interest or convenience on the part of the bankers, it might reasonably be expected that the aggregate results, as displayed by the publication in the Gazette, would exhibit some traces of the operation of a rule of action so uncertain and capricious. But the precise contrary is the fact. The provincial returns for all the three divisions of the United Kingdom are alike distinguished by the plainest features of a systematic periodical fluctuation. The English returns exhibit the course of the circulation as performing annually the following revolution:—The highest point is attained in April, and there is then a decline till August, which is the month of the lowest amount of notes—the second highest point is reached in November—in the following month there is a marked reaction, and then the figures gradually ascend again to their maximum in the spring of the year.—If the recurrence of these changes was irregular, or if the amount of the periodical rise and fall was hardly the same on any two occasions, it might be urged with some plausibility, that the fluctuations prove nothing beyond the truism that the number of borrowers is not at all times alike. We read, however, on the face of the returns, the undeniable evidence of the operation of some law so regular and systematic that it may be described as almost mechanical. For not only do the seasons of elevation and depression always fall upon the same months, but the degree in which the quantity of notes is influenced on these occasions is as remarkable for its uniformity as the recurrence of the fact itself. But a further, and it would appear a decisive, proof, is to be found in the returns of the provincial circulation of the Bank of England. Its branches can hardly be liable to fall into any of the pernicious lapses charged against the country banks. The issues of those branches at least, may fairly be presumed, therefore, to be regulated by the spontaneous action of the public. Now, it so happens, that the returns of that circulation exhibit precisely the same average of variation, both in date and degree, as the returns of the private and joint-stock banks. We do not know that the argument admits of any further extension. The utter absence of all capricious oscillations



from the note returns is in itself a pretty cogent proof; but when the identical law which governs these returns is shown to extend itself over the issues of an establishment confessedly free from all the irregularities alleged against the country banks, it must be allowed that the currency doctrine is in great jeopardy.

There still remains to be examined the further question, Whether, as is alleged, in consequence of the unsound and unsystematic policy of the Bank of England and the other banks of issue, our mixed circulation of gold and paper does not conform to the changes which would take place in a circulation entirely metallic? The allegation, when reduced to its ultimate form, appears to resolve itself into this:—that in lending his own notes a banker lends something which is of less value to him, and which it is not needful to guard with so scrupulous a care as the *bonâ fide* capital invested in his business, or constituting his customers' balances. On this head, it may be sufficient to remind our readers, that there appear to be three principal causes which render the constant reflux of all redundant *country notes* so certain, that the issuing bankers, whatever may be their will, have not the power to make any difference between their notes and their capital. These causes are found to be:—1. The essentially local credit of the notes themselves, which restrains their sphere of circulation within a radius of about twelve miles from the place of issue; 2. The rivalry of other bankers who never issue or re-issue any notes but their own, and the consequent rapid system of mutual interchange and cancelling of notes among the bankers themselves, known as the 'note exchanges;' and 3. The strong inducements, from motives of interest and safety, which constantly impel the public to retain out of the banks only just as many bank-notes as suffice for their daily exigencies. If these impediments to over-issue establish a complete identity between notes and capital—as they certainly appear to do;—that is to say, if, when a banker's circulation has reached the point which his experience has taught him to consider as its limit, the impediments to any further prolonged issue are so palpable that in issuing his notes he is made to feel that he is advancing capital—then it cannot be contended, that the mere substitution of one form of capital or credit for another (and this would be the sole difference that would be occasioned by the adoption of a purely metallic currency) could lead to any alteration in the manner in which the bankers conduct their business.

Nor does there seem to be any ground for regarding the position of the *Bank of England* in these respects as at all essentially different from that of the other banks. In the first place, be it observed, the Bank of England does not in point of fact make  
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all or the greatest portion of its payments in the form of notes. Of this we are assured; because, notwithstanding the incessant and large variations which may be observed in the Bank returns under the heads of public and private securities, we often find no corresponding fluctuations in the amount of the circulation. Secondly, neither are the borrowers from the Bank under any obligation to confine themselves to the medium of notes, but may dispose of the amount placed at their credit either by withdrawing gold, passing cheques, or making remittances through the branches. It is not easy, therefore, to perceive how the directors can recognise any difference between accommodation granted in notes, and accommodation granted in coin, or through a mere book transfer. The main principle by which they will always feel bound to regulate their advances must have reference, one should imagine, not to the medium in which the amount is to be withdrawn from the Bank, but to the merits of each particular transaction when considered with reference to the position of the Bank and the aspect of the money-market. But setting aside the question as to the imputed disposition, on the part of the Bank of England, to over-issue, which would seem to be determined in the negative, is it certain that, if the directors had the inclination, they possess, any more than the country bankers, the power to make extravagant and unusual advances by means of their circulation? In one respect, indeed, there can be little doubt as to the power of the Bank of England to exert a very great influence—by its action, namely, on the current rate of interest and the general temper of the money-market, whether by direct operations or by example—though by example chiefly. If, for instance, the Bank should think proper to lend money at 1 per cent., when the natural rate of interest was much higher, it cannot be doubted that a most important and, in the end, a highly inconvenient effect would be produced; but it does seem to admit of doubt, whether that effect would or could be accomplished in any degree through the quantity of the outstanding circulation. It may even be questioned, considering the evidence of recent facts, whether under such a state of things the ordinary amount of circulation would be increased at all. The returns of the clearing-house might be doubled, and it would be no new phenomenon were such a double amount of business to admit of adjustment by even less than the previously existing amount of bank-notes. It would be a colossal instance of mismanagement, exhibiting itself precisely in the same way as if it had originated in Lombard-street instead of the Bank parlour.

The want of power on the part of the Bank of England (equally with other banks of issue) over the amount of its notes in circulation without its walls, was first noticed, we believe, by



Mr. Tooke, in his very able pamphlet of 1844; but the point is more fully developed by Mr. Fullarton, who says:—

‘It is a great error, indeed, to imagine, that the demand for pecuniary accommodation (that is, for the loan of capital) is identical with the demand for additional means of circulation, or even that the two are frequently associated. Each demand originates in circumstances peculiarly affecting itself, and very distinct from each other. It is when every thing looks prosperous, when wages are high, prices on the rise, and factories busy, that an additional supply of *currency* is usually required to perform the additional functions inseparable from the necessity of making larger and more numerous payments; whereas, it is chiefly in a more advanced stage of the commercial cycle, when difficulties begin to present themselves, when markets are overstocked and returns delayed, that interest rises, and a pressure comes on the Bank for advances of *capital*. It is true, there is no medium through which the Bank is accustomed to advance capital, except that of its promissory notes, and that to refuse the notes, therefore, is to refuse the accommodation—

Mr. Fullarton does not seem here to have adverted to that portion of the Bank’s advances which is effected by mere transfer of account—

‘But the accommodation once granted, everything adjusts itself in conformity with the necessities of the market; the loan remains, and the currency, if not wanted, finds its way back to the issuer. Accordingly, a very slight examination of the Parliamentary Returns may convince any one, that the securities in the hands of the Bank of England fluctuate more frequently in an opposite direction to its circulation than in concert with it; and that the example, therefore, of that great establishment furnishes no exception to the doctrine so strongly pressed by the country bankers, to the effect that no bank can enlarge its circulation, if that circulation be already adequate to the purposes to which a bank-note currency is commonly applied, but that every addition to its advances after that limit is passed must be made from its capital, and supplied by the sale of some of its securities, or by abstinence from further investment in such securities.’

Mr. Fullarton proceeds to comment on the Parliamentary Returns from 1833 to 1840; but we content ourselves with the following specimen:—

‘On the 3rd of January, 1837, when the resources of the Bank were strained to the uttermost to sustain credit and meet the difficulties of the money-market, we find its advances on loan and discount carried to the enormous sum of 17,022,000*l.*, an amount scarcely known since the war, and almost equal to the entire aggregate issues, which in the meanwhile remain unmoved at so low a point as 17,076,000*l.*! On the other hand, we have on the 4th of June, 1833, a circulation of 18,892,000*l.*, with a return of private securities in hand, nearly if not the lowest on record for the last half-century, amounting to no more than 972,000*l.*!—*Regulation of Currencies*, p. 97.

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These returns corroborate, in short, in a most striking manner the arguments which go to show that the Bank of England stands in precisely the same situation as the country banks as to the point of arbitrary interference with the circulation. These returns—so far from indicating a progressive expansion of the amount of the circulation with the progressive increase of population, trade, and banking facilities—exhibit the exact reverse, namely, a striking diminution of the amount of outstanding notes. On that subject it is not needful, however, to add anything to the details already given in this Article.

Having now cleared our way, we may proceed to the Currency Measures of 1844.

The expiration on the 1st of August, 1844, of the charter granted to the Bank of England in 1834, gave a very appropriate opportunity of revising, and if needful, of altering our banking legislation. The events of 1836 and 1839-40 had powerfully drawn public attention to the subject; and the inquiries of the Committee on Banks of Issue, which sat during the sessions of 1840 and 1841, had made a very profound impression upon most of those members of both the great parties who concern themselves with financial and monetary questions. Moreover, a long continued influx of bullion had raised the treasure in the vaults of the Bank to the unprecedented amount of sixteen millions. The state of the trade and manufacturing industry of the country was entirely free from any aberrations, which could excite distrust; and the whole complexion of our commercial condition was such as fairly to invite the introduction of any measure affecting these important concerns, which mature investigation might have shown to be in principle sound and salutary.

It was under these circumstances, that, on the 6th of May, 1844, Sir Robert Peel introduced his new plan to the House in a very elaborate speech. He professed his entire adhesion to the doctrines of the currency school, and proceeded to justify the various alterations embodied in his scheme, by the statements and arguments upon which Mr. Ricardo and his earlier disciples had been accustomed to rely; concluding with the following anticipations of the beneficial influence of the measures he proposed:—

‘When I call to mind the danger to which the Bank of England has been exposed, the various effects of a sudden change from an over-abundant to a contracted circulation, the reckless speculations of some of the joint-stock banks, the losses entailed on their shareholders, the insolvency of so many private banks, the miserable amount of the dividends which have in many cases been paid, the ruin inflicted on innocent creditors, the shock to public and private credit, then indeed I rejoice, on public grounds, in the hope that the wisdom of Parliament will at length devise measures which shall inspire just confidence in the medium  
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of exchange, *shall put a check on improvident speculation*, and shall ensure, so far as legislation can ensure, the just reward of industry, and the legitimate profit of commercial enterprise conducted with integrity, and controlled by provident calculation.'—*Speech*, p. 53.

No inconsiderable part of Sir Robert Peel's speech was occupied with statements of the number of insolvencies of country bankers. But he did not distinguish among these the issuing from the non-issuing banks; neither did he keep sufficiently separate the consideration of mere security against failure or insolvency, from that of providing for the regulation and limitation of the amount of notes that should circulate among the public. Upon the one there was little, if any, question of principle; upon the other, the greatest possible. It is as regards the latter point only, that we have to examine how far the legislation of 1844 was founded on sound doctrine, and suitable to the circumstances of the country.

The measures by which Sir Robert Peel proposed to carry his important purposes into execution, and which were embodied in his bill, were as follows:—From the 1st day of September, 1844, the Bank of England was to be divided into two totally distinct departments, named, the 'Issue Department,' and the 'Banking Department.' Both were allowed to be conducted on the former premises, and both under the management of the Court of Directors, in the election or constitution of which no change was suggested. The Banking Department was to conduct all the business of the establishment—with the exception only of the issue of bank-notes. This specific duty was committed to the Issue Department, under certain rigid regulations. These regulations were,—that notes shall be issued *only on public securities or bullion*, and that the amount to be issued on securities shall be limited for the future to fourteen millions; the debt of about eleven millions due by the Government to the Bank being allowed to constitute one portion of those securities; but all issues in excess of the fourteen millions to be in exchange for bullion, and bullion only; so that if the bullion in the Issue Department at any time be ten millions, the total of the issued notes will be twenty-four millions; the office of the Issue Department beyond the limit of fourteen millions being strictly confined to the mechanical duty of exchanging notes for gold, or gold for notes, in obedience to the requisitions of the public. The effect of this arrangement is obvious; until the amount of the outstanding notes falls below fourteen millions, the bullion in the vaults of the Bank cannot be exhausted; and, as all the notes out of the walls of the Issue Department are considered to be 'notes issued,' the Banking  
Department

Department of the establishment is placed in precisely the same position with reference to the quantity of the outstanding circulation as the treasuries of any of the banking-houses in Lombard Street. It can only obtain notes by presenting gold, and it can only obtain gold by presenting notes. Whatever quantity of notes and coin therefore may be reserved in the drawers of the Banking Department, constitute the cash reserve of that department, and correspond in every particular to the reserve of notes and coin retained by a private banker to meet the demands of his daily business. On the 15th of May (1847), for example, the reserve of the Banking Department amounted to 4,695,000*l.*, in the proportions of 3,793,000*l.* in notes and 902,000*l.* in coin. But it is clear that the retention of so large a part of this reserve in the form of notes could originate only in a simple motive of convenience. The receiver can convert the notes into coin by crossing the quadrangle into the hall of the Issue Department,—a mere matter of routine. It is evident, therefore, whatever may be the form, whether notes or gold, in which the banking reserve is kept, that in reality it is intended to fulfil the functions of a *reserve of bullion*.

By the same statute which placed these restraints on the Bank of England, the amount of the outstanding provincial notes of England and Wales was confined also within a certain fixed limit. This limit was ascertained by taking the average outstanding issue of the twelve weeks immediately preceding the 27th of April, 1844, on which day the measure was first announced. Clauses were inserted, prescribing the mode in which each bank should obtain an authority to issue its portion of the total sum; and the regulation was to come into force on the 10th of October, 1844. Under this regulation, the maximum issue for England and Wales became thus divided between the private and the joint-stock banks—

208 private banks were allowed to issue	£5,153,407
72 joint-stock banks ditto	3,495,446
280	£8,648,853

In addition to the restrictions thus placed on existing banks, care was taken to deny the privilege of issue altogether to all future banking establishments, and to withdraw the privilege from those actually holding it, in the event of certain alterations taking place in their respective constitutions.

The same principle, with the necessary modifications, was extended next year to the banks of Scotland and Ireland. The maximum fixed for Scotland was the average of the Scotch circulation



ulation during the twelve months preceding the 1st of May, 1845. It came into force on the 6th of December, 1845, and gave to eighteen joint-stock banks the privilege of issuing to the extent of 3,087,209*l.*, of which sum about 2,200,000*l.*, or 74 per cent., is in 1*l.* notes. The maximum for Ireland was derived from the Irish average of the same months, and came into force on the same day. It is divided among six joint-stock banks, and amounted to 6,354,494*l.*, including the 3,738,428*l.* assigned to the 'Bank of Ireland.' The proportion of the Irish small notes is about 60 per cent. of the whole amount.

Sir Robert Peel, in the course of his speech, appealed with considerable confidence to historical evidence, as confirming the doctrine that a convertible paper may be issued in excess, and that the only safeguard against this mischief is a rigid adherence to the principle of metallic variation. The points on which he specially dwelt were:—(1) Certain events in the early history of the Bank of England; (2) the case of the Irish currency of 1804; (3) certain operations of the Scotch bankers of last century; and (4) the destruction which some ten years ago overtook the banks of the United States. In reference to the first three of these alleged examples, let us now attend to Mr. Fullarton:—

'The first alluded to is the case of the Bank of England shortly after its establishment, when, in consequence of its excessive issue, it is stated that "the notes of the Bank were at a discount of 17 per cent." After trying "various expedients," we are told, "it was at length determined to reduce the amount of bank-notes outstanding; and the consequence was an immediate increase in the value of those which remained in circulation, the restoration of them to par, and a corresponding improvement in the foreign exchanges." Sir Robert Peel, however, forgets to mention that, at the period of which he speaks, the note circulation *was not in a convertible state*. How, indeed, could it be so? Was such a thing ever heard of as a really convertible paper at a discount of 17 per cent.? It is a contradiction in terms. The circumstance in question happened in 1696, two years after the institution of the Bank, and during the great recoinage of silver. Silver was at that time a legal tender in this country for all sums, and the principal money of exchange. But the old circulating coin had for some time been in so degraded a state, that the market price of the metal had become permanently in excess of the Mint price; and under these circumstances it was the necessary effect of a recoinage, that the new and heavy coin, as fast as it was issued from the Mint, was melted and sold.\* The notes of the Bank of England

\* 'Previous to the new coinage in 1695-6 the market price of silver was 6*s.* 4*d.* per ounce against 5*s.* 2*d.* the Mint price. It would appear that, in this instance, the melting of the silver was still kept up, even after the completion of the coinage, in consequence of the gold becoming from this time the over-rated metal, and therefore the practical standard. Before 1717, it is said that the silver of this coinage had entirely disappeared from circulation.'

were brought in, and the coin taken out for melting. The Bank's treasure was exhausted; the Bank suspended its payments, and its notes then, but not before, very naturally fell to a discount equal to or exceeding the difference of value between the old silver and the new. This, I believe, is the plain history of this specimen of depreciation from over-issue; and what imaginable analogy or resemblance such a case can be supposed to bear to the present circumstances of the Bank of England, is, I own, beyond my comprehension. Even if the circumstances had not been so distinctly traceable to the coincidence of the recoinage, the fact of the depreciation at that period could have furnished no argument applicable to the case in hand. No one has ever disputed, or can dispute, that non-convertible paper may lose its value from excess of quantity. But to infer, therefore, that an issue of convertible notes ought to be subject to limitation, is to beg the whole question.

'The next case is that of the Irish currency in 1804, when the exchange of Ireland with England was so unfavourable that "it required 118*l.* 10*s.* of the notes of the Bank of Ireland to purchase 100*l.* of the notes of the Bank of England." That was again the case of an inconvertible currency. It occurred during the full operation of the Bank Restriction Act, when not a single sovereign had passed out of either the Bank of Ireland or the Bank of England for seven years.'

Mr. Fullarton then proceeds to point out in detail the principal causes which at this period conspired to depreciate the Irish currency so much below the value of that of England,—a depreciation which he considers to have in no degree originated in the augmented issues of the Bank of Ireland, though the fact of those issues having been augmented about the same time is not disputed. In real truth, however, the whole, or nearly the whole, of this extraordinary excess of issue on the part of the Bank of Ireland, of which so much has been said, amounted to little or nothing more than the necessary substitution of small notes for the guineas, which, by the course of exchange, were at this time driven out of circulation;—a fact, by the bye, universally kept in the background by those who seek to build on the events of 1804 in Ireland an argument in favour of the Currency Theory.

Mr. Fullarton concludes this branch of the subject by the observation that, under any view of the case, it must be quite sufficient for his present argument—'That in 1804 the Irish currency was inconvertible, and can furnish, therefore, no illustration in the least applicable to the question under discussion.' He proceeds to the third point—viz. Sir Robert's Scotch case—

"An unfavourable state of the exchange," Sir R. Peel says, "between Scotland and England, has been more than once corrected by a contraction of the paper circulation of Scotland." It may be so; but in the course of my inquiries, I certainly have not lighted upon any instance to which this observation would correctly apply, except the famous



famous case of the optional notes, which happened during the period immediately following the Seven Years' War, and which, I have little doubt, is one of the cases, and probably the only case, to which Sir Robert Peel alludes. At the time in question, the bankers in Scotland adopted the practice of inserting in their promissory notes,—which then, as now, constituted almost the sole currency of that division of the island,—a clause reserving to the issuer the option of either paying the note on demand, or at the end of six months from that date, with interest at the legal rate. This practice was continued for some years; and its necessary consequence was, not perhaps absolute depreciation, (for that was likely to have been prevented by the surplus notes being taken off by capitalists for investment,) but such a complete exclusion of the community from all access to the precious metals, as must have deprived them of all means of correcting their exchanges. The exchange between London and Dumfries fell to 4 per cent. against Dumfries, at the same time that it was at par between London and Carlisle; and the results altogether proved so inconvenient, that it was thought necessary to prohibit the practice by the Act of 1765. And this is another of the analogies, is it, which is to instruct us in the necessity of placing a restraint on the convertible issues of the Bank of England? Really, to anticipate any effect from illustrations like these, is presuming somewhat far on the ignorance of those to whom they are addressed.'—*Regulation, &c.*, pp. 176–182.

With reference to the experience of the United States, Sir Robert Peel said:—

'What has been the result of unlimited competition in the United States? In the United States the proper circulation was supplied not by private bankers, but by joint-stock banks established on principles apparently the most satisfactory. There was every precaution taken against insolvency, unlimited responsibility of partners, excellent regulations for the publication and audit of accounts—immediate convertibility of paper into gold. If the principle of unlimited competition, controlled by such checks, be safe, why has it utterly failed in the United States? How can it be shown that the experiment was not fairly made in that country?'—*Speech*, p. 31.

In reply to this question, let us quote a few passages from the very careful and elaborate article on 'Banks' in Mr. M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce:—

'At present, indeed, there are no strictly private banking companies in the United States; they are all incorporated by law, with a fixed capital, *the shareholders being only liable in most cases, though not uniformly, to the extent of their shares.*'

After explaining the details of what Sir Robert Peel calls 'the excellent regulations for the publication and audit of accounts,' Mr. M'Culloch proceeds:—

'*But such regulations are found in practice to be nearly, if not wholly, worthless.* Instances have occurred of banks having borrowed an

an amount of dollars equal to half their capital for a single day; and of such dollars having been examined by the commissioners appointed for that purpose and reported by them, and sworn by a majority of the Directors to be the first instalment paid by the stockholders of the Bank, and intended to remain in it. We do not of course imagine that such disgraceful instances can be of common occurrence; but a system which permits of frauds of this sort being perpetrated under cover of authority must be altogether vicious. The publicity too, to which the banks are subject, is injurious rather than otherwise.' 'That part of the American system, again, which limits the responsibility of the partners in a bank to the amount of their shares, seems to us to be in the last degree objectionable. It affords a strong temptation to the commission of fraud, and we have yet to learn that it possesses a single countervailing advantage.'

We must quote another authority. In the debate of the 13th of June (1844), on the second reading of the Bill, Mr. Hawes said:—

'Allusion has been made to the American system of banking and its attendant evils, as affording abundant evidence of the danger of free competition in the issue of bank paper. But it is impossible to establish any analogy between the banking system of America and that of this country. Not only were notes issued there for very small amounts, but in some cases the State legislatures had interfered and suspended cash payments—the jobbing and speculation of banks was shared and fostered by the jobbing and speculation of the State legislatures. And this was so far sanctioned by public opinion, that *it was a general practice to resist the conversion of paper and to expose to public odium the man who attempted it.* But how can a system such as this be compared to that in operation in this country? We have no notes under 5*l.*, and those we have since 1819 are convertible; but in America they were low enough in amount to enter into the smallest transactions: dollar and half-dollar notes were in circulation, and took the place of coin in the purchase of every description of article. A large portion of our paper, moreover, is of a purely banking character, and frequently returns to the banker without passing into general circulation at all. It is the mere vehicle of credit. If we had notes for such sums as five shillings, we might reasonably apprehend danger to its convertibility.'

'Sir R. Peel.—"Convertibility then is not a security against excess."

'The Right Honourable Gentleman says, convertibility is not a security against excess—but I repeat, that in America the circumstances were peculiar, and were not such as have existed, or are likely to exist, in this country. Both the banks and the public were averse to payments in specie—they were mad with speculation. They overlooked alike morality and honesty; and actually by common consent, for purely trading and speculative ends, suspended cash payments. There was a widely circulated and small paper currency taking the place of specie, and a gambling connexion between the State legislatures and the banks.'

—*Speech of B. Hawes, Esq., p. 27.*

Mr.



Mr. Hawes proceeded to confirm his statements by quotations from American official authorities. To these categorical refutations we need add but little. In the first place, the American banks did not grow legitimately out of the commercial progress and wants of the country, but were arbitrarily set up, wherever a knot of enterprising speculators had sufficient influence in the State legislature to obtain a charter. If we picture to ourselves the half-dozen banks of Liverpool being suddenly converted into establishments of three or five times their present dimensions by the introduction of chartered companies, not formed in obedience to a demand, but established to create one, we may obtain some faint idea of the reckless origin of the American associations. But there was a further and somewhat important difference between the two systems, so unhesitatingly placed in parallel lines by Sir Robert Peel. There was no regulation among the American banks for enforcing a periodical exchange and cancelment of notes among each other. In other words, one of the most systematic causes which ensure the constant reflux of redundant notes in England, was not in operation at all in the American system. It was found convenient, as Mr. Hawes points out, to establish a mutual impunity of issue, and hence it is, that, in examining the banking statistics of America, the items for 'Notes of other Banks' are always so conspicuous by their magnitude.\*

The progress of Sir Robert Peel's bill through the Houses of Parliament partook in some degree of the character of an ovation. Here and there, as in the cases of Mr. B. Hawes and Mr. C. Buller, there was a dissenting voice from the general strain of acclamation; but all formal opposition was utterly impracticable: and out of doors the warnings of Mr. Tooke and Mr. Fullarton attracted no general attention.

It was not long, however, before an opportunity occurred of trying by the ordeal of very palpable facts the validity of the fundamental principles of this Bill. The astounding phenomena of the railway speculation of 1845 still live in the recollection of us all. Let us see, then, what instruction can be gathered from the bearing of those phenomena on the doctrines of the currency theory.

As an example of a scale of dealings for ready money, extended over a vast surface, and continued for an extraordinary length of time, the share transactions of 1845 have probably no parallel. The ordinary usances of credit entered scarcely at all into the economy of that singular period. Nearly every operation was conducted on the system of prompt payment. The regular

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\* See e.g. *New York Annual Register* for 1835, p. 212.

settlements on the London Stock Exchange took place, indeed, only in every alternate week; but there was an immense mass of purchases and sales which were concluded upon the express terms of immediate cash; and in the provincial towns the machinery of the metropolitan establishment only began to come into operation, after the course of events had almost removed the occasion for its adoption. The following passages from a paper recently read before the Statistical Society by Mr. Danson, will convey some idea of the perfectly astounding extent to which the speculation proceeded.

‘Between March and September, 1845, joint-stock speculations for the immediate investment of capital were set on foot, involving a larger aggregate sum than had ever before been so involved in this country. The amount, to raise which for railways alone the sanction of Parliament was actually applied for in the following session, exceeded 340,000,000*l*. And, if we include all the other schemes in which scrip or letters of allotment were actually selling in the market at a premium in July, August, and September, 1845, the amount cannot be estimated at less than 500,000,000*l*.

‘Many of the schemes of 1845 reached a high premium within a few weeks, and all those first in the market, and having any substantial merit, were raised considerably above their true value. For instance, the Leeds and Thirsk Railway 50*l*. shares, with only the deposit of 2*l*. 10*s*. paid, were selling in March at 3*l*. 10*s*., in September at 3*l*. 15*s*., and in November at 4*l*. 15*s*. per share. Again, the Bolton, Wigan, and Liverpool 40*l*. shares, with 4*l*. paid, were selling in January, 1845, at 4*l*. 10*s*., in September at 4*l*. 12*s*., and in January (when 9*l*. had been paid) at 20*l*. per share. If we assume an average premium of 10*l*. per cent. upon the schemes then in the market, the property temporarily created by these speculations, and the repeated purchase and sale of which on commission furnished profitable employment to some thousands of brokers, must have been at least 50,000,000*l*.’—*On the accounts of the Bank of England—Statistical Journal, April, 1847.*

Mr. Danson then goes into details, which prove that, by the enhanced price conferred by the speculation in the stock of three of the old companies, (Midland, Great Western, and Manchester and Leeds,) the total increase in the value of the 100*l*. shares in these three railways alone was upwards of *twelve millions*.

But one of the most remarkable features of the period—and a feature, we believe, entirely unknown during the analogous excitements of 1824 and 1835-6—was the regularly organized establishments of share-brokers, in nearly every town of more than 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants throughout the island. These associations fulfilled all the functions appertaining to a stock exchange. They had their regular members and their secretaries; and at all the more important places there was a daily publication



The argument assumes that, in the absence of the limitation of issue, the country banks would have made large and imprudent advances, through the medium of their notes. This implies that the country circulation would have admitted of being very greatly increased beyond the amount at which it actually stood. But, before that can be granted, there must be a conclusive explanation of the reason why the outstanding circulation of the Bank of England, so far from being augmented during the prevalence of these speculations, was absolutely diminished, and why the directors of that establishment, with authority to issue thirty millions of notes, *and with great willingness to lend money at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.*, could only keep in actual circulation little better than twenty millions. If the medium, unquestionably the most eligible for conducting these transactions, was diminished in quantity, it is not easy to perceive how a medium in every way its inferior could have been increased. The second impediment is one of principle; but here we have only to refer to what we have already said in proof of the position, that a country banker, in the regulation of his advances, is not in a condition to make any real difference between his notes and his capital.

The fact is, that men not intimately acquainted with the elasticity and resources of our banking system have no adequate conception of the ease with which even the most extensive operations are conducted, by the intervention of a very small portion indeed of note currency of any description.\*

But there is another inference deducible from the returns of the Bank of England circulation from 1844 to 1846. Practically, the whole of the recent enormous influx of bullion terminated with the close of 1843. The amount of bullion in January, 1844, was very nearly sixteen millions. Now, in 1844 and 1845, the outstanding circulation in the hands of the public attained its maximum. And, although there were several temporary alterations in the quantity of the treasure in the Bank, there was no diminution of it arising out of foreign demand, until the occurrence of the adverse balance of payments in the autumn of 1846. Throughout the whole of the intervening period, *a period of very nearly three years*, distinguished by the presence of an unusual quantity of bullion in the vaults of the

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\* In the summer of 1845, when the dealings of the share-brokers of Leeds became so enormous, the bankers of that place found it needful, for their own convenience, to devise some method of diminishing the risk and trouble of paying so many share-brokers' checks of large amount over the counter. They entered therefore into an arrangement, by which no share-broker's cheque for more than 500*l.* was payable, except through a banker. A system of clearing among the bankers was at once established; and, through the medium of mutual sets-off, a most prodigious daily aggregate of transactions was cancelled by the exchange of a mere fraction of bank-notes.

Bank, and by a comparatively large outstanding circulation, there was a most singular absence of anything approaching to undue inflation in the prices of commodities. It was the constant theme of observation in all the usual circulars, that prices were never more entirely regulated by the strict mercantile principle of supply and demand; and that the absence of almost all speculative interference with the routine course of the markets was never more remarkable. When in the autumn of last year the prices of several of the more important articles of merchandise, such as cotton, hemp, flax, tallow, &c., began to exhibit decided symptoms of improvement, there was the most abundant justification for the change in the commercial circumstances connected with each commodity; and when, about the same time, the reserve of bullion in the Bank began to evince the effects of a foreign drain, there was also the most abundant proof that the exciting cause of that drain was a palpable excess of imports over exports, and not any peculiar inflation of prices in this country from the effects of a redundant currency. In point of fact, the amount of the outstanding circulation of the first part of 1846 was considerably less than in the corresponding periods of 1844 and 1845.

How happens it that the contracted circulation of 1842 or 1843 cannot be distinguished through its action on price from the affluent circulation of 1844-5? and that the period when prices did really rise, should be the precise time when the circulation had become low and the bullion was diminishing? How did it happen that during the years of *largest* circulation (1844-5) there was an influx instead of an efflux of treasure?—that, during two years and a half, the bullion remained constant in the face of a comparatively full circulation?—and that, when at last the foreign demand for gold did spring up, the circulation was smaller than it had been in either of the previous years, and the evidence of the purely mercantile origin of the drain was so decisive, that no serious attempt has been made to account for it by any other explanation?

The circumstances connected with the payments of the enormous sum of fifteen millions, as the parliamentary deposit on the railway bills of 1846, afford still further evidence of the almost boundless extent to which the financial resources of the country may occasionally be called into activity, without occasioning any perceptible variation in the quantity of outstanding notes. Under this head, however, it may be sufficient if we recall two very simple facts. For several months previous to the appointed time of payment in January, 1846, the supporters of the Act of 1844 had evinced the most serious alarm, in consequence of the inconveniences which must inevitably follow upon that contingency, from the great temporary reduction in the amount



of the circulation in the hands of the public; yet, when the time of payment did arrive, there proved to be no diminution of the circulation, and on that ground therefore no inconvenience was experienced. Whatever of unusual anxiety (and that was not much) accompanied the operation, arose exclusively from circumstances inseparable from the sudden transfer by so many payers to a single receiver (and that receiver impeded in his movements by a variety of formalities) of so large a mass of *capital*.

And now, before entering upon the concluding division of our task, viz., an examination of the influence of the Act of 1844, during the recent pressure on the money-market, there remain but two points of importance to be briefly adverted to.

We have already endeavoured to explain that the reserve of notes and coin in the *banking department* of the Bank of England is, in effect and intention, a reserve of bullion. But if this interpretation be the true one, and if the *notes* in the drawers of the banking department are in reality merely vouchers for so much bullion, it appears altogether undeniable that the great object of the Act of 1844—namely, conformity of fluctuation between the circulation and the bullion—has never yet been attained in a single instance. Nothing can be more palpable, on the face of the returns since 1844, than that the circulation, during the intervening period, has been exceedingly even in amount, while the bullion has been affected by very extensive oscillations. Here, then, we encounter another dilemma. If the term '*circulation*' is to be held to convey the meaning which it always has conveyed hitherto, and which appears to be the only reasonable meaning that can be assigned to it—that is to say, if by '*quantity of circulation*' we are to continue to understand '*quantity of notes in the hands of the public*'—then the question is at an end; for it is quite certain that the Act of 1844 has entirely failed to produce an uniformity of fluctuation between the circulation in the hands of the public and the bullion in the Bank of England. On the other hand, if the reserve of notes in the banking department is to be called '*circulation*,' notwithstanding the fact that these notes have never been circulated at all, and by this new application of the term an apparent harmony is to be established between the scheme of the statute and the course of events, it will be obligatory on the currency theorists to prove that this portion of the Bank issues which remains *uncirculated*, exercises the same influence over trade and prices which, according to their view, is so powerfully exercised by the notes circulated, and that the two masses of paper are every way identical in function.

In the next place, it is important to impress upon our readers the real nature of the alteration effected in the condition of the  
Bank

Bank by the separation of departments. The Issue department is literally a piece of mechanism: it has no discretion. Its whole business consists in giving notes for gold, and gold for notes. Consider, for example, the state of the Bank funds of the 15th of May, 1847. On that day the *Issue department* held 5,174,000*l.* of treasure against a circulation of (*ex facie*) 19,174,000*l.*\* So long, therefore, as the circulation remains above 14,000,000*l.*, and the *integrity* of the *Issue department* is preserved, the notes will be strictly convertible. On the same day (May 15) the *Banking department* held a cash reserve of 4,695,000*l.* against a gross total of liabilities amounting to 31,907,000*l.* Out of this total, 14,000,000*l.* consisted of deposits on demand. If, therefore, by some disastrous conjunction of events, a panic should seize the depositors, and claims to the extent of 5,000,000*l.* should be simultaneously presented at the counter of the *Banking department*, the consequences are obvious: that division of the Bank must suspend payment, notwithstanding that in the next room there might be a hoard of gold reaching to upwards of 5,000,000*l.* This certainly would be a climax of the most extreme absurdity. We do not of course imagine that such a catastrophe is likely to be brought about by any action of the public, so sudden and spasmodic as we have assumed; but, after the experience of 1836 and 1839, that it is an extremity not out of the pale of possibility must be at once admitted. Setting extreme cases, however, out of the question, it is perfectly plain that the policy of the Directors must be guided almost solely by the amount and fluctuations of the *reserve* of the *Banking department*. Upon the sufficiency of that reserve to meet all the daily exigencies of the office, depends the preservation of the character, and, to a great extent, the existence of the whole establishment. Whenever the amount of that reserve descends to a point which

\* The following *precis* will be found to correspond with the Return for 15th May:—

<i>Issue Department.</i>			
Dr.	£.	Cr.	£.
Notes issued to the public .	19,174,210	Securities . . . . .	14,000,000
		Gold and Silver . . . . .	5,174,210
			<u>£19,174,210</u>
<i>Banking Department.</i>			
Liabilities to the public .	13,894,974	Securities . . . . .	27,211,543
Proprietors' capital . . .	14,553,000	Reserve,—	
Rest . . . . .	3,459,352	Gold and silver . . . . .	4,695,783
	<u>£31,907,326</u>		<u>£31,907,326</u>

The Bank post-bills, however, are always included with the circulation, so that on the above day the total circulation was in reality 19,998,000*l.*



endangers, or has the appearance of endangering the prompt fulfilment of the Bank's engagements, the latitude of their discretion is reduced to a very simple alternative. They must either make a most signal sacrifice of themselves and their constituents; or, utterly regardless of the destruction which may be overtaking the commercial interests of the country, they must inexorably enforce a rigid system of limitation and denial to all the applications of borrowers. Nor could there possibly be any mitigation of this disastrous state of things, even if the total amount of bullion in the two departments was not ten but fifty millions. The controlling and vital point is the separate amount of the Banking reserve. The Directors are chained to the necessity of regulating their measures by that reserve; and however they may covet the superabundant treasures which choke up the solitary vaults of the department of Issue, their wishes and their regrets will be as ineffectual as if the money was in the Bank of Pekin instead of the Bank of England.

To proceed now to the consideration of the recent pressure. The decline in the foreign exchanges had begun to attract attention at an early period of the autumn of last year, but it was not until much nearer to its termination that the necessity of a large import of grain, to supply the deficiency of our own crops, including the failure of the potato in Ireland, was clearly recognised. From the time when this important fact became generally admitted, the usual symptoms of uneasiness began to show themselves in the money-market, and public attention to be concentrated upon the conduct of the Bank.

In the month of August last, the amount of bullion in both departments was 16,250,000*l.* Of this sum upwards of 10,000,000*l.* appertained to the Banking department, which appeared to be oppressed by the excessive amount of its reserve. The Directors, on the 27th of August, reduced their minimum rate of discount from 3½ to 3 per cent. In October the bullion had declined to 14,750,000*l.*, but evidently not in consequence of an external demand. In the early part of December it again rose to upwards of 15,000,000*l.*; but before the conclusion of that month, the effect of an adverse state of the exchange, principally however with only two countries, viz., America and Russia, began at length to be sensibly felt, and a drain for foreign payments set in, which lasted till the end of April, by which time the total amount of bullion had been reduced from 15,000,000*l.* to 9,250,000*l.*, after a reduction of 5,750,000*l.* from the beginning of December, or of 7,000,000*l.*\* since August last. The Directors appear to have

\* Colonel Torrens had declared the impossibility, under the separation of the departments, of a demand for a million of gold.—*Reply*, &c., p. 35.

been vigilantly alive to the circumstances of their position. On the 14th of January, 1847, they raised their minimum rate of discount from 3 per cent. to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and again, on the 21st of January, they took another step in advance by raising it to 4 per cent. In neither announcement, however, was there any departure from the ordinary intimation as to the kind of securities (95 days' bills) which the Bank would receive.

During the whole of the period from August to January, through which the Bank rate of discount stood at 3 per cent., the amount of the Banking reserve did not undergo any important changes. It gradually descended, indeed, to 7,500,000*l.* in October, and then gradually rose to 9,500,000*l.* in December. On the 14th of January, however, when the first elevation of the rate took place, the amount of the reserve was still 7,000,000*l.*, and the private securities were 13,500,000*l.*, being rather more than the sum at which they had remained pretty constant during the preceding five months. On the date of the second elevation of the rate of discount (21st of January), the Banking reserve was 6,500,000*l.*, and the private securities the same as on the 14th of January. After the measure of the 21st of January, the Directors made no further addition to their rates of discount, nor introduced any deviations from the ordinary routine of their business, till the 8th of April. On that day they raised the minimum rate of discount to 5 per cent.; and in the following week they so far altered their form of notice as to convey the impression that only bills of less than 95 days would in future be discounted. By the 8th of April the Banking reserve had declined to 3,000,000*l.*, showing a reduction of 3,500,000*l.* from the amount at which it stood (6,500,000*l.*) on the 21st of January, the date of the last elevation of the rate of interest. In the same interval the private securities had risen from 13,500,000*l.* to 17,500,000*l.*, while the *circulation* and deposits had remained without any *important variation*.

The elevation of the rate of interest to 5 per cent. had been anticipated for some weeks before it actually occurred; but the anticipation did not materially lessen the effect of the measure upon the money-market. It gave the signal for a close adherence to the most cautious policy on the part of all the great money-dealers; in other words, it gave rise to the first incidence of what is called 'pressure.' And, when the Directors followed up their general notification by the enforcement of very stringent rules of limitation both as to the amount and character of the bills which they would undertake on any terms to discount, the crisis appeared very speedily to attain its climax. The period of the most severe difficulty extended over the last ten days of April and the first  
four



four days of May. After the 4th of May came a state of things still very far removed from the ordinary condition of the money-market, but at least free from the extreme perils of the previous month. Up to the moment at which we write (May 25th), the more satisfactory symptoms have continued. Whether they are merely temporary, or are to be regarded as radical signs of improvement, is a question which we have not time here to discuss. The rate remains at 5 per cent. The Banking reserve has again reached 4,750,000*l.*, while the private securities have been diminished to 16,000,000*l.*; and the bullion has so far recovered itself as to amount to nearly 10,000,000*l.* between the two departments.

This we believe to be a faithful epitome of the essential points upon which the present controversy has arisen.

No question has been raised as to the conduct of the Directors of the Bank previous to the 21st of January. All parties appear to approve of the policy which led to the increase of the rates of interest in that month: but with January that approval ceases. The partisans of the Act of 1844 inveigh against the dilatoriness (and they employ even the strongest terms) of the Directors, in taking no further steps till April to arrest the drain of gold. They contend, that by the unaccountable persistence of the Bank in adding to their private securities, between January and April, all the most salutary provisions of the Act have been neutralised or counteracted. They contend, that it was the duty of the Directors to have thrown the pressure of the drain upon the circulation and deposits, quite as much, or even more than upon the banking reserve: and that, if such a line of conduct had been pursued from the first, the sudden and severe restrictions enforced in April upon the business of discount—measures that undoubtedly were at the bottom of the extreme pressure which then occurred—could not have been necessary; because the Banking reserve would not in that case have descended, as it did, to a point below which it could not safely be permitted to go. It is further contended, that if the principles of the Act had thus been allowed to operate, the advantages promised by its authors would have been realized; that is to say, the action of the drain of gold on the quantity of the circulation and upon the money-market would have been gradual—timely warning would have been given—and the crisis would have been surmounted with only a fraction of the difficulty which has been actually encountered.

Now, we must say, we think it is by no means clear, that the Directors are obnoxious to the charge either of indirectly neutralising or counteracting the operation of the Bank Act, or of directly

directly violating either its letter or spirit. In the first place, it is quite notorious that one of the arguments most popular and most frequently urged in favour of that Bill, was that it contained a self-acting principle: by virtue of its provisions the amount of the circulation was to rise and fall *pari passu* with the bullion; and, under the guardianship of this imperative conformity, it was declared that the business of mere banking might safely be left to its ordinary course. Sir Robert Peel said on the 6th of May, 1844:—

‘ With respect to the banking business of the Bank, I propose that it shall be governed upon precisely the same principles as would regulate any other body dealing with Bank of England notes. Our general rule is, to draw a distinction between the privilege of issue and the conduct of the ordinary banking business. We think they stand on an entirely different footing. We think that the privilege of issue is one which may be fairly and justly controlled by the State; and that the banking business, as distinguished from issue, is a matter in respect to which there cannot be too unlimited and unrestricted a competition. The principle of competition, though unsafe in our opinion when applied to issue, ought, we think, to govern the business of banking. After the issue of paper currency has once taken place, it is then important that the public should be enabled to obtain the use of that issue on as favourable terms as possible.’—*Speech*, 1844, pp. 37, 38.

We admit, however, that we cannot well bring these sentences into harmony with the reports of Sir Robert Peel’s speech of the 30th of April, 1847, in the course of which he is said to have declared that—

‘ The Bank of England is responsible for the general supervision and superintendence of the monetary concerns of the country; it has the power, by providence, by foresight, and by caution, of preventing ultimate embarrassment and distress; it has the power of preventing any undue increase of the circulation; and it has the power of preventing any undue restriction of it.’ And again:—‘ You cannot make the Bank a great discount-house, and draw customers to it from Messrs. Gurney’s or any other house, without their preferring a claim for accommodation when the time of difficulty comes; and if the Bank suddenly turns round upon them and refuses accommodation, it appears, and justly so, to act towards them with great harshness. It is therefore contrary to the true interests of the Bank, and consequently of the proprietors, that this course should be taken.’—*Morning Chronicle*, May 1, 1847.

One of the most puzzling sentences now quoted from this recent speech is that which invests the Banking department with ‘ the power ’ of increasing and decreasing the *circulation*, in the very teeth of the dicta of 1844, which transferred this precise ‘ power ’ to the extensive category of things ‘ which may be fairly and justly controlled by the State.’ If the circulation be thus limited and



and controlled—as by the Bank Act it is undoubtedly professed and intended to be,—it seems somewhat unreasonable to hold the Directors responsible for the misuse of a power which, they were so emphatically informed in 1844, would cease to be in their hands the instant the Bill of that year came into play. If, on the other hand, the Directors still retain this predominant power over the circulation, it is not easy to understand on what grounds we can be required any longer to believe, that in the Act of 1844 we possess a piece of *self-acting* mechanism.

We are also puzzled with the rebuke administered to the Directors for converting their establishment into a house of discount. If the declaration of 1844 was intended to convey any meaning at all—if, as Sir Robert Peel then said, the Banking department was really to be governed in future on ‘precisely the same principles’ as any other banking-house—and if, as he also said, in the business of ‘banking there cannot be too unlimited and unrestricted a competition,’ we do not well understand why in April, 1847, the same speaker admonishes the Bank in so severe a temper, and tells them that they have neither authority to undertake nor interest in prosecuting the very kind of ‘competition’ so fully sanctioned—nay, invited—by the speech of 1844.

We might quote with equal effect from the pamphlet of Mr. Jones Loyd, in 1844: but it is quite needless to multiply authorities. It is perfectly notorious that it had been the boast of all that party ever since the enactment of their bill, that the mischievous discretion of the Bank Directors was at an end, and that now everything was dependent upon fixed and patent principles. At no period, probably, was this doctrine more sedulously inculcated than in the month of March, 1845, when the Bank, by the publication of its first *minimum* notice, gave an official intimation of its having entered into the desired ‘competition with the great discount-houses.’ If any of our readers will be at the pains of referring to the City articles in the newspapers of that period, they will find an abundance of triumphant assertion (triumphant, that is, in the estimation of the upholders of the Act of 1844) that it was most salutary and wise that, under the protection of a self-acting law, the Directors should give to the public all the benefit that could be derived from an unlimited banking competition. Now, in March, 1845, Sir Robert Peel was the first minister of the Crown, the head of the financial department of the Government, the author of the Act of 1844; and in all these capacities bound to exercise a vigilant supervision over any important departures from correct principle by so important a body as the Bank of England. At that particular moment especially this duty was peculiarly incumbent on him, because the country was then drifting

drifting rapidly away into that desperate vortex of speculation, of which we have since seen and heard so much. But it does not appear, that Sir Robert Peel expressed any disapprobation of the career of competition upon which the Directors then entered. He saw in their conduct no violation of the spirit of his Act of 1844, nor any departure from their own true interests, or those of the proprietors. If competition on the part of the Bank be wrong now, it was wrong then; and if it was wrong then, it will not be easy to demonstrate that Sir Robert Peel was not fully as much to blame as the Directors.

After the Bill of 1844, the Banking department having, by the express declaration of the author of that measure, become simply a large banking establishment, conducting its business with a view exclusively to its own benefit, the conduct of the Directors has, in our opinion, altogether conformed to this altered state of things. They have gradually introduced a system of regulations similar to those adopted by other large bankers. They no longer confine themselves to one invariable rate of discount. They adapt their rate to the circumstances of each case. They no longer transact the business of individuals for nothing: they require the usual commission, or the usual balance. We do not say that this is a desirable change. We have, on the contrary, always concurred in the declarations of Mr. Horsley Palmer, that it would not be for the public advantage, that a paramount body, like the Bank, should enter the arena of competition with the London bankers. But the first question at issue is not the soundness of the plan, but by whom was it introduced? And the second question shortly amounts to this—Did the Directors, by the course they followed, do the best that could be done for their own property? The first of these has already been answered. As to the second, it appears to us that the market-rate had more than overtaken the Bank rate of 4 per cent. some time before the 8th of April, and that consequently by delaying the elevation of the Bank rate, the Directors made a voluntary sacrifice of profits, to which their establishment was fairly entitled. But a venial error of this kind is a very different thing from the serious dereliction of duty which constitutes the gravamen of the accusation brought against them.

There remains, however, a third question, and it is a grave one, viz., how far the pressure would have been greater or less under the former plan of the union of departments, than that which we have recently experienced?

The two fundamental doctrines and professions which distinguish the Act of 1844, are the maintenance of constant metallic convertibility on demand, and the introduction of a self-acting rule, which, to use the language of one of the most eminent supporters of the Bill, would 'substitute a system of *early, steady,*  
*and*



and continuous contraction of the circulation, in the place of that which has been late in commencement, sudden and violent in its operation, and irregularly carried out; and 'by this means' it was declared to be '*almost matter of demonstration, that the occurrence of many circumstances by which the intensity and extent of former drains have been increased will be prevented.*'—*Thoughts, &c.*, 1844, by S. J. Loyd, p. 8.

In comparing these professions and predictions with the facts of the recent crisis, it is satisfactory to be able to adduce a conclusive comment, at least as to the more important portion of them, in the very words of another distinguished upholder of the currency doctrines. In the debate of the 26th of April (1847), Sir Charles Wood is reported to have said:—

'The noble Lord (G. Bentinck) had spoken of the state of approaching ruin, into which the Bank had brought the merchants by the reduction of its circulation, in pursuance of the provisions of the Banking Bill. *Now, in point of fact, the Bank had not reduced its circulation.* What was called the stringent operation of the Banking Bill *had not been brought into play at all.* The fact was, that the Bank up to this time (26th of April) had *pursued that course which on former occasions, before the Banking Bill, they had invariably pursued; viz., during the earlier stages of a drain they had not reduced their circulation at all,* and had therefore placed themselves under the necessity of acting more stringently at last, than they would have been obliged to do if they had acted according to the provisions of that Bill.

'On the 29th of August, 1846, the amount of bullion in the Bank was 16,366,000*l.*, and the circulation of notes 20,426,000*l.* On the 17th of April (1847) the amount of bullion was 9,339,000*l.*, showing a decrease of 7,027,000*l.* *Now, what was the reduction in the circulation of notes?* If the spirit of the Banking Act had been acted upon, *there would have been a diminution corresponding to that in the amount of bullion.* But on the 17th of April the amount of notes in circulation was 20,242,000*l.*, being a decrease of only 184,000*l.*'

From this short quotation, several inferences of importance to the argument are clearly deducible. 1. That with the supporters of the currency theory, the term 'circulation' retains its original and customary meaning; that is to say, 'the amount of the circulation means the amount of notes in the hands of the public;—' 2. That, during the most critical period which has occurred since the enactment of the Bank Bill, its fundamental principle of compelling a correspondence of variation between the circulation and the bullion, has most egregiously failed—failed, as Sir Charles Wood proves, to the extent not of a few thousands, but of 6,853,000*l.*; 3. That the next most important principle of that Bill, which professed to withdraw from the Directors their permanent power over the issues, has been so badly applied, that, in

in point of fact, they have had no difficulty whatever in pursuing the same course which they invariably pursued before the enactment of the law in question; and 4. That the result of the whole, therefore, has been the complete falsification of Mr. Loyd's anticipations, that 'many circumstances which had increased the intensity and extent of former drains would be prevented' by the Bill of 1844.

We are glad to have the Chancellor of the Exchequer with us as to the term 'circulation.' His adhesion to its first and only legitimate meaning gets us over all the casuistry and confusion evolved in certain attempts to reconcile the working of the Act to the requirements of the theory, by applying the term circulation to the notes passing out of the Issue Department; and there can now be no longer any difficulty in assuming it to be a conceded point, that, at least as regards the conformity of fluctuation between the notes and the bullion (the principle of the bill and the key-stone of the whole system), the failure has been so complete, as not to be even mitigated by a solitary exception of success.

Sir Charles Wood speaks of the '*spirit of the bill*,' and says, that the Directors 'have not acted according to its provisions.' But it was the great burden of the exposition of 1844, that the distinguishing merit of the scheme lay in the abolishing every thing so uncertain and vacillating as choice and discretion in the conduct of the Bank, and replacing these by stern and obdurate rules, utterly unyielding to any consideration of policy, or tenderness for commercial credit, which might influence the minds of Directors. It was this very attribute of rigidity which appears to have weighed more especially with Mr. Loyd,\* for he frequently takes occasion to impress upon the minds of his readers a sense of the advantages to be attained under the operation of a 'fixed and irrevocable law, the *nature and provisions* of which are equally known to everybody.' We think enough has been said to show, with how very bad a grace such an accusation as that made by Sir R. Peel and repeated by Sir C. Wood in 1847, comes from the propounders and promoters of the measure of 1844.

The only purpose, in truth, of the Act of 1844 which, by the admissions of these gentlemen themselves, has not entirely and signally failed, is that of affording some additional security to the maintenance of specie payments; and even in this respect it would not be difficult to show, that the new scheme has not that advantage over the old one which at first might be supposed. In neither case is the security complete; and granting, as both parties

\* Thoughts, &c., 1844, p. 21.



to the argument most emphatically do, that the constant maintenance of specie payments is an object of the very highest importance, it is still a matter for grave consideration, how far any small balance of risk as to constant convertibility which may fairly be imputable to the system which prevailed before 1844, would be more than outweighed by the evils of extreme fluctuation in the rate of interest and the condition of the money-market which appear to be inseparable from the scheme of management enforced by the existing Bank Bill.

We have already seen, that the amount of the reserve in the Banking department alone now occupies the place formerly assigned to the entire mass of bullion in the possession of the Bank, as the controlling element in the deliberations of the Directors. In other words, the Act of 1844 has divided the bullion into two parts, and invested one of these, consisting of that portion of it which happens to be in the *Banking department*, with all the influences which under the former system were exercised by the whole undivided mass. Mr. Tooke and Mr. Fullarton in 1844 most clearly foretold what would be the result of this division, and their predictions have been literally fulfilled. Whenever the bullion in the *Banking department* descends, or threatens to descend, to so small a sum as three or four millions, there must necessarily follow the infliction of even a greater degree of pressure than used to be occasioned by the declension to a similar point of the whole aggregate treasure of the establishment. And as it is much more likely that a reserve of eight millions—which has been about the average amount latterly held during the recent favourable state of the exchanges by the Banking department—should be reduced to four or three, than that a reserve of fifteen millions of bullion in both departments should be reduced to the same extent; so it would appear to be inevitable that the recurrence of seasons of pressure should be more frequent, and the variations in the rate of interest consequently more violent, than they would have been with the same total of treasure under the former system.

For example, if in April last the former system had subsisted, allowing the Directors to regulate their conduct by the total amount of their treasure, there being then about ten millions in their vaults, can it be for a moment seriously maintained by any sane person, that they would or could have considered themselves justified in resorting to measures of such extreme violence as those which they felt themselves compelled in self-defence to adopt, when, under the plan of the division of departments, the Banking reserve was reduced to little more than three millions, while there were upwards of six millions wholly unavailable in the  
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the department of Issue? Most assuredly they would not. The measures which were actually adopted by the Directors to protect their reduced means, amounted nearly to a denial of all accommodation in the way of discount or loan; and if the intensity of pressure so caused had continued a few days longer, the trade of the country must have been brought to a complete stand. To suppose that such an extreme course could have been voluntarily pursued by the Directors while they had the command of nearly ten millions of bullion, is a purely gratuitous extravagance of assumption. But extravagant as it is, it has actually been put forth by those who wish to exonerate the Act of 1844 from the charge of having greatly contributed to the extreme pressure which has recently convulsed the money-market.

It has been a matter of no ordinary gratification to us, while these pages are still in preparation for the press, to find nearly every conclusion which we had been led to form in connexion with the subjects of this most important inquiry, confirmed by so eminent an authority as that of Lord Ashburton, who has most opportunely explained his views of the passing crisis, in a pamphlet well calculated to arrest attention and to dispel delusion. It is not so much the purpose of Lord Ashburton's publication to investigate first principles, or to detect and elucidate, in detail, those elementary truths which can alone furnish anything like a safe basis for monetary legislation; though, whenever he has occasion to touch on any point of abstract doctrine, he shows by his method of dealing with it, and by the facility and sagacity with which he divests it of the fallacies more immediately belonging to it, that he has thought profoundly on the whole subject, and mastered it in most of its intricacies and ambiguities. He has obviously, indeed, formed to himself a very correct estimate of the functions really and specifically assigned to bank-notes in the general economy of credit; and is well armed against that propensity to confound the incidental variations of a mixed currency with the far larger fluctuations continually taking place in the movement of capital, which in our recent discussions has been such a fruitful source of false reasoning. But the more immediate aim of his present publication has been rather to exhibit a just and vivid picture of the practical evils which may either be traced altogether to the direct operation of the Bill of 1844, or which it has greatly contributed to aggravate—and to encourage, by the aid of his experience and sagacity, those efforts for extrication, of which the public begin at length to feel the necessity.

After considering the analogous case of 1825, his Lordship proceeds to examine

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' the unfortunate symptoms which we now witness, when, *with a sound state of trade, and 10,000,000*l.* of specie in the Bank*, our monetary distress is greater than when, in 1825, the coffers of the Bank were empty, and a large portion of merchants ruined by mad speculation. The treasure of the Bank had stood for a long time at about 15,000,000*l.* in round numbers: the amount of this treasure was considered a burthen to them, imposing a useless waste of interest. It was a subject of complaint, and for a long time the Directors would have been much obliged to any one who would have taken four or five millions off their hands. The want of food then occurred; and, combined with the increased price of cotton, overbalanced the amount of our exports, and required a part payment in bullion. The natural question then to be asked was, to what extent this was likely to go? The Continental exchanges afforded no ground for alarm; Russia at first took some gold from us, which soon ceased; but the chief demand was for America—a country with which we have always an extensive reciprocal trade. It might fairly be presumed that four or five millions would satisfy this demand, which would reduce the treasure of the Bank from fifteen to ten millions. This, which might have been the practical estimate of practical men, turns out to be the truth; and the Bank, with its ten millions left in its coffers, need have disturbed no interests, or disturbed them slightly. *But the Directors had no power to exercise any opinion*; the rigid Parliamentary machine was to think and act for them; the whole country was disordered, and it would be difficult to form any estimate of the immense losses, both of the Exchequer and of individuals, which ensued.'—pp. 16, 17.

And again:—

' This fright of the Bank, with ten millions in her coffers, of violating this Parliamentary restraint, has driven her into proceedings which have depreciated, to a very great extent, every description of property, food only, for evident reasons, excepted. It would not be easy to estimate this depreciation, extending over all merchandise, stocks, railroad shares, &c.; it probably would not be overstated at from 10 to 20 per cent.; but what is worse, it has paralysed this property in the hands of the possessors, rendered it unavailable towards meeting their engagements, and thus produced, in many cases, pecuniary sacrifices much beyond the mere depreciation of the value of the property itself. It has further occasioned the suspension of the execution of orders from our customers in every quarter, thus distressing manufacturers, and impeding those very operations which would have corrected the tendency to an unfavourable balance of trade, and given safety to the circulation of the Bank.'—p. 18.

In other passages he scouts the idea of the recent phenomena of the money-market being in any degree imputable to fluctuations in the amount of the circulating medium, or of there having existed hitherto any just grounds for apprehending a drain of such intensity and continuance as the resources of the Bank, if left to itself, would be unequal to meet.

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'It will be seen,' he observes, 'from the returns, that the note-issues have hardly varied half a million during the period of this heavy storm; and in this case, again, the contraction and expansion of accommodation have by no means the effect generally supposed on the amount of notes held in circulation; it is possible, and even probable, that they would not be increased if any morning the Bank were to discount half a million of commercial paper.'—p. 22.

Elsewhere he says,

'The comparatively moderate drain of bullion is, for a known cause, a want of food, and not from any over-issue of Bank paper; it is not to be met by any material reduction of that paper; and, above all, we should recollect how greatly we aggravate our difficulties by so cramping our circulation as to disturb those ordinary sources of our industry by which alone this supposed adverse balance with our foreign customers can be set right. The truth is, that there is no ground for any apprehension; the treasure in the Bank is abundant; there is no reason why it should not proceed with caution and prudence to assist the ordinary legitimate trade; that trade has shown itself deserving of that support, and proved itself to be in a sound state by standing firm during the heavy storm raised by a mistaken theory. The drain of gold is partial and to one country, and it is not likely to go further, unless under a second visitation of famine; and should we be punished by such a further calamity, we shall best do our duty by fostering and promoting our domestic industry, which can alone enable us to meet it. Lastly, with 10,000,000*l.* in their coffers, the Bank Directors are as safe as any Bank Directors ever were; but it must be admitted that the great bugbear, the Act of 1844, is enough to frighten even less timid men; and from this the legislature, if it be wise, will hasten to relieve them.'—p. 29.

Further:—

'The existing scarcity would have had no other effect on our money-market than to withdraw four or five millions of gold from the Bank, which could have been well spared, if the Bank Act had not prompted the useless simultaneous reduction of accommodation to trade as a remedy. Should we be afflicted with a second year of famine, the gold must go out for food, whatever may be the consequences; but nothing more absurd could be proposed, than to obstruct all trade by withdrawing the means by which to circulate it, as a mode of meeting those difficulties which the active condition of that trade can alone enable us to support. It cannot, I fear, be said, that no extent of calamity could endanger a momentary disturbance of the cash-payments of the Bank; but it must be of a very extraordinary character, and such as it would be vain to attempt to guard against.'

As to the proper remedies for our existing difficulties, Lord Ashburton's opinions are expressed without the least doubt or hesitation. First, the artificial restraints on the issues and management of the Bank must be removed; and secondly, some immediate attempt must be made to bring within more prudent bounds



bounds the operations of railroad companies. To the intense competition for the use of capital which these wild operations have called into action, his Lordship attributes their full share in the production and prolongation of commercial pressure. They constitute a feature in the present crisis, which distinguishes it from every former crisis, and threatens to protract its duration beyond all former example, by an action on the market rate of interest and on the prices of securities,—an action in neither case by any means likely to terminate with the cessation of the drain of gold. To obtain, therefore, an immediate repeal of the restrictive clauses of the Act of 1844, and such a regulation of the system on which our railway operations have been hitherto conducted, as shall moderate a little the existing competition for the possession of new capital, and bring it within bounds more nearly corresponding with the utmost conceivable rate of supply, should be the prime object of every one who desires the continued prosperity of the country; 'these two causes having,' as his Lordship observes, 'in concurrence with and aggravation of each other, occasioned that state of things, of which, without some attempt to abate these grievances, I see no termination.'—pp. 36, 37.

Of the proper duties and functions of the Bank of England, in its relations both to the industry of the country and to the state, Lord Ashburton has furnished us with a judicious and comprehensive picture, and in particular has forcibly pointed out the various circumstances which make such an institution indispensable to the due administration of the public finances; and he concludes this branch of the subject with a few words of admonition, so peculiarly applicable to the times, and so much wanted, that, though not immediately pertinent to our argument, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting them:—

'It must be admitted,' he says, 'that the duties of the Bank towards the Government become more serious and uncertain in extent, from the modern practice of yearly throwing over our sources of revenue, and trusting to accident whether our balance is one of deficiency or surplus; this system, which I have always humbly opposed, we shall some day bitterly repent. It imposes upon us this year the scandal of a large loan in time of profound peace. If for every adverse accident we are to borrow, and on every recurring period of prosperity to throw over our means of paying, the end of such a course cannot be doubtful; the precise period of our fate can alone be uncertain. But this is a subject, however important, which is foreign to my present purpose, and I touch upon it solely to exemplify the necessity Government is under of having a bank on which it can rely for occasional assistance under the various difficulties in which it may be placed.'

In conclusion it is satisfactory to remark—though it is not more than

than our previous experience of Lord Ashburton's good sense and great practical knowledge would have led us to expect—that, while the claims of the Bank of England to a high place in the general estimation, as an instrument of public benefit, are thus frankly appreciated by him, and while the various proceedings which have of late so powerfully conspired to obstruct and prevent the wholesome working of that establishment, receive his most unsparing condemnation, he never affords the slightest countenance to any attack on the standard of value, as established by the Act of 1819. He is no patron of the project for making the legal standard of value fluctuate with the fluctuations of the market price of gold (as if there could be such a thing as fluctuation in the price or rate at which one ounce of a metal is exchanged for another ounce of the same metal!!!), or of any of the kindred chimeras of Birmingham origin. To this class of doctrines Lord Ashburton alludes with good-humoured brevity; and if, after enduring the neglect of more than a quarter of a century, these idle imaginations seem once more to be acquiring a momentary existence, and menacing the foundations of social order, we have to thank the authors of the Bill of 1844. On more than one recent occasion, that measure has been held out by its advocates as the necessary complement of the Bill of 1819; its provisions, we are told, were indispensably required to ensure the uninterrupted solvency of the Bank of England, and thereby to preserve the unsullied integrity of the standard; to achieve this object is alleged to have been the foremost motive with the late premier for proposing his enactment, and it now constitutes nearly the only ground upon which any of his party venture to defend it. Than these notions, however, nothing, in our judgment, can be more fallacious. The bill of 1819 rests on its own basis; and far from thinking that its practical efficacy can be promoted by any such intermeddling as that of the scheme of 1844, it is our decided conviction, that by no contrivance could the great purposes of that bill be so effectually brought into discredit, or the permanence of the measure itself so seriously endangered, as by identifying it in any way with the bill of 1844.\*

ART. IX.

\* Just as we had closed the above article a pamphlet has been put into our hands bearing the title of 'The Crisis and the Currency,' from the pen of Mr. John Kinnear of Glasgow, which appears to us to be written with no ordinary ability, and which we venture to recommend to the perusal of our readers. It comes too late to admit of any attempt on our part to analyse its contents in detail, but we must say, that the author seems to have thoroughly mastered his subject, and to evince very clear and comprehensive views of what we consider to be the true theory of the currency. We are bound, however, at the same time to add, that to the scheme, which it seems to be the main object of his work to recommend, for introducing the Scotch banking system into England, substituting a currency of one-pound notes for gold, and an array of competing joint-stock banks for the Bank of England—to this scheme, in all its parts,



ART. IX.—*The Commercial Policy of Pitt and Peel.* 1783—1846. Pp. 68. London: 1847.

THIS pamphlet is an apology for Sir Robert Peel and his special followers, and an attempt, in the prospect of a general election, to reconcile them with those Conservative constituencies who believe that they have 'betrayed' them. This purpose is thus announced:—

'It is not the writer's intention to enter upon any examination of the merits of the commercial measures which in the course of last year obtained the sanction of the legislature. His object is merely to lay before that large and influential portion of the community to whom those measures were distasteful, some considerations which may induce them to pause before taking up a position of irreconcilable hostility to men with whom they cordially acted during ten years of opposition, carried on upon grounds altogether irrespective of any question affecting the removal of commercial restrictions.'—p. 5.

It cannot be denied that the necessity of such an appeal is urgent, and the moment seasonable. Whether the dexterity of the champion, or, what we more distrust, the merits of the cause will be found equal to the occasion is another question, on which *we* feel ourselves forced to appeal to the public decision; for we find that the writer has been pleased, in defence of his friends, to challenge specially and by name—though not in discourteous terms—the statements and opinions of the *Quarterly Review*; and we cannot, either in justice to ourselves or to the higher interests involved in the discussion, refuse to take up his gauntlet. We are also well aware that both he and we are preparing the materials for future history; and, whatever may be the result of the tournament between *us*, it cannot but assist the judgment of posterity to be informed that in June, 1847, there has appeared, for the first time that we know of, one writer who approves of Sir Robert Peel's proceedings in November, 1845, and produces the reasons, good or bad, by which Sir Robert thinks it possible that his conduct can be defended, or at least excused. It would perhaps be hardly fair, and it is altogether needless, to inquire the hand that has held the pen on this occasion; it is enough to know, from the exact and implicit, though somewhat mysterious, discipline established in Sir Robert Peel's party, that no man of it *durst* adventure to mention his name,—much less to give any explanations of

we entertain most serious objections—which his argument, ably urged though it be, has in no material degree removed. The system of banking in Scotland, we freely admit, works admirably where it is; but it yet remains to be proved, that it could have been conducted with the same success, had it not been supported by the vicinity of the English system, with its metallic circulation, and the Bank of England at its head.

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his motives—without his at least tacit permission. We are therefore entitled to consider it as the adopted manifesto of that party, and the authorized apology of—as we think we are still entitled to call him—its *leader*.

We need not say how disagreeable this topic must be to us, for so many years the admirers and advocates of the subject of the apology, and whom we still regard as fallen by no low or dishonourable motive, but from that strange infirmity of character, long suspected by others, and by ourselves at last most reluctantly seen, which has made his whole life a series of inconsistencies, and has led him to disclaim, repudiate, and forfeit, one after another, almost every opinion, principle, and pledge that he had ever adopted.

We do not say that some of these changes were not for the better;—but supposing them all to have been so, would it not indicate some original weakness or perversity of judgment to have so universally taken the wrong side, and to have been so slow in finding the right one? But, right or wrong, the fact is flagrant, that there is no great event of Sir Robert Peel's public life that has not been a recantation of former professions and a breach of ancient engagements; and that, of all his great powers, that by which he will be best known to posterity will be, that he is the boldest and heartiest eater of his own words that ever exhibited on any political stage.

The language of the pamphlet is decent and moderate, and evidently meant for conciliatory; but, unfortunately, the very course of defence which the author adopts—namely, that of justifying Sir Robert Peel, by representing him in all his lamentable proceedings as only following the footsteps of Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, and as sanctioned by the cordial co-operation of Lord Stanley up to a certain point, and by that of the Duke of Wellington to the last—this line of defence, we say, however civil the language may be, is so essentially injurious to the memories of the departed, and to the characters of the living statesmen, that we cannot promise that we shall always be able to speak of such a perversion of facts, and such an abuse of reasoning, in that patient and measured phraseology which is so easy to those whose principles hang loosely about them. When some one in conversation with Dr. Johnson praised the ancient philosophers for the candour and good humour with which the different sects disputed with each other, the Sage replied, 'Sir, they disputed with good humour because they were not in earnest. You see in Lucian that the Epicurean' (the complaisant votary of expediency) 'keeps his temper, while the Stoic, who has something positive to preserve, grows angry.' We honestly confess that we



are angry, but we still hope to keep our temper,—though not, perhaps, at so oily a level as our Epicurean antagonist. One restraint, however, we shall place upon our vexation: we shall use no hard word that we do not find in the pages of the Apologist. The terms, indeed, in which he states the charges against his friend are stronger than we have ever used, and do not always convey our opinion, but we adopt them, as no doubt the Apologist has done, to avoid obscurity and periphrasis; and we of course are bound to accept the challenge on the terms and in the terms in which our adversary is pleased to offer it. And we may, we trust, be permitted to add, that we have no personal interest whatsoever in these questions, and the very reverse of any private inclination to exaggerate the complaints against Sir Robert Peel, or to have refused our willing assent to any circumstances of justification, or even palliation, that his advocate could have produced.

We have found none; and we think that not the weakness only, but in some instances the unfairness of the defence, will turn out to be more damaging to him and his little party than even the ominous silence that they have so long maintained.

The title-page, it must be admitted, is a fair frontispiece to such a work:—

*The Policy of Pitt and Peel.*

Here 'apt alliteration's artful aid' is introduced to suggest a resemblance between Pitt and Peel, about as real as that between Macedon and Monmouth; but it has also a deeper object. The *policy* of Peel is thus put in front of the battle, to lead the unwary reader into a notion that it is of his *policy* that the Conservatives complain. Now true it is that we dissent from the general bearing of his recent policy: we think it erroneous—erroneous even if it was sincere; but we beg leave at the outset, and as the basis of the whole discussion, to state that what he is 'reproached' with—that which has excited the wide and deep feeling, 'the abhorrence' (p. 8), 'the execration' (p. 9), which his Apologist has come forth to assuage—is not his *policy*, but his *conduct*—not his want of political judgment or sagacity, but his 'dishonesty and treachery' (p. 11). The Apologist is more frank in stating the charge so harshly than, we think, successful in answering it. Let us recapitulate the broad facts.

Sir Robert Peel solicited, at the general election of 1841, the support of the country on the principle of protection to the agricultural interest, then threatened by the Whigs; the country responded to that call, and on that pledge raised him to power. On his accession to power, he, with a pretty general, though not universal, approbation of his party, made what we thought an important  
improvement

*improvement* in the scale of protection ; but in three years more, while this new scale was working admirably, he appeared suddenly to take fright (if it was not something worse), and turned, secretly at first, and suddenly at last, the whole power with which he had been so generously invested, to the utter destruction of the interests and objects by and for which that power had been confided to his hands. The Apologist does not even admit this to have been an inconsistency, though he confesses that a great party in the country—once affectionately devoted to him—consider it as the most ‘dishonourable treachery’ that ever a public man was guilty of. For ourselves, we repeat our disbelief that Sir Robert Peel could be or can be actuated by any personally dishonourable motive, and we must therefore attribute those vicissitudes of opinion to some enigmatical and unaccountable infirmity of temper and purpose, which, as regards his last change, we at the end of eighteen months no more comprehend than we did the first day ; and which recalls the painful recollection of that remarkable phrase which Sir Robert Peel addressed to his country, and which we were proud to quote, when he first appeared in 1834 as a candidate prime minister :—

‘ Now I say at once, that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an APOSTATE from the principles on which I have heretofore acted.’—*Tamworth Address.*

But although the Apologist’s assertion, that Sir Robert Peel’s measures are only the following out the principles of Mr. Pitt and his disciples, has in truth nothing to do with the question now at issue, it is made so prominent a feature in Sir Robert’s defence that we must offer a few observations on it. And first as to Mr. Pitt.

It is startling to find Mr. Pitt’s authority quoted for what is now termed Free Trade, but to which he would have given a very different name. During the early part of his administration bargain and reciprocity marked every part of his commercial policy. During the latter part, when the intensity of the war prevented even the consideration of the arts of peace, the commercial policy was governed by Mr. George Rose, the very personification of artificial restriction and regulation. Yet, according to the Apologist, Sir Robert Peel’s free-trade measures are to be traced back, forsooth, to Mr. Pitt’s commercial treaty with France in 1786.

Now it is singular enough that neither the term *free trade*, nor anything like what is now understood, or rather misunderstood, by it, is to be found—(at least we have not been able to find it)—in any of the detailed and luminous expositions which Mr. Pitt made  
of



of his motives and objects on that occasion, which were purely, as we have said, those of bargain and reciprocity. Mr. Pitt stated that France had certain natural products, such as wine, brandy, oil, and vinegar, which had grown into necessities amongst us—which *we could not grow*—which we could not keep out, and of which one-third of our consumption was smuggled; while, on the other hand, we should find in France an advantageous market for bartering some manufactures, for the production of which *we* happened to possess local and natural advantages; and it was agreed, by a mutual reduction of duties, to facilitate the interchange of the commodities peculiar to each country and in which there was little or no *competition possible*, so that the—not free trade, but—interchange, at reasonable and reciprocal rates of duty, would be to the common advantage of the respective producers, consumers, and exchequers. What can be more essentially different from this practical and protective policy of Mr. Pitt—which gave nothing without receiving an equivalent, or indeed something more—than the headlong and indiscriminating theory of a *unilateral* abolition of duties on articles—where there is a strong and direct competition—where there is no danger of smuggling, and no pretence of reciprocity—unless, indeed, in the vague reveries that, after we shall have mutilated ourselves, other nations may perhaps catch our insanity and imitate our suicidal example? Mr. Pitt's first administration lasted 20 years—it traversed periods of peace, of war, and of an armed position between peace and war—of invasion and of rebellion—of glut and of scarcity—it witnessed all prices of wheat from 30s. the quarter to 150s.\*—he varied by successive laws the *pivot* prices of importation—he passed in turns bounties on and prohibitions of exportation and importation—he saw and underwent all the vicissitudes both of seasons and of political revolutions—but did he ever in the course of this long and varied experiment drop a hint at a total abolition of a system of corn-laws protective of home agriculture? Never—nor any other statesman, till November, 1845, when Sir Robert Peel rushed into that gulf—like, as he perhaps wished to believe, another Curtius sacrificing himself for the public good, but, as the bystanders thought, like a runaway horse scared at the terrific apparition of the League, and further excited by the *rod of Mr. Cobden and the spur of Lord John Russell*.†

\* In June, 1801, wheat was 161s. in Worcester market, and 168s. in Brecon.

† It is well known that in the sudden race for power occasioned by Lord John Russell's letter to his London constituents, success was supposed to depend upon who should first join Mr. Cobden and his League; and that the great body of the Whigs were so far from approving unrestricted free trade, that it was reluctantly assented to at their meetings at Lansdowne House, when Lord John stated the necessity he himself was under of abiding by his own rash pledge.

Is it on the authority of Mr. Pitt that Sir Robert Peel would propose a free trade in sugar—of Mr. Pitt who declared (12th May, 1785) that ‘*the British West India Planters were clearly entitled to a monopoly of the English market, and it would be but justice to secure it to them as far as laws and regulations could give security*’?—We notice this not to contend, as assuredly Mr. Pitt would not have contended, that the sugar of our Eastern colonies should not have equal favour with the Western, but to show how strongly imbued his mind was with the principles of protection to our own national interests, and how astonished he would have been if he could have foreseen that he was to be cited as an authority for *free trade* in Sir Robert Peel’s cosmopolitan application of the term.

But there is another part of our system—one in which Mr. Pitt took during his whole life a most peculiar interest—but which Sir Robert Peel and his followers are now endeavouring to abolish—we mean the Act of Navigation. Upon this act, we hesitate not to assert, depends not merely our whole colonial dominion, but our maritime power—not merely the commercial profit or laurelled pride of a navy that,

‘Gathering tribute from all distant shores,  
In Britain’s lap the rich abundance pours,’

and whose war-flag

‘Has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze—’

—these are great themes for national exultation—but behind them are other, and still more vital considerations,—the peace, the prosperity, the territorial security, the independent existence of this insular empire.

We might safely admit all that the blindest followers of Adam Smith can allege against the Act of Navigation—that it is a kind of monopoly (just as our insular position is itself a monopoly)—that it increases freights and influences prices, and that other nations could probably bring cotton into the Mersey and tea into the Thames at a cheaper rate, and that therefore all that wear cotton or drink tea pay a tax to the shipping interest. But Adam Smith, though sometimes perhaps too much of a theorist, was not wild and reckless like his modern worshippers. He records his general disapprobation of monopolies, and admits that the Navigation Act is a monopoly; *but* there are, he says,

‘cases in which it will be generally advantageous to lay some burden on foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry.’

‘As when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. *The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping.*

*Encouraged by*

*The Act of Navigation*



*Navigation* therefore VERY PROPERLY endeavours to give to the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the MONOPOLY of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions, and in others by heavy duties on the shipping of foreign countries.'—*Wealth of Nations*, b. 4, c. 2.

This is neither the time nor place for entering into detailed disquisitions on such subjects, but we cannot refrain from expressing our decided opinion that the greatest advantage that this country can derive from colonies is, that under the *Navigation Laws* they are a nursery for seamen. We were very sorry to see Lord John Russell\* submitting to the appointment of a committee with the obvious prospect of a Report hostile to the Navigation Act, which we believe to be the great palladium of the British Navy, and therefore of the British nation; and the part that Sir Robert Peel and his immediate followers have taken in this Committee ought to be another most powerful motive for their exclusion by all constituencies that value 'ships, colonies, and commerce,' as elements of the glory and safety of the empire. While Sir Robert Peel is stimulating the Government to pursue the enormous and, we fear, in many instances, injudicious expenditure for long-shore defences which he had begun, it is strange to find him so busy and assiduous at a Committee upstairs in destroying those wooden walls—of which we shall see that he a few years since fully appreciated the value, as the older, the more honourable, the safer, and—to address ourselves to the cant of the day—the cheaper defence of the country than any coast-works can be, and without which no coast-works could afford us any permanent protection.

But while this adroit partisan is thus endeavouring to shelter Sir Robert Peel under the authority of Mr. Pitt, he forgets the Right Honourable Baronet's sarcastic exposure of a similar attempt made by the Whigs in 1841.

In his fine speech of the 4th of June, which gave their budget and themselves the *coup de grace*, he said of them what has now become even more applicable to himself and his Apologist:—

'With all personal respect for them, I must say that it does appear ludicrous to see them stretching forward with so much eagerness to place their feet in the gigantic footsteps of Mr. Pitt. It is only under the mantle of Mr. Pitt that they can act safely. They seem to exclaim with *Trinculo* in the play—"Alas! the storm is coming, and I have no retreat except under his gaberdine;" and it is under the gaberdine of Mr. Pitt that they seek shelter.'—*Hansard, loco.*

\* His Lordship perhaps may say—

'Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt;' but we hoped for more firmness on such vital questions,

Theatrical characters are liable to be filled in succession by different players: in 1841 the actor was Lord John Russell, but now we have the *part of Trinculo by Sir Robert Peel*.

The Apologist's next attempt is to connect Sir Robert Peel with the free-trade policy of Mr. Huskisson, with the view of showing that we ought to have been prepared for his adopting and extending that line of policy. We have quotations from Sir Robert Peel's speeches, in which he claims a share, a frank and forward share, in all Mr. Huskisson's measures. We grant it. We admit that he was one of the great majority of Conservatives who (though some items were here and there disputed by local interests) concurred in the general measures to which the country at large was reconciled by its confidence in Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington (we may add, at that time in Sir Robert Peel himself), and in the known attachment of those prime-ministers to national industry and interests. But what has all that to do with the 'treachery' of 1845? We have Sir Robert Peel's own emphatic assertion, that in all these measures protection to British agriculture was Mr. Huskisson's first principle. In Sir Robert's speech on the Whig Budget, 18th May, 1841, he demolished by anticipation all the pretences of his present apologists:—

'You [the Whigs] declare that no man can maintain the present system of Corn Laws and be friendly to a liberal commercial policy. I deny that conclusion—and I refer you to MR. HUSKISSON: *he* certainly never considered protection to agriculture incompatible with the removal of restrictions on commerce. An honourable gentleman has quoted some opinions said to be delivered by Mr. Huskisson *after he left office*—but I know that, *during the period I was in office with him, there was no more strenuous supporter of a graduated scale*, and no more determined opposer of a fixed duty. . . . Mr. H. stated in 1827 that it had been urged *against* him that he held the opinion that England ought not to depend largely on other countries for the supply of corn, and that he had declared in 1815, and still maintained, that *nothing could be more dangerous than a reliance of this country on other countries for her food. He avowed that such were his opinions.*'—*Hansard*, May 18, 1841 (p. 635).

And Sir Robert Peel goes on to quote Mr. Huskisson's speeches of 1827, to show how deeply they were both *pledged to agricultural protection*. This is so conclusive that we need not add a word on that point. It seems very wonderful that the Apologist should have ventured to produce a witness who so flatly contradicts his assertion, that he is forced to suppress half the evidence in order to invest the other half with an unintended meaning. But while he thus affects to swell the canvass of Mr. Huskisson's fame, in order that Sir Robert Peel's modest bark may

'attendant



‘attendant sail,

Pursue the triumph and *partake* the gale,’

is he too young to remember, or too shrewd to repeat, the circumstances under which Mr. Huskisson was suddenly arrested in his official career? We remember to have heard at the time, and from those who appeared to be well informed on all the details of the transaction, that it was a difference on the subject of the *Corn Laws* that led circuitously to the rupture with Mr. Huskisson—that Sir Robert Peel, as well as the Duke of Wellington, was for a higher protection than Mr. Huskisson or Mr. Charles Grant (who, as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, had the actual conduct of the measure) thought reasonable. The difference was very trifling; both were equally in favour of protection by a sliding scale, ‘of which,’ said Sir R. Peel (*ib.*), ‘Mr. Huskisson *claimed credit for being the author*,’ but there was some little point of honour about adhering to their respective scales. Mr. Huskisson, we think, with his usual good sense gave way, and the higher scale was adopted. But this difference was supposed, at the time, to have occasioned some of the ill-humour that afterwards broke out on the East Retford case, of which Sir Robert Peel so far availed himself as to force Mr. Huskisson to a hasty yet reluctant resignation. We do not now give any opinion whether Sir Robert Peel was or was not justifiable in what Mr. Huskisson considered harsh and unfriendly conduct on that occasion; but when his Apologist seeks to defend his ‘apostacy’ of 1845 by the alleged warmth and consistency of his support of Mr. Huskisson’s measures prior to 1829, he forces us to remember that, however kindly they may have regarded each other in private life, where they were both unexceptionably amiable, and however they may have concurred in the general measures of the Governments of which they were members, they were notoriously on all the great floating questions of the day the representatives of antagonist sections of the Tory party—agreeing, probably, on hardly any other subject so cordially as on the principle of the sliding scale and the protection to British agriculture.

We may dismiss more shortly the various passages of the pamphlet which labour to connect Sir Robert Peel with what it calls the liberal policy of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning. We are at a loss to know what portion of Lord Liverpool’s or Mr. Canning’s policy can be assimilated to Sir Robert Peel’s proceedings in 1845-6. The drift of the Apologist’s argument is, that if the Conservatives had been more sharp-sighted and suspicious, they might have seen many and early indications that Sir R. Peel was not to be relied on. It may be true that a nearer examination of the details of Lord Liverpool’s administration might establish  
part

part of the Apologist's case. Sir Robert Peel may have begun to play a double game at that early period. We can hardly believe it—but the Apologist may be better informed than we are. We can only say that the world knew nothing of Mr. Peel's free-trade propensities, if indeed they existed. The Tories were satisfied and the Whigs were dissatisfied at seeing in him an avowed supporter of Lord Eldon's section of Lord Liverpool's cabinet; and from him they, in their respective views, neither feared nor hoped a conversion to liberalism. It is true that Sir Robert Peel gave us one great warning when—after Mr. Canning's death—he suddenly fell in love with the *bête noire* of his whole preceding life, and embraced Catholic Emancipation. This did alarm many, and ought perhaps to have alarmed more of the Conservatives. They may, it is possible, be liable to some reproach for having ever trusted him again; but we think that this kind of criticism falls oddly from the pen of the Apologist of Sir Robert Peel. He might just as well have twitted us with forgetting at how early a period of his patron's career the Morning Chronicle had characterised him as *Joseph Surface*.

But we must pass on to the later and more weighty authorities which the Apologist cites as countenancing Sir Robert Peel's policy:—

'One would have thought that the circumstance of the Duke of Wellington appearing as a supporter of the policy of 1846 should have afforded a conclusive guarantee, not perhaps of its necessity, but certainly that there was nothing treacherous or dishonourable in the conduct of those by whom it was advocated, and to whom he gave the sanction of his support.'—p. 11.

And throughout the whole pamphlet Sir Robert Peel's measures are everywhere represented as the joint production of the Duke of Wellington, and as stamped not merely with his support, but with his cordial approbation. But every one who knows anything of the real state of the affair must believe that this is an utter misrepresentation. The Duke of Wellington does not appear to have given anything like a spontaneous support or approbation to Sir Robert Peel's measures. But when Lord John Russell failed to form an administration, and when the Duke of Wellington was led to believe that there was no alternative between anarchy and Sir Robert Peel, he was persuaded, by the magnanimous sense of duty which has been the characteristic of his illustrious life, to submit to what he thought necessary, and to an evil which he hoped to be able to mitigate, rather than abandon his Queen and his country to a scramble of Leaguers, Chartists, and Repealers; we have even heard that one of the main arguments by which Sir Robert Peel induced the Duke



Duke to reassume office was that, if he did not, all was lost—that Cobden would be minister, and the League and the Chartists the masters of the empire. If this or anything like it be true, what must the Duke of Wellington have felt at finding, a few months later, that Mr. Cobden, who had been held up to him and his colleagues as a bugbear, was in truth the idol that Sir Robert Peel worshipped in secret? But however that may be, it is certainly understood in well-informed circles that the Duke has not concealed his disapprobation of *every part* of Sir Robert Peel's conduct throughout the whole affair—and that, first and last, whatever formal support he gave to it was—in a choice of evils—to take that which he thought the least. In the posture in which Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell had between them contrived to place the country, we can well believe that the Duke thought that some protection was better than no protection, and a respite of three years better than the sudden revolution to which, if he had held out, the country, and especially the agricultural interest, was exposed. He may also, which we confidently believe to have been the fact, have hoped that by his mediation the *great Conservative party*, on which alone he thought a solid and independent Government capable of carrying on *proprio Marte* the business of the country could be formed, might still be kept together; but when Sir Robert Peel, by his eulogy on Mr. Cobden, and his *Elbing Letter*, completed the destruction of those hopes, the Duke must, we cannot doubt, have felt that he had been at least as much and as 'grossly deceived' as the rest of the world. We have never concealed our regret that the chivalrous loyalty of the Duke induced him to undergo this mortification. We have always thought, and have already said, that his Grace might have allowed Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell to cook together the mess they had made—that no permanent inconvenience to the Queen and no danger to the country could have occurred while his Grace, Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, and the majority of the Cabinet who would have followed their example, at the head of the Conservative party, should have stood by to watch the proceedings of whatever kind of ministry the *Free-traders* might have patched up. This, to our humble thinking at the time, and to our own subsequent conviction, would have been a safer and more satisfactory course; but though his sense of duty seems thus to have forced him into a reluctant acquiescence in Sir Robert Peel's unfortunate measures, it is evident and notorious that they had not what the Apologist is pleased to brag of—the Duke's voluntary support and warm approbation.

In the same style it is attempted to mix Lord Stanley with Sir Robert Peel's 'treachery;' first, in general terms;—

' Lord

'Lord Stanley having been a party to the measure of 1842, and the author of the Canada Corn Bill of 1843, and having, moreover, in consequence of the peculiar position of matters in 1845, been ready to accede to some alteration on the law of 1842, and having also refused [as it was stated in the preceding paragraph, that the Duke of Wellington had done] to take the responsibility of forming a Protection Government in 1845, is nevertheless lauded for his honesty and consistency, and as having done no violence to the opinions expressed by him in 1841. And this being the case, it is certainly very difficult to understand how, in common fairness, Sir Robert Peel, and those who agreed with him, should be charged with *treachery* to the agricultural interest, and with abandoning their principles, merely because they thought that the circumstances of the country required a greater alteration in the law of 1842 than Lord Stanley considered necessary.'—pp. 49, 50.

Before we proceed to examine these statements we must notice a preliminary observation on Lord Stanley:—

'The representatives of the ultra Tory party, headed by Sir Richard Vyvyan, are understood to have wished to make Lord Stanley their leader in 1841, instead of Sir Robert Peel.'—p. 47.

We never heard of this—and the statement seems thrown in to diminish the obligation of Sir Robert Peel to the Tory party, and to suggest that they were even at that period aware of his *Free Trade* propensities. But it is all, as far as we know, entirely unfounded. True it is that from the date of the 'apostacy' of 1829, and during several subsequent years, there had existed a strong feeling in many quarters, of dislike and distrust of Sir Robert Peel; but the energy and apparent sincerity of his opposition to Lord Melbourne's ministry, and particularly to the Whig *Free Trade* budget, had—as we did and still do believe—allayed, if not obliterated, those suspicions; which did not, that we ever heard of, revive till 1842, when it certainly appears that Sir Richard Vyvyan formed a juster appreciation of Sir Robert Peel's character than we did.\* But Lord Stanley, it seems, would have been as bad a choice—having, according to the Apologist, equally 'betrayed' the Conservative cause, with even less excuse. It perhaps would be enough to present this statement to the mere laughter of the reader. But as Lord Stanley—from being a secondary member of Sir Robert Peel's cabinet, and at that time invested with only a secondary responsibility—is now, not more by his great talents than by his tried integrity and trustworthi-

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\* In reviewing Sir R. Vyvyan's 'Letter to the Electors of Helstone,' at the time we certainly did him some injustice as respected the view he had taken of Sir R. Peel's probable course in future; but we then treated Sir Richard Vyvyan as almost singular in his opinion of Sir Robert Peel—so far were we from dreaming of his being the virtual head of a great section of his party.



ness, placed at the head of the Conservative party, it becomes, for our own sakes, worth while to brush away these cobweb imputations. They consist (besides many small inuendoes here and there) of three principal allegations:—

I. Lord Stanley supported the Corn Bill of 1842, although—‘he had made *no such explicit reservation* of his right to modify the Corn Law of 1828, as it will immediately be seen *Sir Robert Peel did* in 1841. He must therefore have sadly disappointed the expectations of his admirers, when in these circumstances he cordially concurred in the Corn Act of 1842, which the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham held to be a breach of faith with the agricultural party.’—p. 48.

Our answer on this point is included in our general defence of the Corn Bill of 1842—which we have always approved and defended as the wisest measure and the most effective protection of any Corn Law that ever existed;—and that it was so we can prove in one line: the average rate of duty collected during the whole operation of the old scale was 5s. 7d. the quarter; that averaged under the whole existence of the Act of 1842 was no less than 11s. 4d. Whether Sir Robert Peel foresaw and intended that effect, his subsequent conduct and the arguments of his Apologist render doubtful; but we disclaim for Lord Stanley, as for ourselves, all share in the duplicity, if there was any. But we beg our readers to notice the logic and candour of the Apologist, who attempts to implicate Lord Stanley in the proceedings of his leader, but refuses him the benefit of his leader’s *reservations*. It is indeed a summary of Sir Robert Peel’s whole political conduct to implicate his party as deeply as he pleases, but to *reserve* a loophole for himself. Lord Stanley, however, has no need of Sir Robert’s loophole—he supported the excellent law of 1842 without reserve, and adhered to it without equivocation.

II. ‘Lord Stanley’s conduct in 1843, when by his Canada Corn Bill he made a much more serious breach in the Corn Law of 1842 than the latter did upon the law of 1828, must have been still more distasteful to the agricultural party.’—*Ibid*.

This is another form of the great Peel principle of *unilateral partnership*:—*heads, I win; tails, you lose*. His Cabinet are not to be included in any advantage derivable from his reservations; and by the same convenient mode of arguing, *he* is to have no share in their respective responsibilities—and so *Sir Robert Peel’s* Canada Corn Bill, when some blame is to be imputed to it, is dexterously called *Lord Stanley’s*. We are quite ready, however, to take it as Lord Stanley’s—as if he were the originator, as he certainly was the organ, of the proceeding. But what was it?

The

The Canada Corn Bill was a *protective* measure. The case was this:—American wheat was imported into Canada *free*; but the grinding it into flour made it by the existing law a colonial manufacture—and, indeed, if there had been no such law, how could American and Canadian flour have been distinguished? The consequence was that whenever higher prices and lower rates of duty tempted the operation, American wheat found its way into the English market at a nominal duty. Lord Stanley's bill could not cure the natural and colonial circumstances which led to this result, but it endeavoured to correct them—by allowing Canada flour to come in at the lowest rate of the old scale, *on condition* that the Legislature of Canada should on its part impose a duty of three shillings on the American wheat, which before was *free*. Those three shillings were therefore a new, and additional, and permanent protection against *foreign* corn. It was, we ourselves thought, an insufficient one; and, as a mere Corn Law question, we always considered the whole of the Colonial, and especially the Canadian scale, inadequate; but the question was mixed up with wider considerations of Colonial policy, which took it out of the category of a merely protectional system; and Lord Stanley's bill, which gave the three shillings protection against America, was therefore so much obtained in favour of the British agricultural interest.

III. 'But not content with this, Lord Stanley went a step further in 1845. Although opposed to the prospective total repeal of the Corn Law of 1842, he was *not averse in 1845 to a modification of that law, and to a further diminution of agricultural protection*. To what extent of alteration Lord Stanley was prepared to agree in 1845 has never been precisely explained; but that he was ready to concur in some alteration, and *refused to form an Administration to keep up the law of 1842*, never was denied.'—*Ibid.*

This appears to us to be a complete misrepresentation. When the writer states that Lord Stanley was *not averse* in 1845 to a further diminution of agricultural protection, he proceeds, we suppose, on the declaration of the Duke of Wellington in the ministerial explanations 26th January, 1846, that 'everybody admitted that some alteration was necessary;' but it also appears that this opinion, if at all admitted by Lord Stanley, applied only to the circumstances in which the Cabinet found itself in *December, 1845*, when Sir Robert Peel's proceedings had rendered resistance impossible, and not, as misrepresented by the Apologist, to the *res integra* of the subject. No man, indeed, had ever pretended that the exact rates of protection established either in 1828 or 1842 were to be invariable and eternal—and we do not believe that Lord Stanley or any other real friend to protection



tection could ever have advanced such an absurdity; but that he or the Duke of Wellington or Lord Lyndhurst, or any other member of the Cabinet worth mentioning, except Sir Robert Peel himself, thought, prior to the surprise of 1845, of any alteration of the existing *Principle* or even of the details (which were working admirably), we wholly discredit. The attempt to charge a change of opinion on Lord Stanley (in which the Apologist also includes the Duke of Wellington) because he refused to undertake the formation of a Ministry 'to keep up the law of 1842' is ridiculous, as against either Lord Stanley or the Duke, though it is an aggravation of the charges against Sir Robert Peel, who had so undermined the whole ground which he had undertaken to defend, that neither the Duke nor Lord Stanley could discover a safe *locus standi*. In the state into which Sir Robert Peel's designs—communicated by some means to the Whigs, though concealed from his own party—had 'betrayed' that party, it would have been as unwise in Lord Stanley to attempt to form an administration on *one* principle, as Lord John Russell, with all his preparation and advantage, found it impracticable on the *other*. Sir Robert Peel had so played or rather *packed* the cards, that for the moment he became master of the game. Lord Stanley was not mad enough to attempt the impossibility of making an administration at that crisis, but he has sufficiently repelled the imputation of any change of opinion by his immediate resignation, and by his subsequent opposition to Sir Robert Peel's propositions.

We now arrive at the defence of Sir Robert Peel's own change of policy, and find it, we are sorry to say, exceedingly disingenuous.

The Apologist tells us that Sir Robert Peel was not pledged to a system of protection; that, on the contrary, he had publicly reserved to himself an *unlimited* personal discretion on all such points; and, in proof, quotes his speech of the 27th of August, 1841:—

'If I could bring myself to think—if I could believe that an alteration of the Corn Laws would preclude the risk of such distress, *if* I thought it would be an effectual remedy, in all cases, against such instances of lamentable suffering as those which have been described, I would say at once to the agricultural interest, "It is for your advantage rather to submit to any reduction of price than, *if* an alteration of the Corn Laws would really be the cure for their sufferings, to compel their continuance." I should say that it would be for the interest, not of the community in general, but especially of the agriculturists themselves. *If* any sacrifice of theirs could prevent their being the real cause of the distress—could prevent the continuance of it—could offer a guarantee  
against

against the recurrence of it, I would earnestly advise a relaxation, an alteration, nay, *if necessary*, a Repeal of the Corn Laws.'—p. 53.

In enumerating the various shapes that 'a lie' may take, the great anatomist of human nature concludes that '*there is much virtue in an IF*;' and so, after this quotation, the Apologist triumphantly exclaims:—

'Sir Robert Peel having *thus* reserved to himself *unlimited* discretion to deal with the Corn Laws, and with the application of the principles of *Free Trade* in *whatever way* the circumstances of the country might require, it does seem to be the height of absurdity, to say nothing of the injustice of the proceeding, to endeavour to hold him and his supporters, who were *all along* known to entertain liberal views on commercial policy, up to public odium, as for ever unfit to take any part in the management of affairs, simply because they were of opinion in 1845 that the very alarming circumstances of the country rendered it imperative to introduce an extensive alteration of the laws regulating the importation of foreign produce and manufactures. That Sir Robert Peel and his leading colleagues in the Ministry *were free to do this, and that in perfect consistency with their former professions*, must have now been proved to the satisfaction of every candid and unprejudiced man; and that there are, therefore, no grounds whatsoever for charging them either with *hypocrisy or desertion*.'—p. 54.

Had there been 'no grounds *whatsoever* for charging them with *hypocrisy and desertion*,' we hardly think we should have had this long and laboured apology. But our readers, on considering the two foregoing extracts, will see that the text of Sir Robert Peel's speech at the meeting of the new Parliament in August, 1841, does in fact afford 'no ground *whatsoever*' for the comment of the Apologist, who arbitrarily gives to the speech a meaning that it had not, and then assumes that gratuitous construction as an absolute fact—which, however, we can easily show to be absolutely untrue. In the first place, it will have been observed that there is in the extract from the speech not one of the topics advanced in the comment—no allusion to *Free Trade* at all—no claim of an *unlimited discretion*—no mention of *liberal views of commercial policy*; but only a *supposition*, an *hypothesis*, which any Protectionist—the Duke of Richmond or Lord Stanley, for instance—might have equally stated, of what should be done *IF* so and so were to happen. But then there followed, *in the original speech*, a decided negative to that hypothesis, which the Apologist—with a dexterity which we shall only call surprising—*wholly suppresses*!! Sir Robert Peel had in fact proceeded to add to his catalogue of *IFS* the fullest disclaimer of them all:—

'But it is *because I CANNOT convince my mind* are at the bottom of this distress, or that the repea



tion of their principle would be a cure for it, that I am induced to continue MY MAINTENANCE OF THEM.'—*Hansard*, p. 422.

This, and the suppression before noticed of Mr. Huskisson's pledges to agricultural protection, seem to us two of the most inexcusable instances we have ever met with among gentlemen—even when they have condescended to become political gladiators—of garbling and mutilating an important and essential quotation, so as to make it appear the very opposite to what it really is. And from this misrepresentation the Apologist forces his monstrous conclusion (which even the garbled passage would not justify) that Sir Robert Peel's liberal views had been '*all along*' acknowledged and accepted by his party; and that he was '*free, and with perfect consistency*,' to do that which the great majority of that party stigmatizes as '*hypocrisy and desertion*.'

In the same class of misrepresentation are several references to the opinions of the *Quarterly Review*, which we shall notice no further than as they affect the general argument. The uncompromising opposition which we have given to Sir Robert Peel's 'apostacy' ever since its announcement in November, 1845, is complacently attenuated, while the occasional tributes that we have been always ready to pay to the purity of his personal character and the superiority of his parliamentary talents are artfully misquoted to a directly contrary purpose and effect from those which the original passages were intended to produce. One instance shall suffice. The Apologist relies on the testimony of the "*Quarterly Review*" to the sagacity and talents of Sir Robert Peel—the judgment and experience which enabled him to understand better than any other English statesman the magnitude of the evil attending the potato cultivation; but he suppresses that these admissions were only preludes to and aggravations of the charges that we brought and proved against him, of misapplying his sagacity and talents to the 'betrayal' of his principles and the destruction of his party, and of having made the Irish famine a pretence for measures which *he had predetermined before the scarcity was thought of*—and which, when the famine came, were found to have no more relation to it than '*Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands*.' *We* are ourselves entirely indifferent to this misrepresentation. In truth, it gives us pleasure to find the justice which we have always endeavoured to do Sir Robert Peel's personal character and former public services remembered and repeated—our eulogies were at least sincere; and deep must have been our conviction of the irreparable mischief of his conduct, to have wrung from our reluctant pen a disrespectful or even unfavourable expression. Indeed, it is the point of our own case, and our main answer to the Apologist, that up to No-

vember,

vember, 1845, Sir Robert Peel had no more cordial, nor, according to our means, more active supporters than we were: and if we have since looked back with suspicion on certain remoter chapters of his history, it is only because we are driven to seek for some explanation of his recent portentous proceedings in the circumstances of his earlier life—as when a man commits suicide people are forced to inquire whether he had shown any former symptoms of insanity; and this, so far from being an unfair retrospection, is the only mode of defence to which his Apologist now resorts. But we gladly leave this topic to return to more general considerations.

If the passage from Sir Robert Peel's speech of the 27th of August, 1841, had really anything of the ambiguity which the garbling of his Advocate has endeavoured to give it, it would have been sufficiently explained by the whole tenor of his speeches and the whole course of his conduct preceding the dissolution. What stronger arguments can we bring against all the free-trade projects of Sir Robert Peel than his own most remarkable speech on the 3rd of April, 1840? Mr. Villiers had moved the total repeal of the Corn Laws; the Whigs proposed a reduced fixed duty: Sir Robert answered both, in an argument that embraces the whole *free-trade* system:—

‘The principle of a total repeal I perfectly understand. If the principle be good for the regulation of the trade in corn, it is good for the trade in many other articles. If good as affecting corn, it is clearly good as affecting labour. *Upon this principle there ought to be no NAVIGATION LAWS.* Every merchant ought to be allowed to procure labour at the cheapest possible rate; and there ought to be no preference for the British seaman. If this principle is to be applied generally, the whole colonial system must be altered—*every protecting duty on manufactures must be abolished.* IF WE MAY NOT TAKE AN INSURANCE AGAINST THE CAPRICE OR HOSTILITY OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES, AND AGAINST THE VICISSITUDES OF SEASONS, BY ENCOURAGING THE HOME PRODUCE, neither must we seek to SECURE THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THE MARINE OF THIS COUNTRY BY GIVING AN ADVANTAGE TO THE LABOUR OF BRITISH SEAMEN—neither must we give a preference to the productions of our own Colonies, NOR AFFORD PROTECTION TO OUR OWN MANUFACTURES.’—*Hansard*, April 3, 1840, p. 2801.

Does it not seem as if every topic and every word of this extract was by a spirit of prophecy selected and pointed against the specific course which Sir Robert Peel is now taking?—and these were no hasty, inconsiderate opinions. He next year referred specially to this speech, and avowed, confirmed, and reasserted all its statements. As he did, indeed, in all his subsequent speeches and proceedings—in the discussion of the Whig budget—in the debates on the motion for removing the ministry—in all the elec-



tion appeals, professions, and pledges of himself, his friends, and followers. Lord John Russell had inscribed on his banner—‘*Free trade and cheap bread* ;’ the motto of Sir Robert Peel and his party was—‘*Protection to agriculture*.’ The Corn Laws were notoriously, avowedly, and in every constituency of the empire the great stake of the contest. We are almost ashamed to waste a line in enforcing so clear a truth, but as the author seems to have totally forgotten it, we are driven to repeat those broad and indisputable facts which no ambiguity can conceal and no sophistry pervert.

But it appears that *even then* Sir Robert Peel himself was conscious that he was suspected of somewhat of that ambiguity and sophistry of which his Apologist (strangely enough for an apologist) now endeavours to convict him; and Sir Robert (in one of his last speeches during the Melbourne Ministry) came forward to clear himself from the imputation by the following characteristic and important declarations:—

‘I am charged’—he said—‘with having withheld or concealed my opinion on every point; that I have reserved to myself such a latitude of action, on all subjects, political, commercial, and financial, that there is not one upon which I am not perfectly at liberty to act according to that course which I may conceive to be conducive to the advancement of my party interests.’—*4th June, 1841 (Hans. 1234).*

This insinuation—which his advocate now adopts as his defence—he indignantly repelled; and not content with appealing to his general character and conduct against such an aspersion (now become his apology), he produced—as an *example and instance* of his straightforward and unambiguous adherence to great principles—the CORN LAWS!—

‘Take’—he says—‘the Corn Laws: I *should like to know who has stood more forward than I have done in defence of the EXISTING CORN LAW? I should like to know whether any man, looking at these debates, can really have a doubt that my desire is to MAINTAIN a just and adequate PROTECTION to the agricultural interest?* Have I not contended for this; while I admitted, and always will admit, that there may be some *details* of the present law that require alteration?’—*Ib. 1234.*

In the conclusion of that debate he bitterly upbraided the moribund Ministers

‘for setting *party against party* upon such a question as that of the CORN LAWS; by *stirring up society to its foundation*; and by *arraying in bitter discord against each other, classes* of the community whose harmony is so essential to their own welfare as well as to *the happiness and safety of the State*. You are about to dissolve Parliament on a cry of *cheap bread*—you promise the substitution of a fixed duty for a fluctuating one. My opinion is that a fixed duty will give no effectual

tual protection to the agriculture of Ireland, or many parts of this country—nor can you PARALYZE the agriculture of this country by a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter, without *seriously affecting other interests connected with agriculture.*’—*Ib.* 1239.

Again, we ask, is there one word of this just and vigorous censure which may not, on the eve of another general election, be addressed with still greater justice to Sir Robert Peel himself—who has not only inflamed the animosities between different classes of society, but has broken up *parties, friendships, and families*, into most unnatural but, through his proceedings, *inevitable* dissensions? Thus, even down to the smallest details, there is no absurdity that he ever ridiculed—no blame that he ever imputed—no mischief that he ever denounced—which it has not been his singular misfortune to have in the sequel adopted, incurred, and practised; his whole life has been a kind of metempsychosis into the shapes which in the previous states of his existence he had most abhorred—oscillating

——— ‘between *that* and *this*;  
And he himself one vast antithesis!’

But the Apologist, though he sets out, as we have seen, with professing that he would not discuss the merits of Sir Robert Peel’s measures—which was very *prudent*—concludes by assuming (which is more convenient than attempting to prove) that they were urgently necessary, and have been eminently successful, and he blames us for having rashly and erroneously promulgated a different opinion:—

‘If the Quarterly Reviewer, instead of giving the colour of his influential support to an opposition rested upon allegations which have *turned out to be rash and erroneous*, had suspended his judgment till the extent of the calamity was disclosed, and had made the same allowance for the sagacity of the Minister which he has all along done for the purity of the man, then perhaps might others of less capacity than the Reviewer have abstained from the tactics which overthrew the late administration, and might have hesitated to bring about that disorganization of the Conservative party which the Reviewer now laments, and which, by rashly censuring and judging, the more violent section of the Protectionists have had their own share in producing.’—p. 55.

Now to all this we unhesitatingly give, and, as far as our limits will allow, shall prove, a direct negative. We first observe, that in the articles referred to, we expressly stated, as we now repeat, that Sir Robert Peel’s measures cannot be fairly tested till the expiration of his three years’ Act; and then, for two or three years more, only conjecturally. It is ‘rash,’ we find, to interfere to prevent the administering what one thinks poison: we



should wait to see how it will operate. Nor can we help smiling at the complaint that a *Quarterly* reviewer does not postpone for *five or six years* the discussion of the most urgent topic of the day. We trust that we are contributing something to the historical appreciation of Sir Robert Peel's political character; but we confess that our first object is to add our mite towards saving the country from his immediate influence. But our opinions are, it seems, not only rash, but *erroneous*—so the Apologist in the foregoing passage is pleased to assert, though in several others, as suits the phases of his versatile argument, he confesses that the period for forming a judgment on that point is not yet arrived: for instance—

‘Sir Robert Peel may have formed a wrong opinion—his measures may turn out to be productive of no good—or, *it may be, of much evil. That, however, remains to be proved.*’—p. 56.

On what principle, then, can it be that this writer, through the greater part of his argument, assumes in the most dogmatical style not merely the future, but the *present* success of the Peel policy? We, on the other hand, are fully convinced that the measures themselves were an *imposture* at first, and have proved a complete *failure*, as far as their operation can as yet be traced.

We have on former occasions shown that the prospect in the autumn of 1845 of a scarcity of potatoes in Ireland was only the pretext of Sir Robert Peel's proposition—a lucky opportunity, which he eagerly seized, for executing a determination which he had certainly (though we know not exactly how long) come to—namely, that of relieving himself from the trouble and disgrace of the Anti-Corn-Law League, by the sacrifice of the agricultural interest. We need not here recapitulate our reasons for this conviction, for we have a new and most authoritative witness to this point in the Apologist himself, whose whole pamphlet is devoted to proving that this repeal of the Corn Laws was clear and fixed in Sir Robert Peel's mind as early at least as 1841—that he announced it in that year, both before and after he came into office, in terms which the Apologist thinks we must have been mere dolts not to have understood—that the Corn Law of 1842 was only a prelude and preparative for the repeal—that the Canada Bill of 1843 was an obvious and important step in the same direction; and that, in short, Sir Robert, with a prospective view to this ultimate result, had reserved to himself an ‘unlimited and unfettered’ right to repeal the Corn Laws whenever he should think proper. But the difficulty was to find a practical excuse and opportunity for executing this secret design. The Corn Law scale worked so admirably that prices were low and duties uniform; and if Sir Robert had waited for a high price of corn, he would have had no *locus standi* at all, for the duty would have vanished altogether.

The

The Irish scarcity was therefore in this sense a godsend to him : without raising the price of corn, it raised, or rather afforded an opportunity of raising, an alarm of famine ; and therefore there was a rate of duty to be removed, which, had there been any real scarcity, would have removed itself. Nay, prices were falling when this project was broached, and they continued to fall, in spite of all attempts to create alarm. The average price of wheat was :—

		s.	d.
1845	November	58	10
,,	December	57	10
1846	January	55	6
,,	February	54	7
,,	March	54	10
,,	April	55	9
,,	May	55	9
,,	June	52	1
,,	July	51	5
,,	August	46	0—

the price in November, 1845, as well as the average price for the eighteen previous years during which the sliding scale had been in operation, having been about 58*s.* 10*d.*, and the price in August, 1846, being only 46*s.* Was there ever a more clear and practical contradiction of a pretence or a prophecy? A statesman now so eulogized as a miracle of long sight and sagacity is seized in November, 1845,—when corn was at 58*s.*, the average of a quarter of a century,—with so violent a dread of famine, that he breaks away from all the professions, all the pledges, all the friendships of his life, to meet this fearful calamity ; but lo ! he was so utterly mistaken, that prices fell, and fell, and fell, until at last in August, 1846, which terminated that agricultural year and opened the account of a new harvest, the price was only 46*s.*, being less than it had been in any year (save one, 1822) since the beginning of this century (*Par. Pap.* 61), and considerably under the average of 100 years (*Rainier's Synopsis*).

Mistaken as he was in the concoction of his measure, still more so has he been as to the consequences of it. We repeat that, owing to many circumstances which we stated in our number of September, 1846, the effect of Sir Robert Peel's measures upon British agriculture cannot be judged of for at least three years, perhaps not for some seasons after the temporary Act shall have expired. But there were some immediate results promised by Sir Robert Peel, which have been in some degree brought to the test, and to whatever degree tried they have signally failed. His measure affected to be directed against an urgent case of scarcity, which imperiously demanded that instant relief. Did it afford any—



any—the smallest?—had it any more operation towards relieving the potato scarcity than in accelerating the motion of Uranus? No—not in the slightest beneficial degree, though it had some deleterious effect in disturbing the Irish corn-market and distressing the poorer Irish farmers. Putting aside, for the moment, *Indian corn*, an article hardly perceptible in any of the old corn scales, and which might be, as it was in 1845, imported on an emergency, without any radical alteration of the Corn Laws, we find there were imported *into* Ireland, in the course of 1846—that year of expected famine, and of really a most calamitous potato failure—about 193,000 quarters of wheat and wheat-flour, while, *per contrà*, 407,000 quarters of wheat and flour were exported *from* Ireland in the same period. More than double as much bread-corn exported from the starving country as was, after all the excitements and provocation of the Government, brought into it! Sir Robert Peel's bill, therefore, was not necessary for Ireland. But we shall be told that about 330,000 quarters of Indian corn were brought into Ireland in the same year. That, we repeat, might equally have been done, and *was done*, without repealing the Corn Laws. But we have a still better answer to any claim of merit for the Corn Bill of 1846 on that score; for while 330,000 quarters of Indian corn and meal, the produce of foreign agriculture, were *imported* into Ireland, 1,300,000 quarters of oats and oatmeal—the produce of Ireland, and, in every scarcity of potatoes, the natural and usual food of the people—were *exported*: as were also 100,000 quarters of barley and barley-meal. This again was a truly Hibernian legislation—the ports were opened professedly to import food for a famishing people, and the result was, that between January and December, 1846, about 500,000 quarters of grain were imported, and *two millions* of quarters exported.

Great stress is laid by the Apologist on Sir Robert Peel's proposition to his Cabinet made on the first symptoms of the Irish scarcity, and in consequence '*of the reports received from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland*,' of opening the ports by Order in Council, and which they rejected. No wonder. The suspension of the Corn Law of 1842, and the *opening the ports* at the time and for the purpose stated, of feeding Ireland, was, as we have just shown—and as we showed more at large in our last September number—a transparent pretence. But as the Apologist has again—most indiscreetly, we think—revived the recollection of Sir Robert Peel's attempt to 'betray' his Cabinet into a false course, we must reproduce, but very shortly, a few leading facts that will at once show the inconsistency of Sir Robert Peel's conduct, and the absurdity of his advice.

In

In 1842, when Sir Robert Peel passed his first Corn Law, wheat was in *England* at 60s. 2d. the quarter, and Ireland exported in that year the following quantity of breadstuffs:—

Wheat. qrs.	Barley. qrs.	Oats. qrs.	Flour and Meal. cwt.
112,195	50,287	1,274,326	1,865,483

(*Parl. Paper*, No. 16.)

In 1845, when Sir Robert Peel took fright at the state of Ireland and the price of corn, wheat was in *England* 58s. 10d. the quarter, and Ireland was exporting the following enormous quantities:—

Wheat. qrs.	Barley. qrs.	Oats. qrs.	Flour and Meal. cwt.
372,719	93,095	1,679,958	2,481,564

(*Ibid.*)

So that in the year in which he proposed to abrogate his Law, wheat was considerably cheaper in *England*, and Irish exportation was doubly greater than in the year in which he had passed it. No wonder that the Cabinet was not the dupe of such a pretext as this. Open the ports, indeed! when the torrent of food was flowing outwards and the price falling. But perhaps—though Ireland was thus exporting, and though wheat was cheaper than it had been in 1842—there was something to justify an alarm of scarcity in *England*? Quite the reverse. We subjoin a comparative view of average prices in the years of Sir Robert Peel's confidence and of his fright:—

	Bread per 4 lbs. d.	Flour per sack. s. d.	Meat per lb. d.
1842 . . . . .	6½	45 6	5½
1845 . . . . .	5	37 6	4½—( <i>Parl. Pap.</i> )

All cheaper; bread 23 per cent.—flour above 17 per cent.—meat about 10 per cent. It seems incomprehensible that, in this state of things, any rational man should have thought of *opening the ports*, which, had there been any real scarcity, would have opened themselves; but the Apologist raises by accident a little corner of the Cabinet curtain, and allows us to see the real state of the affair:—

‘It is no doubt true that the opening of the ports would have involved a *re-consideration of the Corn Laws* BEFORE THE PORTS COULD BE SHUT AGAIN.’—p. 60.

There was the real question: not opening the ports to let corn into Ireland while a torrent was running out, but under this pretence to pledge the Cabinet to the *re-consideration*—that is, the *repeal* of its own Corn Laws. No wonder, we saw again, that this proposal was, as Sir Robert Peel told tl



mons, rejected by the Cabinet, which, though not consenting to be thus committed to repeal the Corn Laws, would, we venture to say, have been ready—as the Apologist admits (p. 58) the strongest Protectionists were—to open the ports or to take any honest and *bonâ fide* measure that could have been proposed for relieving the distress which the failure of the potato crop was certain to produce.

Will any man, even his Apologist, venture in face of these figures to deny that, as regarded the Irish scarcity which it professed to meet, Sir Robert Peel's bill was an idle and (if the matter were not in other respects so awful) a most ridiculous juggle? But it was still more than even it appears on this statement. The bill framed to meet a scarcity was, as we (and, we believe, we *first*) showed, so clumsily bungled, that, instead of diminishing, it quadrupled the duty on scarcity prices. This was so flagrant a blunder that there have been suspicions that Sir Robert Peel had made it *intentionally* to bring his own bill, which purported to last for three years, to an untimely end—for how, it is asked, could he suppose that the country would bear for an hour a quadruplication of the duty of the abrogated scale? Whether this enormous solecism were designed, or only an oversight, it would not, in either case, do much honour to Sir Robert Peel's legislation.\* But what followed? Sir Robert Peel professed to legislate for an approaching scarcity—the scarcity happened to come, and with it of course the triumph of his sagacity and legislative wisdom? Alas! no. The very first result of the scarcity was the necessity of an immediate suspension of the remedial measure of Sir Robert Peel—who thus suffered, and suffered in silence, the greatest affront that, we believe, any statesman ever received—the repeal of his measure as soon as ever the occasion arrived for testing its merits.

So much of whatever hold Sir Robert Peel has of public opinion is based on his supposed sagacity in anticipating practical results, that although the state of the markets this year, or next year, or some years to come, can be no criterion as to the *permanent* effect of his system, yet as a further test of his own fore-

\* There seems to us to be another strange blunder in this bill. We all know that one of the pretences on which it was passed was the introduction of maize—Indian corn, and we remember the elaborate panegyrics lavished on that grain—its foresight or design, maize, enumerated in all former acts, is omitted in this bill. The suspension was, perhaps, meant to leave maize duty free, and would have been so if the former act had been *repealed*; but the old act, being only *amended*, had not specially altered, and of course the *old duty on maize* is still, we suppose, in force. Lord John Russell's act suspending *all* duties, of course covers the omission, which however is worth noticing, as an additional specimen of the carelessness of the legislation, which, as we read the statutes, would in similar cases have comparatively high duty the very grain it professed to en-

sight, and of the working of his act, we must recommend the following facts to the most serious consideration of the country.

We compare the prices of wheat for the last six weeks (published while we are writing, and therefore not picked out for effect) with the corresponding six weeks of two former years:—

	1845.			1846.			1847.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
May 3rd,	46	1	May 2nd,	56	5	May 1st,	79	6
" 10th,	46	1	" 9th,	56	8	" 8th,	81	1
" 17th,	45	11	" 16th,	57	0	" 15th,	85	2
" 24th,	45	10	" 23rd,	55	5	" 22nd,	94	10
" 31st,	45	11	" 30th,	53	4	" 29th,	102	5
June 7th,	46	2	June 6th,	52	10	June 5th,	99	10
Average	46	0		55	0		90	0

So that this act, passed for the express purpose of meeting a scarcity, and limited to *three years'* duration, has not prevented, in the *first year* after its passing, double the prices at which wheat was in the year in which this notable scheme was concocted. And let it be further observed, that in 1845 the maximum duty of 20s., and in 1846 a duty of 16s., were still payable, and in 1847 no duty at all; so that the real comparison is from 16s. to 20s. worse for 1847 than the enormous difference exhibited *primâ facie*.

But Sir Robert's advocates endeavour to console themselves with a different view of this untoward result. 'See,' they say, 'how well he foresaw what was to happen, and how lucky it was that he had removed the duty before the pressure came.' A foolish and worse than foolish boast! he did *not* remove the duty—he *quadrupled* it. If the old law had been in force, the duty would have vanished as soon as the price rose to 73s.; but by Sir Robert Peel's anti-famine nostrum a fixed duty of 4s. would have been payable when the prices were 80s., 90s., 100s.: so that when the Whig doctors were called in, the first thing they had to do was to pronounce the Peel medicine quackery and poison, and throw it out of the window; and they were forced, by a legislative suspension of the new-born law, to restore the state of duties, or rather no duties, which the mere rise of prices would have operated under the old law.

Another great advantage promised us by Sir Robert Peel's Corn Law reform, was not merely cheapness, but steadiness of price. How has that turned out? Why, that the fluctuations of prices since his Reform have been wilder than was ever before remembered—nay, that the actual fluctuations in price since the present bill was passed have been greater—positively greater—than the *whole* price of wheat during the existence of the late law. That price was on the average 50s. and 51s.; and we have



have just seen that, under the present cheap Corn Law, it has reached an *average* of 102*s.*—while in some markets it had risen as high as 120*s.*

But we may be asked, how it is that we mention the present state of the corn-market in reference to Sir Robert Peel's last act, while that act is suspended. The answer is obvious. The act was only suspended because it would have enforced, even under our present pressure, the *quadruple* duty. During its span of active existence it increased, both directly and consequentially, the very evils against which it was devised; and its suspension has left us in the same state as to legislation, and in a worse state as to everything else, as if it had never been passed. We may also be told that the highness of present prices arises from circumstances over which Sir Robert Peel could have no control:—the Irish famine, for instance. Strange apology! for that was the very thing he pretended to foresee, and yet laid on a fixed duty of 4*s.* to aggravate it. 'But could he have expected that there would have been such high prices on the Continent?' A question still more damaging to his policy. The broad principle of his measures is to effect what he so vehemently repudiated in his speeches of 1840 and 1841—the making us dependent on the foreigner for our bread corn; but lo! on the very first trial, we find that the foreigner, instead of helping us, drains us.\* We will repeat one fact out of many that have been stated to us, which will exemplify these transactions. One day, a few weeks ago, an account reached town that two vessels with a very large freight of wheat (we believe, from Dantzic) had entered the river, and would be in the docks next day. It was expected that prices would have *fallen* in Mark Lane, and bargains were made accordingly—instead of which they *rose*:—how was this to be accounted for? The French Consul bought up the cargoes at Blackwall, and the two vessels, without breaking bulk, transferred the corn from the Thames to the Seine. Of this danger Mr. Cayley distinctly warned Lord John Russell in 1845:—

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\* It should not be forgotten that, in our hour of need, when the fear of famine overtook us, the old laws of the sliding scale gave a stock in bond of 1,500,000 quarters, which greatly mitigated our distress when the ports first opened. This was the best description of a reserve of food often recommended and practised in France through the *greniers d'abondance*. This resource, under a repetition of the same calamity, would be lost to us; while, on the other hand, should the revival of the potato crop and an abundant harvest through the north of Europe occur, while every port but ours would be closed, our markets would be deluged by the enormous supplies which the wants of a bygone year will have encouraged from all quarters. The wise Leaguers will say, can food be too cheap? Certainly not, if it can be made permanently so; but it requires no great foresight to determine the consequences of fluctuating in one year between the prices of 30*s.* and 120*s.*, and this cannot be denied, by persons acquainted with the character of our sources of supply, to be no very improbable event.

When

'When it is proposed to leave England dependent on foreign supplies, it should be recollected that the same causes which occasion bad harvests in England would probably produce them in other corn countries.'—*Cayley's Letter to Lord J. Russell*, 1845.

We also, in December, 1845—before Sir Robert Peel's 'apostacy' was fully known—quoted and enforced this warning (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. 77, p. 308); and in all our subsequent articles on this subject, we have stated as one of the chief dangers of Sir Robert Peel's scheme—that when we most wanted assistance we should find that the rest of the wheat-growing world might not be in a condition to spare us any, and that France and our other neighbours, instead of helping to feed, would more probably help to starve us—glutting us when we did not want, and draining us when we did. Nay, we even went so far as to prophesy, as a possible result of such a combination of circumstances, the otherwise impossible case of our being

'doomed by the infliction of Providence again to pay, as we did in 1800, 100s. or 120s. a quarter for wheat.'—*Q. R.*, Dec. 1845.

And all this has literally come to pass, in spite—we will not say in consequence—but in spite of Sir Robert Peel's preventive nostrum. France has been draining us; and corn, as we have seen, was, on the 29th of May, 1847, 120s. per quarter—a price that it had never approached during the existence of the three last Corn Laws, 1815, 1827, 1842. Thus—what many vicissitudes of our own seasons—what several bad harvests on the Continent—what two or three (and one very severe) Irish famines were not able to effect—has been accomplished under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel's schemes for ensuring low prices—and wheat has been pushed up, by the wild alarms and greedy speculations consequent on his tampering with this most delicate subject, to *more than double* the average price of 150 years! These are facts and figures which the most zealous believer in Sir Robert Peel's administrative sagacity will find it difficult to digest; and which, we think, ought to satisfy our readers that there never has been a minister whose measures have been brought to so speedy a test with so entire a failure on every practical point which they originally professed to accomplish.

When we said that the suspension of the Corn Law of 1846 was the greatest affront that any man pretending to be a statesman had ever received, we meant that it was the most sudden, the most direct, and the most tangible; for Sir Robert Peel's own history affords us some analogous instances of failure—perhaps even more remarkable, though not quite so *tested and sharp*.

I. In 1829 he brought *all to conciliate,*  
*equillise,*



tranquillise, and civilise Ireland—Ireland ever since that hour has increased in discontent, turbulence, and misery.

II. In 1831 he defeated the *first* Reform Bill on the narrow and foolish plea of keeping up the number of members exactly at 658—a number arbitrary and accidental, and which Sir Robert shows that he in truth cares little about, since he has during this whole Parliament permitted the numerical representation to be deficient by the members for Sudbury. That absurd crotchet, carried by a majority of one, drove the Whigs to a dissolution, and produced the *second* Reform Bill, ten times worse in every respect than the first—and for which the country is therefore indebted more to Sir Robert Peel than to Lord John Russell and the Whigs, who would never, *ex proprio motu*, have ventured on such democratical extremities as Sir Robert Peel's egregious blunder drove them into.

III. In 1835 he instituted an Ecclesiastical Commission for the professed support of the Church: the most remarkable result of this Commission was an event which was received as a great blow to the Church—the abolition of the Welsh bishoprics. After his last return to office every effort was, we understand, made to induce him to reverse that absurd and odious decision:—but no. It was said of a French Wit—*'il n'a de l'esprit que contre Dieu !'* It may be said of Sir Robert Peel—*'il n'a du courage que contre ses amis.* He was afraid of the opposition he might meet in repairing the mischief, and left it to the Whigs—yea, to the *Whigs*—to re-establish *bishoprics* which Sir Robert Peel's Commission of Bishops had abolished.

IV. In 1840-41, both before he was in office and afterwards, he took a leading part in railway affairs:—practically he turned the sod with a silver spade and a mahogany wheelbarrow: and as a legislator seemed to take a particular interest in the formation of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, which after his accession to office was remodelled by him and manned by as skilful a staff as any other branch of his Government. The beneficial influence of this department, directed with ability and discretion by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Dalhousie, was of great and growing public utility—but unluckily for itself, the public, and the railroads, it decided one of the various cases connected with the *battle of the gauges* in a way—wise and just we believe—but which happened to be disagreeable to a powerful and busy company. The case came eventually before Parliament—Sir Robert Peel, after seesawing for some time with the *qu* question in his usual mysterious way, finally decided against officers, and gave a deathblow to the usefulness and aut the Department—which, under that and some other sim

equally undeserved affronts, dwindled into such insignificance, that the present Government dismissed them contemptuously, and established its own Railway Commission—differing in fact from the Board of Trade Department, so strangely sacrificed by Sir Robert Peel, only by a higher name, larger salaries, and more despotic sway; Lord John Russell, who at least sticks by his friends, having of course jumped at the favourable opportunity of adding so much to the power and patronage of the Whigs. Mr. Strutt's foolish and objectionable bill—so rashly brought in and so prudently but so awkwardly abandoned—was, in truth, a consequence of Sir Robert Peel's neglect of that great interest. If Sir Robert had supported his own Board with the confidence they deserved, we never should have heard of this egregious Mr. Strutt, his anomalous Board, and his inquisitorial Bill. We trust, however, that he has

\* *Strutted* his hour upon the stage,  
And will be heard no more,'—

at least not in the character of Bombastes Furioso—a *Viceroy* over the *King*. But thus it is. Sir Robert Peel has everywhere left behind him disorganisation and confusion: and we advise *railroad proprietors* to look closely to the principles which their candidates may profess on railway subjects.

V. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel passed a Corn Bill which was to quiet and regulate that trade—and so we thought it did, but Sir Robert Peel thought otherwise; and in three years pronounced his babe a monster, and strangled it with his own hands.

VI. In the same year, 1842, he proposed a temporary income-tax—for *three* years only, or at most, under certain circumstances, for *five*—the three are gone, the five are almost run out. If he were in power to-morrow, does any man suppose that he would or could keep that solemn engagement? Was this not, if we are to credit the *Elbing* letter, '*a delusion and a snare*'?

VII. In 1843 Sir Robert Peel passed a Bank Charter Act, which was to regulate the currency on so perfect and self-regulating a principle, that such a thing as a commercial crisis was to be no longer possible. But within three years (which seems oddly enough to be the destined duration of Sir Robert Peel's chef-d'œuvres in legislation) comes such a commercial crisis as we never before saw in anything like similar circumstances. We say nothing of the *consistency* of a *Free Trade* legislator, who thus *despotically* restricts the main-spring of all trade; nor do we to the abstract merits of the Act—we have done so before. We content ourselves with stating the fact which promised to prevent any such crisis, has wholly



wholly failed in *that* purpose—and is, by the best judges, supposed to have contributed to the very opposite mischief.

VIII. And finally, in 1846, as we have just shown, he introduced a bill expressly to meet an expected scarcity; and when the scarcity comes, the very first pressure and necessity felt is for the suspension and virtual repeal of his bill.

Let it be observed, we are not here questioning the abstract policy in any of these measures, in the original design of most of which we should have concurred—we only state historically, or indeed chronologically, the plain premises and naked results, and we arrive at this undeniable conclusion, that in all these eight great measures, involving the most important national interests of our times, it has been Sir Robert Peel's signal misfortune not merely to fail in his proposed object, but to produce results the very contrary of what he had predicted and intended.\* What should we think of a judge—if, to the shame of Westminster Hall, such a one could be found—whose most important decisions were to be all successively and summarily reversed? And is a statesman who commits such enormous blunders and who exhibits such violent revulsions of opinion (putting aside all considerations of *bad faith*) entitled to public confidence? The line of argument taken by the Apologist obliges us to notice these blunders and failures; but we repeat that it is not for mistakes or miscalculations, however gross, that Sir Robert Peel has been 'denounced' and 'proscribed.'

This proscription, however, of Sir Robert Peel gives the Apologist a great deal of trouble and vexation, which looks to us as if he did not give any credit to Sir Robert's own solemn declarations that he had done *for ever* with party and with office. What could it signify if an obscure Quarterly Reviewer, or even persons of more weight and authority, should 'proscribe' an ex-Minister, if he had already spontaneously proscribed himself? Yet observe how anxious the Apologist is to remove this proscription, not merely from Sir Robert Peel's followers, but from Sir Robert Peel himself.

'But this proscription from the public service cannot in fairness be limited to Sir Robert Peel and the members of his Government. It applies to every Conservative in Parliament who voted for the measures, and to every Conservative out of Parliament who was ready to support them. It is true, indeed, that the 'Quarterly Review,' in the number for October, 1846, in effect admitted the propriety of limiting this pro-

\* Several other instances of abortive or mischievous legislation (the *beer-shops*, for instance) could be adduced. The only remarkable exception that occurs to our recollection is the establishment of the New Police, both in England and Ireland, the merit of which is, we believe, exclusively Sir Robert Peel's, and is a great benefactor to the country.

scription to Sir Robert Peel and a few of his more immediate adherents, and of allowing the greater portion of the 112 to reunite with the Protectionists, provided they would confess that they had done wrong and would promise to behave better for the future. But there is evidently little or no chance of this arrangement taking place. Those members of the Conservative party who supported the measures of 1846 will not, for they cannot in fairness, submit to *Sir Robert Peel being proscribed alone*. And it is plain that upon the very same grounds on which sentence of proscription is pronounced against him, must a similar sentence be pronounced against all Conservatives who supported him.'—p. 9.

To these suggestions and inuendoes we reply that to the advice which we ventured to give in the autumn of 1846, we adhere with increased confidence; and from the assumption with which the writer meets it—that the whole 112 are bound *in fairness* to participate in the proscription of Sir Robert Peel—we totally dissent; for the reasons which we then gave, and which the writer does not quote, feeling, we suppose, that he could not answer them. Of the 112 it is notorious to every man who lives in the world, that very few (we ourselves believe *vel duo vel nemo*) originally approved Sir Robert Peel's measures, or, to the last moment of possible doubt, would believe in his 'apostacy.' If, on the first declaration of his intentions, the party had been polled, he would not have had 12 of the 112 who finally voted with him, and, as we already said, were operated on by a variety of motives. Some few no doubt were deeply and personally culpable—but many acted from venial, and many more from even laudable, though mistaken, motives of party allegiance or of public expediency. In a word, these latter—a large majority of the whole—were actuated by the same feeling as the Duke of Wellington, and followed *his* course. Between Sir Robert Peel and them there is the difference between the immolator and the victims—between the guide who leads astray, and the detachment that is butchered in the ambushade. They owe him no gratitude—no allegiance; he took no counsel with them—he treated them as a vizier does his mutes; he never inquired their opinions on the matter—nor ever gave a thought to their personal interests, perilled in the results; he never considered the complicated difficulties to which he exposed individuals with respect to their families, friends, constituencies. The evident anxiety of the Apologist to prepare the way for Sir Robert Peel's return to office somewhat surprises us, because, in addition to his own declarations, we had been intimately convinced that Sir Robert Peel was weary of his official position—that he was conscious of a growing reluctance in his own mind to cope with even imaginary difficulties—and that having, from a combination of these and perhaps



other motives, which we abstain from analyzing, at last resolved to retire, he preferred to make his exit in a grand catastrophe, which, while it was really the result of weakness, had the advantage—ineestimable in such circumstances to a man of taste and feeling, conscious of his own infirmity—of looking like courage—alas! the courage of suicide. How admirably has Mr. Burke sketched this combination of weakness and rashness!—‘If our Minister,’ he says, ‘had been convinced that there is a courage of the Cabinet full as powerful and far less vulgar than that of the field, he would have changed the whole line of that *unprosperous prudence* which produces all the effects of the *blindest temerity*.’

But whatever may have been the mysterious motives of this mysterious man, we think we may safely say that it would be impossible to name one single person (beyond the half-dozen to whom he first dictated his commands, and who are therefore most erroneously supposed to be—what nobody is, or ever was—in his confidence) who has (as far as the public know) any honourable obligation to follow the meanderings of Sir Robert Peel. Those who choose to identify themselves with him ought, we still think, to be rigorously proscribed, even to the preference of Whig or Radical. ‘What!’ ask the Peelites in amaze, ‘prefer Whigs to Conservatives?’ Yes, we answer, to Conservatives of Sir Robert Peel’s *livery*—of which (like some old-fashioned cloaks) the outside and the inside are of different colours, so that the *orange* exterior can be exchanged in a moment for the *green* lining by the easy process of turning the garment:—from this practice, obsolete in dress, but never more fashionable in politics, comes the popular expression of a *turn-coat*—so epigrammatically appropriate to the case before us.

To the Peelite turn-coats—not 112—nor 100—nor, we hope, even 50—we do the justice of saying that, however low our estimate may be of either their numbers or their intrinsic abilities, we consider them, in connexion with the double-faced livery of their leader and no leader, as much more formidable than either our Whigs or Radical adversaries, who have but one side and one colour to their cloak. We see *them* coming—we distinguish who *they* are—we know when to strike, and where to ward; and we infinitely prefer the open enemy, who sounds his trumpet and invites us to a fair field, to the insidious ally who springs a mine under our feet and then ‘deserts’ to the enemy.

Test the danger by the facts. We fell—

‘Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis,  
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,  
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.’

What neither Cobden or Bright could do—nor Russell or Grey attempt—what neither the nine years' siege of the League nor its thousand emissaries could achieve—Sir Robert Peel accomplished—and snatching the brand out of the impotent hands of all the incendiaries, applied it to the sacred Ilion which had been confided to his guard! On any one who makes common cause with conduct that can bear any semblance to 'hypocrisy, desertion, and treachery,' we must in the name of honour and honesty pronounce *anathema*. And this we say, not in a spirit of vengeance, which is always a low and generally an unsafe motive of political action, but from a prudent principle of self-defence, which convinces us that public safety and public honour imperiously require the 'proscription' of Sir Robert Peel.

The Whigs, while they are in power, have but little desire to disturb our institutions—they will do no more than just as much as may be absolutely necessary to keep their Radical friends quiet—they soon become *acclimatized* in the Tory atmosphere of Downing Street—and how much the Radicals may be able to squeeze out of them will depend neither on Whigs nor Radicals, but on the strength of the Conservatives: the stronger these are, the better will the Whigs be able to resist the subversive movements of their troublesome and dangerous allies.

We entreat the Conservative constituencies neither to act, nor to abstain from acting, under the pressure of the temporary discouragement which Sir Robert Peel's 'desertion' has, naturally enough, created; but to take a calmer—a higher and larger view of the present state of parties and of the future prospects of the country. Let them, in the first place, recollect that the Conservative party is, beyond all doubt or comparison, the first in numbers, property, intelligence, and power—there is no county, city, or town in England in which they are not, even numerically, the majority, though there are some places in which the legitimate influence of Whig rank and property, and many where the characteristic zeal, activity, and union of the Dissenters and democrats, procure them an ascendancy over the Conservatives, whose strength is too often distracted, misapplied, or even lost by the division of counsels and the want of spirit and energy which must, or at least does, always, more or less, prevail in a defensive majority. Whenever circumstances happen to unite the Conservative feeling in one object, and to rouse that mighty body into activity—like Mr. Pitt's appeal in 1784, or even of that of Sir Robert Peel in 1841—they have shown that nothing can withstand them; and the latter case is the more remarkable, as it happened not merely  
all the Dissenting and democratic influences of the Reform  
t under the dissatisfaction and distrust created by the re-



collections of the first grand 'apostacy' of 1829, and still lingering (as subsequent incidents have proved) to an extent beyond what we would then allow ourselves to believe. But there are sounder and more solid reasons for this Conservative preponderance than what are usually called *party* considerations. All government (whatever temporary interruptions may intervene) must be based on property, and especially on the most solid and substantial species of property—the *land*. Nothing else can afford any fair prospect or even any chance of stability to national institutions. The constitutional security of private and public interests, and all property and all prosperity, even that which seems the most migratory (the shipping interest, for example), derives and repairs its strength—like the allegorical giant of mythology—by renewed contact and connexion with the soil from which it originally sprang. This territorial influence is in the political world what the terrestrial influence of gravity is in the physical world; both keep things in their proper places and preserve the order and harmony of the universe; and though both are liable to interruptions, that by rebellion or revolution, and this by hurricanes and earthquakes, they soon recover from these transitory disturbances and subside again to their natural solidity.

This is a great fundamental truth which the Conservatives should never forget, and which, to whatever degree they may have the wisdom and courage to act upon it, must secure to them—except during the paroxysm of some temporary anarchical agitation—the substantial government of the country, by whatever individual hands it may seem to be administered. They are about to elect a new parliament, in which they may be, if they please and will exert themselves, nearly as powerful as they were in 1841: and let them be well assured that though at this moment broken and dispirited, as a party of *gentlemen* must be—from shame, not from weakness—by the 'desertion' of their leader—and feeling therefore less stimulus to political exertion—there is in the present crisis at least as great an interest at stake, and, as we believe, much more danger. There is no immediate contest for Downing Street, but there is for every other foot of ground in the empire. The revolutionary principles of Sir Robert Peel's farewell speech and *Elbing* letter, which attack at their root and core every other class of domestic industry, as certainly, though not so directly, as agriculture, will be constantly fermenting and occasionally exploding; and although it is impossible to conjecture the exact shape that things may take or the individual hands that may have to deal with them, it cannot be doubted that questions most momentous to national—that is to say, to Conservative—interests must arise. The present Corn-law—a cripple from its birth—will have to be further suspended, or repealed, or *continued*—the  
Income-

Income-tax will expire—the great experiment made on our domestic industry will ripen into some kind of tangible result—all these great interests will certainly, and many others will probably, arise on which the coming parliament must adjudicate. Never, therefore, had the Conservatives stronger motives for ensuring the choice of men adequate by their talents and their principles to the great trust which they will have to execute. It would be idle and mischievous to endeavour to bind our representatives by pledges on individual points, for no one can foresee what may be the future point of difficulty and danger, or when the possible opportunity of Conservative exertion. All that should be looked to is, that they shall be honest and trustworthy, pledged to the great principles of *protection to every class of national industry*, and steadfastly opposed to all Republican or Dissenting or Peelite encroachments on the Constitution in Church and State.

And here it is necessary that we should avow our regret at seeing that it is proposed in some quarters to make the having voted against the Maynooth grant, and a promise of voting against any payment of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood, tests of Conservatism. We have a high respect for, as well as an old and cordial sympathy with, the section of our party that is peculiarly opposed to these measures. We acknowledge their zeal—we admire their consistency—we strongly participate in their Protestant feelings; but we cannot admit the conscientious necessity, nor the abstract justice, and still less (if not forced upon us by an irresistible duty) the political wisdom of making those questions the subjects of hustings' pledges; they are far too high as well as too deep for such discussions, which can have no other effect than further to distract and weaken a party which it is our first duty to endeavour to reunite and consolidate. There is, we well know, a great deal of pure religious feeling at the bottom of this agitation; to that we can only offer, with humble respect, the arguments we have before employed, distinguishing a mere alimentary relief to the wants of our fellow-creatures from a theological approval of the errors of their creed. We have (in addition to enormous public grants) collected for the Irish poor in all our Protestant English churches the most magnificent tribute that, we believe, private charity ever paid to suffering humanity; but it may be well doubted whether one shilling of that great Protestant contribution can have gone to the relief of any but Roman Catholics. What real difference can conscience make between occasional and more permanent relief, or between a starving priest and a starving peasant? But we will not here urge this point, for we never will press our secular advice against what we believe to be sincere scruples



scruples of conscience. We must say, however, that we believe a very large—and perhaps the larger—portion of this feeling arises from a good honest Tory zeal—and to that we beg leave to address some fraternal counsel.

Our friends know that the leading members of the present Government, and they suspect that the adherents generally of Sir Robert Peel, are willing to salary the Catholic priests, and they think that a pledge against that measure will embarrass sundry Peelites and Whigs. Now they may be assured that it will do little in that direction, but that it will be a snare and a trap in which many of the heartiest and truest Conservatives—men who keep their promises—will suffer. Certain classes both of Whigs and Dissenters have made a great noise on this point, and our Conservative friends hope that these declaimers against popery will coalesce with them against the ministerialist and the Peelite. They are egregiously mistaken, at least as to England and Wales. Some of the Wesleyan Whigs, and a few, but we think very few, of the Dissenters, will carry their zeal to the actual hustings; but we shall see, as we have always done, the great majority of the Dissenters postponing all other considerations to the great duty of keeping the Whig *in* and the Tory *out*. Our Conservative friends may, conscientiously perhaps, divide their own party, but they will not split the Whigs, Radicals, or Dissenters—nay, we see strong symptoms that they—if they follow this course as a general rule—may find themselves in alliance with those whom their object is to defeat. Some of the most obnoxious Peelites are already setting up their ‘No Popery’ pretensions; the Whigs, in doubtful places, will easily find a candidate liberal in everything save in paying the Irish priests; and for this Liberal the poor entangled Conservative will be expected to give a *conscientious* vote against—it might be—Lord George Bentinck himself.

We have no doubtful evidence that something like this will be the Whig policy. A ministerial pamphlet has been published, called ‘*A few Plain Words to Electors of the Middle Classes, by a Liberal*,’ of which the object is to recommend the return of ministerialist candidates, and he places in the front of the battle—as likely to excite pretty general indignation—the endowment, as he artfully calls it, of the Irish priests:—

‘Gentlemen, it would be quite false to assert that Sir Robert Peel cannot be connected with any positive opinion or distinct policy. It may be true, as Dr. Arnold stated, that he would give Church, Constitution, Colonies, or Ireland—if the clay were enough; but we have now sufficient reasons for being ready to advance one measure on account of its

sentiments, which no clamour demands, while the sober and united voice of the middle classes, the Dissenters, and the Established Clergy deprecates it:—Gentlemen, that measure is the Endowment of the Romish Priests in Ireland. Those electors who desire, at once and without more consideration, to pay the Irish priests with English money, to tax a Protestant community for the support of the religion it protests against, ought to go to the poll and give their votes to the candidates who have followed Sir Robert Peel.’—pp. 7, 8.

And he endeavours to rally the Liberal party against

‘the endowment of the Irish priests, upon which many of you look with indignation, and which none of you will acquiesce in, unless its absolute necessity to the welfare of the empire be established, which it never has yet been by the most ingenious reasoners in favour of it.’—p. 8.

In the same spirit we see that Mr. Aldam, of Leeds, who voted for the Maynooth grant, offers to make way for some other candidate of his own political kidney, who has not yet had an opportunity of voting on those popery questions; but such a substitute, when once elected, will, we are well satisfied, vote for anything rather than disturb the Whig administration. See, then, in what good company the Conservatives, who are taken with this bait, will find themselves.

In conclusion on this point, we entreat our friends to ask themselves who were the founders of Maynooth?—*William Pitt and Edmund Burke*, the immortal guides and glory of Conservatism! Who were the earliest advocates for paying the Irish priests?—*King George III. and Henry Addington*, the steadiest bulwarks of the Protestant cause! We honestly warn them that it is utterly impossible to constitute or consolidate, in the present state of this empire, an efficient Tory party of which the fundamental test shall be the repudiation of the conscientious Protestantism of Lord Sidmouth and George III., and the statesmanship, sagacity, and patriotism of Pitt and Burke.

Even under the sanction of these illustrious names, we do not presume to offer any advice to individual opinions, still less would we do so to individual consciences. Every man will of course act on his own conviction: but we think we may venture to deprecate the raising any such individual opinions as a party banner; and this advice we give, for, politically speaking, the best of all reasons—that the most eminent members of the party—cordial friends and co-operators in all else—are about equally divided on these questions. There is no difference whatsoever amongst us on the great principle of attachment and devotion to the Church, as well in its spiritual character as constitutional authority; but while unanimous on that point, men may blamelessly, and in fact do sincerely, differ



differ as to the measures by which, in all the difficulties that surround us, the integrity of the Church and the safety of the Empire, an indissoluble partnership, may be best secured. The capital of Eastern Christianity fell rather by dogmatical dissensions than by the force of the besieging Infidel; let us beware that the capital of Western Christianity does not fall by similar errors.

There is another circumstance connected with the state of parties which ought to stimulate the vigilance and tighten the bonds of the true Conservative alliance; Sir Robert Peel has, as we formerly stated, declared *in the most solemn way* his absolute retirement from official life, and has repudiated in the most decided manner any party connexion whatsoever. He began his recent speech on Portugal with a renewal of this declaration:—

‘Sir, I am about to exercise a privilege which is most agreeable to me; I am about to give my opinion *without any of that circumspection and reserve which necessarily fetter* the members of an administration and the leaders of a party. I am going to state the opinion which, after an attentive perusal of these papers, and after listening to this debate, I individually hold. *I speak no other man’s opinion; I know not what may be the opinion or the vote of any other man;* I undertake only to give my honest and conscientious judgment on this matter, without reference to any extrinsic circumstance or consideration.’

We cannot disbelieve what Sir Robert Peel thus roundly and spontaneously asserts; but we cannot help saying that his personal friends, particularly those in Parliament, act as if they did not so understand his intentions; and certainly we must say that stronger symptoms of what is called *party connexion* we have never seen than now exhibit themselves around Sir Robert Peel. It seems to us, and has been, we are told, ever since the commencement of the session, as obvious and notorious as it ever was that Pitt or Fox or Addington or Canning had a *party*—as it was that Sir Robert Peel had a *party* in 1841—the only difference visible, we are informed, is in the numbers—but Sir Robert Peel voluntarily declares he has no party—‘And Brutus is an honourable man.’

We all remember Lord Lincoln’s celebrated attempt on Manchester; that letter was dated from *Drayton Manor*, and was by all the world considered as a *party* movement—but Sir Robert Peel declares he has no party—‘And Brutus is an honourable man.’

There are, we are informed, active canvasses pursued in several boroughs by gentlemen who have implicitly followed all the late votes of Sir Robert Peel, and who are considered in those places as members of his *party*—but Sir Robert Peel declares that he has no party—‘And Brutus is an honourable man.’

On

On the Queen's birthday the Ministers entertained, as is usual, their political friends with what are called grand parliamentary dinners. On that day Sir Robert Peel gave also—as the heads of *parties* have always, and none others but the heads of parties have ever done—a grand parliamentary dinner to thirty of those whom the world calls his *party*—but Sir Robert Peel declares that he has no party—‘And Brutus is an honourable man.’

Lastly, a gentleman evidently connected with Sir Robert Peel in politics—a clever and expert gentleman, we very readily admit—publishes an Apology, every line and word of which is a direct and, indeed, avowed attempt to reconcile and rally round Sir Robert Peel what in twenty places is distinctly called a *party*; while, on the other hand, Sir Robert himself declares that he belongs to no party—‘And Brutus is an honourable man.’

We fairly confess that we cannot reconcile these apparent contradictions; but of this we are sure, that they call for additional vigilance from the Conservative party, which has been so often, so recently, and so shamefully deceived.

Forewarned—fore-armed. Recommending, as we have presumed to do, a large amnesty for the events of 1846, we most earnestly urge the utmost jealousy and activity against all those who have been or shall be pleased to identify themselves with what Sir Robert Peel may on his own side disclaim as a *party*, but which, it is evident, they on their side, as well as all the rest of the world, consider as such in all the strength of the term.

There is, however, one plain and easily applied test which will settle at once both questions—whether there is a Peelite party, and who belongs to it. Let any suspected candidate be asked whether he adopts the principles of Sir Robert Peel's *farewell Speech* of the 29th of June, 1846, and his *Letter to the people of Elbing* of the subsequent August! It is a most remarkable fact that this professed apology and defence of Sir Robert Peel, which is so superfluously diligent in repelling accusations that never were made, and imputations that never were thought of, does not allude, in the most distant way, to the celebrated *panegyric on Richard Cobden*—and what deserves to be equally celebrated, the *Elbing letter*. The Apologist, who has honoured us with so much of his notice, and observes on so many expressions of our opinion, has, with a more convenient inattention, wholly overlooked those which we considered as infinitely the gravest of all the charges against Sir Robert Peel—the *ultra revolutionary* principles advanced in that speech and that letter. Of the former we had said, in our Number of last September—

‘Of that speech—its topics, its language, and its spirit—we are bound to record our strong disapprobation. It seems to us pregnant with the most mischievous principles and consequences, and to require that every means—



means—even those so humble as ours—should be exerted to counteract its most dangerous tendencies.’—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxviii. p. 553.

And we proceeded to expose in detail the sophistries, the absurdities, the bad faith, the tendencies to fatal and irreparable mischiefs contained in that speech, as well as in the *Elbing Letter*, in which Sir Robert Peel made to the inhabitants of a little Prussian town the astonishing confession of having induced his party in England to submit to the income-tax, on an assurance that it was to last only *three* or at most *five* years, when in fact he had proposed it with the secret design of not only making it perpetual, but increasing it to the absorption of all other taxation. When the Apologist professed an intention of defending Sir Robert Peel from the imputation of being ‘a deserter and a renegade,’ and of ‘conduct treacherous and dishonourable,’ is it not surprising that he should have taken no notice of either that speech or that letter? His silence on this latter point is in every way ominous and important. It may be said to confess the substantial authenticity of that letter, which undoubtedly no one who has any regard for Sir Robert Peel’s character would have omitted to deny indignantly, if he could have done so truly; and it also seems to admit that it is incapable of apology. The inconsistencies and errors—be they great or small, defensible or otherwise—of Sir Robert Peel’s conduct from 1829 to 1845, it is now, for any practical purpose, useless to examine; and we—as his friends and supporters during that period—would have been much gratified if the Apologist could have made a better case for him than he has done. But what concerns the present and prospective welfare of the country is the effect of those—we repeat the term advisedly—*ultra revolutionary* doctrines which Sir Robert Peel broached at the close of the last Session, and from which we most earnestly call upon the constituencies to protect themselves.

We tell our manufacturing as well as our agricultural population, that they can never make head against Sir Robert Peel’s general discouragement of native industry, and his scheme—the very scheme once so justly censured by him—for making us dependent on foreigners for our daily bread.

We tell the fund-holder, that the interest on 800,000,000*l.* of debt cannot be paid by a country reduced to a competition with those that have no such burthen.

We tell the landowner, that no rights, whether of landlord or tenant, could survive the application of the agrarian doctrines promulgated in the *Cobden panegyric*.

We tell all possessors of all classes of property, that the principle of *exclusively* direct taxation, advanced in the *Elbing Letter*, would

be

be nothing else than the first step to confiscation. And, finally, we tell the whole British public, that life, property, morals, religion, and the very frame of social order and national existence, cannot be maintained on the pusillanimous principle of bending to every pressure, and cowering under every passing cloud of popular discontent or delusion.

It is for these reasons that we press on the Conservatives the duty of testing the principles of every candidate by a peremptory demand whether he does or does not adopt Sir Robert Peel's revolutionary *speech*, and his still, if possible, more reprehensible *Elbing letter*,—and if any of those gentlemen-pupils of a slippery school should affect not to know what is meant, let him be asked—whether he is prepared to sacrifice British industry to the foreign artisan or agriculturist, without any proportionate consideration of the greater burden imposed upon the English? Let him be asked whether he is ready to give up the Navigation Laws, and with them our colonial empire and maritime security and glory? Let him be asked, whether he is willing to make the Income Tax perpetual—to double, triple, or quadruplicate it, by the absorption of indirect taxation, and as a necessary consequence extend it (as the advocates for this system admit must happen) by a poll-tax, or some other inquisitorial process, to every class, however humble, of society? These are the prominent points that seem to us to emerge from Sir Robert Peel's expositions of his policy in June and August, 1846—and which by-and-bye we shall have to meet when pushed forward by men of steadier views and bolder hands. Our present and preliminary, but still most important duty, is to avert the danger by discountenancing the principles and rejecting their abettors. It is true that our party is disorganized, dispirited, scattered; but they have still one honourable rallying-point—a sober but fixed indignation at the 'treachery' by which they have been sacrificed, and a temperate but steady resolution to be duped no more. The horizon is now dark, uncertain, and unpromising; but if we prosecute the elections with even ordinary zeal, we shall find in the new Parliament better hopes, and at all events higher duties:—

'Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.'

The landed interest of England is the representative and guardian, as indeed it is the parent, of all the other national interests, and can never be overcome but by a revolution; nor can there ever be a revolution while—however 'betrayed' by individual terror or 'treachery'—the interest shall be, as a body, true to itself. To recollect that the approaching el of years—during which



which who can guess what may become of Peel or Russell, or any individual? We ought to be prepared for witnessing many strange ups and downs and ins and outs. But if we do our duties, we can send to Parliament a body of really Conservative gentlemen, whose weight, power, and character will, with the assistance of the House of Lords and the good sense of the country, place us beyond any serious risk from the rivalry of persons or the intrigues of factions. The time will come when, from arbiters, they must become masters of the field. Meanwhile let them remember

‘ They also serve who only stand and *wait*. ’

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *History of the Conquest of Peru.* By Wm. H. Prescott. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.  
2. *Travels in Peru.* By Dr. Tschudi. Translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. 8vo. London, 1847.

SPANISH AMERICA is fortunate in her historian, and Mr. Prescott is fortunate in being the historian of Spanish America. The successive invasions of the two great empires in the New World—that of Montezuma in Mexico, and that of the Incas in Peru—by a few daring Europeans, offered each a subject, combining, with singular felicity, all that gives interest, life, grandeur, variety, and more than that, its proper bounds and unity, to an historical composition. Each is a distinct and a separate chapter in the history of man—each has something of that commanding insulation from the other affairs of the world which makes the histories of Greece, and still more of Rome, at the same time vast and majestic, yet simple and comprehensible. The whole of such history lies within a certain geographical sphere; its events are self-developed from manifest and proximate causes; it unfolds in gradual progression; even its episodes are part of the main design: the mind grasps it from its beginning to its end without effort, with the consciousness that it is commanding the theatre to its utmost extent. It has not, like modern history, to make a world-wide inquiry which spreads like the horizon without limit as it advances—to seek in the most remote ages, and in the most distant countries, the first impulses of the great movements which it describes—to unravel the interwoven policy of all the great nations of Europe; while it cannot be sure that it may not find in the archives of an obscure cabinet the secret of some vast political combination; and knows not therefore at what period it has exhausted the labour which ought to be imposed upon himself by a high-minded and conscientious historian.

These subjects are worthy, too, of a writer possessed of the true genius for historic composition, as in a certain sense unoccupied, and open at least to any one who may be disposed to fix the rd upon the soil. Masterly as is the rapid view of  
general design and the limits of his work pre-  
hat fulness of detail, that distinctness of de-  
scription,



scription, and that more complete development of character, which may belong to a separate work on each of these periods of South American conquest; and the authorities inaccessible to Dr. Robertson—some of them at length permitted to see the light by the Spanish government, and published by the industry of Spanish writers, such as Muños and Navarrete—others collected in MS. by the zeal of Mr. Prescott, or placed at his command by brother collectors from the confidence awakened by his former writings—these fresh materials were so numerous and so important as to mark the period for a more complete investigation of the annals of Spanish conquest. Nor is it the least curious fact relating to these works, that the most laborious and dispassionate inquiry, instead of chilling down the history into a cold and unstimulating chronicle, actually kindles it into a stranger romance; fiction is pale and spiritless before the marvellous truth. The extraordinary character of the Mexican, and still more of the Peruvian civilization, and the height they had attained, comes into stronger light, as new and trustworthy authorities make their depositions before us; and this civilization contrasts more singularly with the mediæval barbarism—we can use no other word—the chivalrous valour, the heroic bigotry of these knight-errants of discovery, mingled up, as it was, with the sordid and remorseless rapacity of the robber baron or the Mahometan pirate of the Mediterranean. Never were such great deeds conceived with such reckless and desperate boldness, or achieved by such inadequate means; never were such feats of courage, such patient endurance, such unutterable and cold-blooded cruelties, such deliberate atrocities of fraud; never did man appear so heroic and so base, so astonishing and so odious, so devotedly religious in some respects, so utterly godless in others; never was superhuman courage so disgraced by more than savage treachery.

Mr. Prescott's style and manner of composition are adapted with singular felicity to this half-poetic history. His strong imaginative faculty, heightened by the peculiarity of his situation (of which more presently), delights in the rich and the marvellous, both in nature and in human action; he has acquired a skill of arrangement, and grouping of characters and events, which attests long and patient study of the highest models; while the calmer moral and Christian tone of his judgments by no means deadens his sympathies with the fiercer and more barbarous heroism of ancient days. His narrative presents in general, though not without some exceptions, a happy combination of modern historic philosophy with something of the life and picturesqueness of an ancient chronicle.

Mr.

Mr. Prescott must detain us, however, for a short time before we enter upon his History, on one matter personal to himself. We think that he has judged wisely in correcting the misapprehension which has generally prevailed as to the extent and nature of that disadvantage under which he has laboured, and over which he has so signally triumphed by perseverance, industry, and sagacity. We have ourselves so often heard it asserted that Mr. Prescott is totally blind, that we are anxious to communicate to our readers the real state of the case, which in itself is sufficiently remarkable, as showing how far the most severe visitations of Divine Providence may be remedied by that energy and ingenuity with which that same merciful Providence has endowed good and wise men. He says:—

‘While at the University, I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after, was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and, though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated; while, twice in my life since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for the “History of Ferdinand and Isabella;” and in my disabled condition, with my Transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad), that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and, when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text.

‘Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labour of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering, and a fair copy—with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been repeatedly expressed in reference to my *modus operandi* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be of some assistance to others in similar circumstances.

‘Though I was encouraged by the sensible progress of my work, it



was necessarily slow. But in time the tendency to inflammation diminished, and the strength of the eye was confirmed more and more. It was at length so far restored that I could read for several hours of the day, though my labours in this way necessarily terminated with the daylight. Nor could I ever dispense with the services of a secretary or with the writing-case; for, contrary to the usual experience, I have found writing a severer trial to the eye than reading—a remark, however, which does not apply to the reading of manuscript; and to enable myself, therefore, to revise my composition more carefully, I caused a copy of the “History of Ferdinand and Isabella” to be printed for my own inspection before it was sent to the press for publication. Such as I have described was the improved state of my health during the preparation of the “Conquest of Mexico;” and, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of my species, I scarcely envied the superior good fortune of those who could prolong their studies into the evening and the later hours of the night.

‘But a change has again taken place during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it on an average for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation that, impaired as the organ has become from having been tasked probably beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labour with these impediments I cannot say. Perhaps long habit, and a natural desire to follow up the career which I have so long pursued, may make this in a manner necessary, as my past experience has already proved that it is practicable.

‘From this statement—too long, I fear, for his patience—the reader who feels any curiosity about the matter will understand the real extent of my embarrassments in my historical pursuits. That they have not been very light will be readily admitted, when it is considered that I have had but a limited use of my eye in its best state, and that much of the time I have been debarred from the use of it altogether. Yet the difficulties I have had to contend with are very far inferior to those which fall to the lot of a blind man. I know of no historian now alive who can claim the glory of having overcome such obstacles but the author of “*La Conquête de l’Angleterre par les Normands*;” who, to use his own touching and beautiful language, “has made himself the friend of darkness;” and who, to a profound philosophy that requires no light but that from within, unites a capacity for extensive and various research that might well demand the severest application of the student.’  
—*Preface*, pp. xiv.-xvii.

We can understand the poet, on whom in later or in middle life has fallen this sad privation, in the words of Milton:—

‘By

' By cloud and ever-during dark  
 Surrounded, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with an universal blank  
 Of Nature's works to him expung'd and ras'd ;  
 And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

—we can easily conceive such poet's mind creating out of the treasures of his memory pictures even as living, as exquisite, as truthful, as Milton's own Garden of Eden, or our first parents as embodied by him in their paradisiacal state. The imagination thrown back upon itself, withdrawn from and undisturbed by the common every-day vulgarities of life, concentrated on the noble, the beautiful, the picturesque, would naturally combine the highest idealism with the most perfect reality in its descriptions of outward things—the creative would at the same time be a refining and ennobling process. We think, indeed, that we can clearly trace the workings of Milton's blindness in his later poetry. We fancy him sitting alone in his majestic seclusion, and summoning up all that his memory deemed worthy of retention—the terrible becoming more awfully terrible—the majestic more unimpededly majestic—the beautiful of more unmingled beauty; everything first fully imaged on the retina of his mind, and then assuming the most appropriate language—language itself wrought up to perfection, not as in his earlier often-corrected works (as may be seen in Trinity College library), by blottings and interlinings, but by a purely mental alchemy. On this, however, we must not now dwell.

But that a history so original and so laborious as that of M. Thierry should have been accomplished under such circumstances, appears almost incredible. Even in Mr. Prescott's comparatively less embarrassing position, it is difficult to imagine how the mind, without the constant aid of the outward sense, can perform that difficult office of discriminating the important from the useless—of winnowing, as it were, and treasuring up the grain from the chaff, in the multifarious inquiries which must open as the preparation advances; how that of which the weighty bearing cannot at first sight be discerned, is not irrecoverably lost; how characters and events in this rude manner of study (for rude it must be, even with the most ingenious appliances) should assume their proper magnitude and due proportion; how authorities should be compared, sifted, and the judgment come to its conscientious; how the stability of its ground is maintained; how the occasional blemishes are corrected; how the character, of some is defined.



not escape even the most sagacious when to a certain extent dependent upon others: these obvious difficulties naturally occur, and heighten our astonishment whenever success is achieved. Yet, even in such cases, there may be some compensatory advantages. We think that we can discern in M. Thierry's writings, as well in its excellences as in one or two partial defects, a betrayal, as it were, of this peculiar mode of composition. In such a case there would be a natural tendency to form everything into complete mental pictures, to that actual reanimation of the past which M. de Barante has attempted, and successfully attempted, on a deliberate theory; and in which those great writers have been followed by so many of the modern French historians, till, in several instances, that which was striking and legitimate dramatic art has degenerated into melo-dramatic artifice. Unquestionably this is one of the great charms of M. Thierry's History, and in him this imaginative power has not trespassed beyond its rightful privilege. The same idiosyncrasy would tend, where a theory has full possession of the mind, to work up that theory with exclusive devotion, seizing and magnifying all which is in its favour, quietly discarding and passing over all those stubborn and obtrusive objections which a closer and less purely mental study might elude with difficulty. To this perhaps we may attribute the somewhat exaggerated views of the conflict between the Norman and Anglo-Saxon races, which is a kind of historic passion with M. Thierry. To the latter temptation Mr. Prescott is singularly superior: he has no preconceived historic hypothesis to which he is disposed to bend the reluctant facts; his judgment is as sober as his analysis is keen; he seems to hold it the duty of the historian to relate the results of his inquiries without accounting for that which is beyond the scope of history. This is no inconsiderable praise, with the great question of the origin of Mexican and Peruvian civilization constantly before him, and beckoning him onwards into the dazzling mirage of antiquarian speculation. We find it ourselves so difficult to practise the self-denial which we admire in Mr. Prescott, that it cannot but increase our respect for his judicious abstinence. In one other respect, perhaps, we may trace to this enforced mode of composition the only drawback, and that a slight one, to our delight in reading Mr. Prescott's work—an accumulation, occasionally too great, of picturesque epithets; a somewhat too elaborate contrast of colours; too smooth and exquisite a finish; a style, in short, at times rather overloaded, and wanting in the ease and continuous flow which is the charm of history, and which at other times carries us on through his clear and lively pages with one steady impulse of interest and pleasure.

It is curious, indeed, now and then to contrast the rude force of some of the phrases of eye and ear witnesses preserved in the Notes to the '*Conquest of Peru*' with the well-turned periods of the author's text; he has no doubt judged wisely in not incorporating them in his narrative, as they might have jarred with its general harmony, yet we cannot but think that the style which would admit them would be abstractedly more perfect. But after all, the style is usually so completely the expression of the author's character, as it were his nature, that we would not insist much on this point.

Mr. Prescott commences his *History of the Peruvian Conquest*, as he did his former work, with a view of the civilization of the conquered people. And if that of the Aztecs, after his calm and dispassionate investigation, cannot be read without astonishment, so far is that of the Peruvians from losing any of that marvellous character with which it struck the first Spanish discoverers, that wonder only deepens with inquiry.

Peruvian civilization goes far to solve the great question of the self-originating power of man as to institutions: it seems utterly to overthrow the long dominant theory, that similarity of laws, usages, and civil polity necessarily implies identity of race, affiliation, or common descent, or some communication with a more advanced tribe or race. The same social arrangements grow out of the human mind under the same circumstances, without any foreign intervention. Man is the same, to a great extent, in every part of the world, and in every period. Society is part of his nature, and social forms, being circumscribed in their variations, will take the same character, enact the same provisions, establish the same ranks and gradations, aim at the same objects, and attain the same ends. For here, in this remote and unapproachable quarter of the New World—within, it should seem, a limited historical period—with no conceivable connection or relationship to other more advanced tribes or families of mankind—with the usual myth of certain strangers descended from heaven, and deliberately and at once awing wild tribes of savages into social order and obedience, and organising a perfect commonwealth on new principles—this myth, however, more than usually betraying itself to be a myth—here is an assemblage of institutions which might seem gathered, for some fanciful Utopia, from all ages and all regions of the world. Tartary, China, Egypt, Judea, Rome, Catholic Europe, might seem each to have brought some tribute to the edifice of this social polity. In one respect the Jesuit settlements of Paraguay might appear to have been modelled on this type; and, in fact, substituting a peaceful religious order, undazzlingly attired and unluxurious in their habits, for  
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the gorgeous and martial descendants of Manco Capac and their Curacas—the Roman Catholic worship of Christ, with the Saints and Virgin, for that of the Sun and the heavenly bodies—there might seem the same results, the same meek obedience, the same absolute though gentle tutelage, the same industry, the same unreasoning yet contented happiness. With the other form of South American civilization there was almost indisputably no connection; the institutions of Mexico and Peru, in their general aspect, stand in the strongest contrast; and Mr. Prescott seems justified in his opinion that there was not the least intercourse between these two American empires.

‘The fiction of Manco Capac and his sister wife was devised, no doubt, at a later period, to gratify the vanity of the Peruvian monarchs, and to give additional sanction to their authority by deriving it from a celestial origin.’ So writes Mr. Prescott. The philosophy of these myths we must for the present leave to Mr. Grote: but this is only another instance of the same universal tendency of man either himself to deify his legislators, or acquiesce in their assumption of deity. All royal races culminate in gods—that is, in the Unknown. The line of the Incas, where it ceases to be traceable further upward (and Peruvian history aspired not beyond a dynasty of thirteen princes), terminates in the Great God. This god among the Peruvians was the Sun, as among the Greeks it was Jupiter, among the Romans Mars. It is not so much (here we fully enter into the justice of the more modern theory on this subject) the deliberate invention of vanity, or the artful design of strengthening the theocratic power of the kings, as the universal religious sentiment, which makes the gods the parents of sovereigns and founders of dynasties. But, neither in Eastern Asia, in the Tartar kingdoms, in Thibet, nor under the later Caliphate in the West, does the theocracy, which claims inde-feasible and absolute sovereignty for the lineal descendant of the gods, appear in a form so undisguised and imperious as it did in Peru. The Inca was the living son and representative of God—almost God upon earth.

It is remarkable, that the worship of the sun, that primitive and noblest of idolatries, seems to have maintained a more complete and absolute dominance in Peru than in any other part of the world. Byron's splendid invocation, which he places in the mouth of Manfred, is mythologically true:—

‘Glorious orb! the idol  
Of early nature and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind!’

—that wert a worship ere  
The mystery of thy making was revealed.

Thou

Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts  
Of the Chaldean shepherds till they poured  
Themselves in orisons.'

This more primitive Tsabaism—ascribed to the Chaldeans by the Asiatic traditions preserved in the Talmud, and which nevertheless appears to have worshipped the sun as *one of* the heavenly bodies, not as *the one* heavenly body, to which the rest were but attendants, admitted to an inferior divinity—this oldest and simplest faith gave place throughout Asia to a more metaphysic creed, either in the one Great Spirit, manifesting himself in successive avatars, or the dualistic worship of light and darkness, in which the sun-god Mithra held but a subordinate rank. In Peru alone it reasserts its paramount, if not exclusive, dominion. It is true that there was a worship of the great spirit Pachacamac, or Viracocha, the life-giving, the creator. But this deity had only one temple, and his worship seems to have been the wreck of an earlier religious system, which, as far as can be judged (and we can hardly be sure that we can collect from the language of savages their real conceptions on these subtle points), had been universal, in a ruder or more abstract form, throughout the whole American continent. But, in Mr. Prescott's words:—

'The deity whose worship the Peruvians especially inculcated, and which they never failed to establish wherever their banners were known to penetrate, was the sun. It was he who, in a particular manner, presided over the destinies of man; gave light and warmth to the nations, and life to the vegetable world; whom they revered as the father of their royal dynasty, the founder of their empire; and whose temples rose in every city and almost every village throughout the land, while his altars smoked with burnt offerings—a form of sacrifice peculiar to the Peruvians among the semi-civilised nations of the New World.'—vol. i. p. 85.

We dwell on this because it appears to us, instead of being in favour (as it might at first be thought) of an Asiatic origin of Peruvian civilization, rather to make strongly against it. Nowhere, we believe, in Eastern Asia was the worship of the sun the great dominant, almost exclusive, religion. Everywhere religious festivals followed the course of the sun; everywhere he received adoration, in some form, either as the representative of light, as the emblem of the generative principle, or as the sun-god, in the various splendid shapes which he assumed in Grecian anthropomorphism; but nowhere, unless among the primeval Tsabians, if among them, was the orb of day itself the supreme, all-ruling deity. But all the great temples of Peru were dedicated to him  
—if



—if not alone, as of supreme dignity: the sacred virgins were Virgins of the Sun—he was the father of the royal race. As we shall see hereafter, Atahualpa, in his first interview with the Spaniards, when Valverde summoned him to believe in the Holy Trinity, appealed from the historic god, on whose crucifixion the friar had enlarged, to his visible god, whose descent was brightening the western heavens.

The Great Temple of the Sun is thus described by Mr. Prescott:—

‘The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched, that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or the “Place of Gold.” It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. A Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and in some respects magnificent, structure was thatched with straw!

‘The interior was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrustated. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was “the tears wept by the sun,” and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.’—vol. i. pp. 88–90.

The Peruvian worship seems in the main to have been that of a mild and beneficent Deity. Human sacrifices, instead of being heaped up in remorseless hecatombs, and commemorated by awful piles of skulls, as in the great Mexican Temple, were rare, and of one single victim. As Livy, in his reverence for the Roman name, says that such sacrifices were ‘non Romani moris;’ so Garcilasso de la Vega would absolve his royal ancestors altogether from this bloody idolatry. Mr. Prescott cites all the earlier Spanish authorities, as witnesses of this custom in Peru:

if

if Garcilasso was disposed to soften off every thing discreditable to the Inca rule, so the Spaniards might be inclined to receive but scanty evidence to darken the heathen superstition of the conquered race; but we incline to believe that Mr. Prescott comes to the right conclusion—and that this exceptional feature lingered amidst the otherwise mild system of the Peruvians. Their general conception, we will venture to add, of a gentle and beneficent Supreme Deity, is the more remarkable in a region which even then, no doubt, was rocked by the terrible earthquake, and which might behold the volcanoes of the Andes in all their cloud-capt and fire-evolving majesty.

The divinity which, even in European opinion, was supposed 'to hedge a king,' rose up like a lofty and impregnable wall around the Inca of Peru. 'Even the proudest of the Inca nobility, claiming a descent from the same divine original as himself, could not venture into the royal presence except barefoot,—this sign of reverence, which reminds us of the Old Testament, and which is so universal in the East, prevailed throughout Peruvian usage,—and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage.' He was at once the sole legislative and executive power—he commanded the armies—his word was law. In the rugged but expressive words of an old Spanish writer, whom Mr. Prescott, according to his usage, has discarded into his notes, as out of harmony with his smoother text—'if he would kill a hundred thousand Indians, there was no one in the kingdom who dared to say he should not do it.'

The Inca maintained, in some respects, the secluded state of an Oriental despot; in others he was the accessible sovereign of his people. His royal progress, which took place at intervals throughout the realm, and was conducted with a magnificence which taxes the gorgeous language of Mr. Prescott to describe, was likewise that of a feudal sovereign holding his courts of justice, in which he, the sole judge of appeal, received all petitions for redress of grievances, and all complaints against the regular tribunals. The royal palanquin, it is said, was borne in turn by a thousand nobles, who were honoured by this service. 'Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted; and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an Inca.' (p. 25.)

The Inca must be born of the purest royal or rather divine race. As with the Egyptian kings, the wife of the Inca was his sister; no one more remote was worthy of giving an heir to the elder lineage of the Sun. The heir was made over to the care of the Wise Men, and exposed to the rigours of a kind of Spartan discipline, hard fare, athletic exercises, mimic combat. I



the throne he had not merely the pomp and power, he had all the voluptuousness of the Oriental despot. The Coya, or Queen, had the dignity, but not more than the dignity, of a royal consort. King Solomon, or the most splendid Sultan in Bagdad, in Delhi, or in Constantinople, had not a more crowded hareem, more luxurious gardens, more green and crystal-watered groves, certainly not such lavish prodigality of gold and silver ornaments as the residence of the Inca in the favourite valley of Yucay. Among his chief privileges was the selection of as many subordinate wives as he pleased from among the Virgins of the Sun. This monastic institution of the 'Brides of the Sun' is but another illustration of the universality of the religious sentiment, and the form which it takes at certain phases of human society. The Vestals of Rome, and of some of the earlier Asiatic religions, the Buddhist monasteries, the nunneries of the Roman Catholic world, find their anti-types in Peru. In two remarkable particulars the Virgin of the Sun bore a curious resemblance to the Vestal of Rome: her duty was to watch a sacred fire; the punishment for unchastity was to be buried alive. 'Her lover, indeed, in Peru, was not merely an object of religious horror, he was to be strangled, the town or village in which he lived to be razed to the ground, and sowed with stones,' so as to efface the memory of his existence. In all other respects (excepting the royal privilege of the Incas) chastity was maintained with the most jealous rigour, though without that austere and ascetic discipline which has been thought in other religious systems its only safe guardian. Though these Maidens were jealously secluded from the conversation of men (no one but the Inca and his Queen might enter the sacred precincts), their dwellings were sumptuous and richly furnished, the vessels and utensils of gold and silver. Yet it might seem that the whole property of the God, including this fair bevy of attendants, was the property of the Inca. One great establishment in Cuzco, which is said to have contained fifteen hundred virgins of the royal blood of the Incas, undefiled with any baser admixture, under the care of aged matrons, all instructed in weaving fine wool for the services of the Temple, and in other such works for the use of the Incas—was likewise a nursery for the royal seraglio. The most beautiful were chosen for this honour; and if the king at any time was disposed to lessen the number of his establishment, the discarded lady did not return to her convent, but to her family home, where she was an object of profound reverence to the people, as having been the concubine of the Inca.

The death of the Inca alone seemed to darken into the most awful cruelty the character of this gentle people—his honour must

must be maintained in the grave; nothing which had been privileged by his intimate use must be desecrated after his departure. The great Tartar practice of burying treasures or implements of war, and of immolating on the grave of the chieftain all his menial attendants, was adopted in Peru; while the Sutees on the banks of the Ganges might have beheld with jealousy the hundreds of concubines who eagerly achieved 'conjugal martyrdom.'

The government was an absolute despotism, but a despotism which condescended to parental care over the whole people. Never has centralisation been carried to such an extent; never did the administration so completely rule the destinies, prescribe the occupations, regulate the labour, provide for and allot the subsistence of the whole community, as in Peru. The State was, in one sense, the proprietor of the whole soil, the farmer, the manufacturer, the one great poor-law commissioner, or rather poor-law guardian—Mr. Chadwick himself could not have wished to have matters more his own way. There was first a triple division of the land. 'The whole territory was divided into three parts, one for the Sun, another for the Inca, and the last for the People.' Wherever royal prowess added a new province to the empire, this triple division, like that of the Gothic conquerors in Europe, became the law; but the proportion varied according to the amount of population, and the greater or less amount of land consequently required for the support of the inhabitants. The lands of the Sun were the Church lands, and provided for the solemnities of public worship; the share of the Inca was the royal domain, which furnished the civil list of the monarch and his royal house; the third was assigned to the people. This last property, if we are to believe our authorities, was resumed and repartitioned at the close of every year. Every Peruvian was bound to marry at a certain period; the all-pervading State chose him a wife; on his marriage he received a portion of land sufficient for his maintenance, which was increased upon the birth of each child, 'the amount for a son being double that of a daughter;' but the new annual distribution cut off this allowance, in case of the diminution of the family. The Curacas, the aristocracy, only received a larger proportion in consideration of their dignity. But the State was not merely the proprietor of the land, it was the proprietor of the labour of the people. The three divisions of the land were cultivated by the people, in regular succession. First, that of the Church—then, by a provision which, in its spirit, reminds us of some of the gentler ordinances of the Mosai  
or, the old, the widow, and the



the service of the State. The people next worked each his own plot of ground, but with a general obligation to mutual assistance when any circumstance—the burden of a young and numerous family for example—might demand it. Mr. Prescott quotes from Garcilasso de la Vega the case of an Indian being hanged for tilling the land of a great man, a Curaca, one of his own kindred, before that of the poor.

‘Lastly, they cultivated the lands of the Inca. This was done with great ceremony by the whole population in a body. At break of day, they were summoned together by proclamation from some neighbouring tower or eminence, and all the inhabitants of the district—men, women, and children—appeared dressed in their gayest apparel, bedecked with their little store of finery and ornaments, as if for some great jubilee. They went through the labours of the day with the same joyous spirit, chanting their popular ballads, which commemorated the heroic deeds of the Incas, regulating their movements by the measure of the chant, and all mingling in the chorus, of which the word *hailli*, or “triumph,” was usually the burden. These national airs had something soft and pleasing in their character, that recommended them to the Spaniards; and many a Peruvian song was set to music by them after the Conquest, and was listened to by the unfortunate natives with melancholy satisfaction, as it called up recollections of the past, when their days glided peacefully away under the sceptre of the Incas.’—p. 47.

Garcilasso assigns a magnanimous motive for this postponement of the cultivation of the royal lands:—‘The Inca always preferred the tillage of his subjects before his own, it being their sure maxim, that the happiness of the prince depends on the prosperity of the people, without which they become unable to serve him either in times of war or peace.’ (*Rycaut's Translation*, p. 133.)

The State was likewise the great manufacturer, or rather superintendent of the one universal domestic manufacture. All the vast flocks of Llamas which wandered over the Sierras were the property of the Incas. The care with which their breeding and management were conducted, excited the astonishment of the Spaniards. The wool was laid up in public stores, and then distributed to the people, who were compelled (down to the women and children) to spin, and make their own clothes. The mines were likewise royalties. The miners and the artisans were all under the same official control, obliged to furnish a certain quota of labour to the public service. All occupations were strictly hereditary; each followed the art or profession of his father. Every thing was done by command and by the sound of the trumpet. Every work was assigned by the overseer, who watched over its careful fulfilment, from the manuring and tilling of the soil by the  
able-bodied

able-bodied in the fields, to the spinning of the women and children in the private chamber. Public authority thus ruled the whole course of Peruvian life. A regular system of registration, and a periodical survey of the whole territory, institutions which from the days of the Roman empire to our own have been hardly known in the most civilised regions of the world, completed the system of superintendence and control. The whole society was a machine, regulated by a constituted order, and wrought, it should seem, into the habits and character of the people. The great secret of poor-law administration seems to have been discovered. 'No one,' we read, 'at least none but the decrepit and the sick, was allowed to eat the bread of idleness. While industry was publicly commended and stimulated by rewards, idleness was a crime in the eye of the law, and as such *severely* punished.'

In this sentence, however, the manner in which idleness was prevented is not very distinctly described. Mr. Prescott's gentle and harmonious phrases would hardly admit the vulgar fact, as it appears in the old Spanish authorities. In truth, as in the halcyon days of Queen Elizabeth, to which the tender-hearted enemies of the New Poor Law look back with such soft regret, instead of the workhouse test, that is, confinement, with better food than the obstinate pauper could obtain out of its walls, there was Bridewell and a sound whipping at the discretion or the indiscretion of Dogberry, of the jailer, or at best of Justice Overdo—so in Peru, the overseers were armed with an unlimited power of flogging the lazy and stubborn into industry and obedience. How far this instrument of authority differed in weight and sharpness from that of the modern slave-driver does not transpire. Yet the law, and usage more powerful than law, especially in the mines, regulated the succession of labour with such provident care that none were worked beyond their strength, or their equitable proportion. The State assumed the full right to enact Ten Hours' Bills, and such humane provisions.

A strange, unprecedented, unparalleled Utopia!—where lands were improved to the highest state of productiveness, without the incitement of individual property in those lands, or in the produce of individual labour; where no one could improve his condition, yet contributed cheerfully, or under moderate compulsion, his full share of industry to the public stock; where free labour seems to have discharged the duty of slave labour; where great public granaries, in which large portions of the produce were laid up, while they anticipated the pressure of adverse seasons, and relieved the land from any apprehension of famine, in no way, like the largesses and distributions in Rome, encouraged indolence or wasteful recklessness; where, with absolute anti-Malthusian sta-

tutes



tutes to enforce marriage, no redundant population appears to have encumbered society; where a despotism, a warlike and a conquering despotism, regarded, before its own resources of wealth and power, the sick and destitute; where new territories were constantly added by war to the dominions of the sovereign, yet at once shared in all the beneficent administration of the predominant people; where even religious bigotry conquered without persecution. Throughout their growing empire the Incas established their own superstition, but like the Romans, they awarded to the captive gods of the vanquished nations a place in the great Pantheon of Cuzco, and allowed the minds of the new tribes time to expand to the higher worship of the sun. The Incas, too, like the Romans, subjugated the more savage tribes by means of their more polished language. The Quichua was established in the provinces as the language of law and public administration.

The nature of the country in which arose this singular social system makes it, if possible, still more extraordinary. Peru offers a curious vague and general resemblance to the Holy Land. Some districts of great natural fertility were environed by sandy deserts, with hardly any streams of water, and requiring artificial irrigation. There were extensive regions suited for the pasture of flocks,—mountain ranges only to be cultivated in terraces. But all was on the vast scale of South American nature. The mountains which were to be scarped into these hanging gardens and broad plateaus were the vast Andes; the ravines which must be bridged, in order to connect the country by roads, were some of them so abrupt and profound that, according to Humboldt, Vesuvius or the Puy de Dôme, placed within the chasm, would not reach the summit of the defile. The cultivation of the land was as artificial as the social system. Our agriculturists must be informed, that the three principal means by which the Peruvians triumphed over their sterile and ungrateful soil, were by draining, by irrigation, and by guano!

The public works, the fortresses, the roads, and the bridges attested the care of the government for the security and the convenience of the people. The ruins of fortresses still remain, astonishing from their solidity, considering that the use of iron was unknown, and that the vast masses of which they were composed must, apparently, have been transported by manual strength to great distances. If the great roads, in their width and extent, will bear no comparison to those by which Rome connected her subject provinces with the capital—if they were only intended for the llamas to carry their burthens—they passed through and over mountain passes which engineering would hardly have attempted to surmount.

were crossed by suspension bridges, at which even the heads of our Brunels and Stephensons might turn giddy, and made of materials on which, with all their boldness and ingenuity, they would hardly, with the fear of coroners' juries before them, venture the lives of her Majesty's subjects. With all this, the astronomical knowledge of the Peruvians was lower than that of the Aztecs; their quipus, the cords by which alone they kept accounts and registered events,—their only art of writing and public press,—were many degrees below the picture hieroglyphics of Mexico. One thing will perhaps astonish the modern reader more than all the rest: with all this advanced civilization, this progress in certain arts, and with the vast quantity of the precious metals, of which they made their utensils and their ornaments, they were altogether ignorant of money! Gold and silver, which they obtained with some rude and imperfect art, and wrought with considerable skill and ingenuity into their rings, bracelets, and vessels, were used for such purposes alone. The Incas had a royalty over all these treasures, but with no notion of coining them into a circulating medium for trade or barter.

Is all this history or romance—a Legend or an imaginary Utopia? We have the strange alternative of accepting the account as in its general outline at least, for historic verity, or of charging all the old Spanish writers with a degree of invention and of creative power of which in other respects they seem entirely guiltless. We must suppose them to have entered into a conspiracy to elevate the character of the people whom they were trampling under foot—and to place in darker relief the cruelty, the treachery, and the rapacity of their own countrymen, by showing the innocent and happy polity which they destroyed. They were suggesting to others, even if they closed their own eyes in obstinate blindness, the perilous comparison between the effects of their own religion, and what might almost seem the more holy and beneficent idolatry of the Peruvians. Many indeed of these old writers, especially the ecclesiastics, were driven to the desperate resource of attributing the whole Peruvian polity, with its wisdom and happiness, to the wicked devices of Satan, who would by this means, by thus building up a social fabric of such unexceptionable excellence, commend the cause of heathenism. For it is not merely Garcilasso de la Vega, the boasted descendant of the Incas, who has thus painted the Saturnian age of his forefathers. We can remember indeed, the bewilderment, the perplexity with which, in the days of our commentators, be it confessed, lumberous and blundering English



English of old Sir Paul Rycaut, still doubting whether we were in the midst of Plato's Atlantis, or of the Arabian Nights. But as Mr. Prescott justly observes, Garcilasso has added but little, if anything, to the accounts of the earliest writers, some of whom, as Acosta and Blas de Valera, he cites as his authorities; and Mr. Prescott has added to the mass of evidence that of two remarkable, and it should seem peculiarly trustworthy testimonies. Juan de Sarmiento was president of the council of the Indies. He visited Peru at the time when the administration of Gasca had established peace by the discomfiture and death of the last of the Pizarros. He professed to have gathered the materials of his work from the best instructed of the Inca race who had survived the conquest. The *Relacion* of Sarmiento is still among the unpublished treasures of the Escorial. A second authority is that of an eminent jurist, Polo de Ondegardo, who resided at Lima about the same period: he appears to have been a wise and good man, to have acquired deserved popularity among the Indians, and to have given excellent advice as well as valuable information to successive viceroys; as a magistrate he had the best opportunities of studying the institutions of the country. Ondegardo's work was consulted by Herrera, but has not been printed. For his MS. copies both of it and Sarmiento, Mr. Prescott was indebted to Mr. O. Rich. The most singular testimony, however, to the social condition of the Peruvians, is the preamble to the will of Mancio Sierra Lejesama, the last survivor of the early Spanish conquerors, printed in the Appendix of Mr. Prescott. It is a death-bed confession, partly, no doubt, intended to expiate the soldier's sins, but partly, we hope, drawn up under a feeling of genuine compassion for the people whose mild and parental government he had contributed to overthrow, in order to subjugate them to the iron tyranny of the Spaniard. Mr. Prescott has preserved it in the old Spanish; but we think it worth while to translate the most striking passages.

'For many years I have earnestly desired to render this information to my Sovereign Lord King Philip, that most Catholic and Christian monarch, for the relief of my soul. I, who took so great part in the discovery, conquest, and settlement of that realm, of which we have deprived its lords the Incas, in order to place it under the crown of Spain, would have his Majesty know, that the said Incas governed the land in such a manner, that there was neither robber nor vicious man, nor man of pleasure, nor adulteress or prostitute in the land; that no one was allowed to live an immoral life; that all the people had their honest and industrious callings; that the mountains and mines, the pastures, the chases, and the woods, were governed and distributed so that each had his own without hindrance or law-suit; that the wars, though frequent, did not interrupt the commerce of the land, nor the commerce the

the tillage of the soil; that all, from the highest to the lowest, kept their place and order; that the Incas were obeyed as men of consummate wisdom and excellent government, as well as all their rulers and captains.'

The testator goes on to lament bitterly the effect of the evil example set to this blameless people by his countrymen:—

'That whereas the Indian, if he had a hundred thousand pounds of gold or silver in his house, would leave his door open, or only fastened with a stick or a peg of wood, to show that the master was absent, and no one would think of entering, or of touching the property; but when these Indians saw that we put up strong doors with locks, they thought it was for fear of our lives, lest they should kill us—they could not believe that it was against robbery and for the protection of property. When they found that there were thieves amongst us, and seducers of their women, they began to hold us in contempt. But the natives have unhappily been so ruined by our bad example, that there is hardly a virtuous woman left.'

The good old soldier, the last, he says, of the conquerors, earnestly entreats the King to interfere for the relief of his conscience; and humbly implores pardon of God for his share in these iniquities.

Mr. Prescott could not but be struck with the contrast between these ancient institutions of South America and those of his own country. In the former case there seems to have been the least possible freedom, and that freedom among the least possible number of the people; and yet, if human happiness consist in security of life and property, in the certainty of subsistence and clothing, in order and in peace, the great Benthamite test, of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' seems to have been more nearly approached than in countries of much higher civilization. In the latter, in the United States, the great experiment of allowing the least possible power to the government, and the most absolute individual freedom, is the basis of the social system. Mr. Prescott would willingly hold the balance with a steady hand; and even he, as is shown by a few pregnant words at the close of our next extract, cannot contemplate without some awe the solution of this mighty problem, of which our children may see the issue:—

'A philosopher of a later time, warmed by the contemplation of the picture, which his own fancy had coloured, of public prosperity and private happiness under the rule of the Incas, pronounces "the moral man in Peru far superior to the European." Yet such results are scarcely reconcilable with the theory of the government I have attempted to analyze. Where there is no free agency there can be no morality. Where there is no temptation there can be little claim to virtue. Where the routine is rigorously prescribed by law, the law, and not the man,

must



must have the credit of the conduct. If that government is the best which is felt the least, which encroaches on the natural liberty of the subject only so far as is essential to civil subordination, then of all governments devised by man the Peruvian has the least real claim to our admiration.

'It is not easy to comprehend the genius and the full import of institutions so opposite to those of a free republic, where every man, however humble his condition, may aspire to the highest honours of the state—may select his own career, and carve out his fortune in his own way; where the light of knowledge, instead of being concentrated on a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, and suffered to fall equally on the poor and the rich; where the collision of man with man wakens a generous emulation that calls out latent talent and tasks the energies to the utmost; where consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the timid subjects of a despotism; where, in short, the government is made for man—not as in Peru, where man seemed to be made only for the government. The New World is the theatre on which these two political systems, so opposite in their character, have been carried into operation. The empire of the Incas has passed away and left no trace. The other great experiment is still going on—the experiment which is to solve the problem, so long contested in the Old World, of the capacity of man for self-government. Alas for humanity if it should fail!'—vol. i. pp. 157, 158.

To the romance of the Peruvian civil polity succeeds the romance of the conquest. 'A bastard (in the words of Robertson), a foundling, and a priest,'—Pizarro, Almagro, and De Luque, having heard some vague and doubtful rumours of a great empire, equal in extent and superior in wealth to that of Mexico, which had already fallen under the arms of Cortez, enter into a solemn compact for the conquest and the partition of this unknown El Dorado. After difficulties which might have broken the spirits of less than Spanish adventurers, which would have quelled any motives but that strange confederacy of chivalrous passion for adventure, with avarice and religious zeal; after disasters and sufferings before which many shrunk back, and it is only surprising that any held on their stern course, Pizarro throws himself into the midst of this vast and organized empire, whose sovereign might easily have mustered a hundred thousand warriors—with less than two hundred men, worn out with fatigue and disaster, imperfectly armed,—including in his force only three arquebussiers, less than twenty cross-bowmen, and at most sixty-seven horsemen—and with an utter impossibility of retreat—and Pizarro becomes master of Peru!

The history of this conquest is wanting, indeed, in the perils, the vicissitudes, the incredible feats of valour, the more credible command displayed by Cortez over the minds of

own countrymen; as when he boldly confronts a superior officer, a Spaniard of name and rank, with a royal commission, who had come to deprive him of all the fruits of his valour, and marches off at the head of his rival's army to achieve his own work. There is nothing of that desperate fighting along the causeways, the naval battles on the lake, the great temple soaring above the bloody tumult, and displaying before the Spaniards the offering of their captive brothers upon the altar. All in Peru, after the tremendous passage of the Cordillera, is achieved by one audacious act of the most consummate treachery, by one unresisted massacre, followed by the barbarous execution, out of disappointed or unglutted avarice, of the last of the Incas. In comparison with Cortez, Pizarro, with all his inconceivable daring, is but a treacherous and vulgar ruffian; nor does the same melancholy and protracted interest which dwelt on the fate of the gentle Montezuma attach to the less blameless, less generous Atahualpa. The division of the kingdom,—the rivalry between Huascar, the legitimate heir, and Atahualpa, the son of a concubine invested irregularly by his father's favouritism with the dominion of one half of it—with the civil war between the brothers, smoothed the way, no doubt, for the European conquest: but after all, on the one act, the seizure of Atahualpa, who had ultimately prevailed over Huascar, turned the whole destiny of the empire. And it is the highest praise of Mr. Prescott, that, by his skilful treatment, by the unfailing life of his narrative, by his happy arrangement and disposition of incidents, by his tried dramatic power, he has thrown an interest hardly less exciting over this less lofty and moving story than over the fall of Mexico. He has even prolonged the interest after the fall of the empire, and related so well the civil wars among the Spaniards, the furious strife of the wild beasts for their prey—has represented so justly, and judged so equably, the conduct of all the contending parties—the strife of Pizarro and Almagro, the fate of the whole race of Pizarro, until the final settlement by the wise and politic Gasca—that we can most conscientiously recommend to our readers this present work as indispensable to complete that long and expanding line of English histories which is gradually appropriating to itself, as far as English readers are concerned, the annals of most nations and of the most important events in the chronicles of mankind.

In order to justify this praise, and in confidence that the reader will not content himself with a few broken passages from the work, we must say that the charm is the continuity of the description of the fatal visit of the Spaniards to Peru, consented to make to the Incas with some secret jealousy and



and mistrust, yet with all outward courtesy and hospitality. The city in which Pizarro had quartered himself was Caxamalca.

'It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

'Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

'As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

'At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him, that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and

and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly ; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation ; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

‘Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that “the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.” But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

‘The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, “I will be no man’s tributary ! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince ; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters ; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,” he continued, “I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,” he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then, alas ! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—“my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.”

‘He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, “Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.”

‘The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, “Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians ? Set on at once ; I absolve you.” Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of “St. Jago and at them !” It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding



rounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

‘Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

‘The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning’s flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa’s life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, “Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;” and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

‘The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported

ported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

'All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.'—vol. i. pp. 376–385.

The price offered by the Peruvian king for his ransom was an error as fatal as his trust in the honour and truth of the Spaniard. As if avarice knew satiety!—as if any draught, however copious, could slake the thirst for gold! To the Indian, no doubt, who prized gold and silver but as splendid ornaments, as gorgeous and dazzling appendages of his royal state—of whom it could not be said, '*effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum*'—the deep passion of the European for that which was to him power, luxury, even religion, by which he might pamper his body with every indulgence, and purchase the redemption of his soul, was, no doubt, utterly inconceivable. The Inca thought that he was making a wise sacrifice of some of his pomp; and that the strangers, so gratified in this unaccountable desire for that which his mines might restore in no long time, would depart and leave the realm in peace: at all events, that they would respect a solemn covenant; that he should regain that freedom which he had so rashly imperilled, be able to place himself at the head of his subjects, and so prevent the dangerous designs (the only designs of which he had a distinct comprehension) of his native rival, the next legitimate heir in succession after Huascar. Mr. Prescott thus relates the dazzling proposition which he made to Pizarro:—

'In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose by appealing to the avarice of his keepers, he one day told Pizarro, that if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and, as the Inca received no answer, he said, with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand



hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahualpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the Inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect at once all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahualpa's offer; and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room, of smaller dimensions, twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish all this.—vol. i. p. 393-395.

The Inca kept his word to an extent which even Spanish rapacity could hardly anticipate. It does not appear whether the test of piling the treasure brought in, so as to ascertain whether it filled the stipulated space in the chamber, actually took place. Much of it, Mr. Prescott says, was sent in thin plates, which had been stripped from the walls of the temples, and therefore did not occupy much room, and this turned to the disadvantage of the Inca. But Mr. Prescott calculates the total amount of the gold, when melted into bars of an uniform standard (the recasting consumed a full month), as equivalent, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, to three millions and a half sterling; the quantity of silver was estimated at 51,000,610 marks.

A curious tradition of the country is related in a recent volume of *Travels in Peru*. It is there said, that the bullion, when piled on the floor of the cell, did not reach above halfway to the given mark:—

‘The Inca then dispatched messengers to Cuzco to obtain from the royal treasury the gold required to make up the deficiency; and, accordingly, eleven thousand llamas were dispatched from Cuzco to Caxamarca, each laden with one hundred pounds of gold. But, ere the treasure reached its destination, Atahualpa was hanged, by the advice of Don Diego de Almagra and the Dominican monk Vicente de Valverde. The terror-stirring news flew like wild-fire through the land, and

and speedily reached the convoy of Indians, who were driving their richly-laden llamas over the level heights into Central Peru. On the spot where the intelligence of Atahualpa's death was communicated to them the dismayed Indians concealed the treasure, and then dispersed.

'Whether the number of the llamas was really so considerable as it is stated to have been, may fairly be doubted; but that a vast quantity of gold was on its way to Caxamarca, and was concealed, is a well-authenticated fact. That the Indians should never have made any attempt to recover this treasure is quite consistent with their character. It is not improbable that even now some particular individuals among them may know the place of concealment; but a certain feeling of awe, transmitted through several centuries from father to son, has, in their minds, associated the hidden treasure with the blood of their last king, and this feeling doubtless prompts them to keep the secret inviolate.

'From traditionary accounts, which bear the appearance of probability, it would appear that the gold was buried somewhere in the Alto of Mito, near the valley of Jauja. Searches have frequently been made in that vicinity, but no clue to the hiding-place has yet been discovered.'—*Tschudi*, pp. 325, 326.

Dr. Tschudi, or his translator, has transmuted the famous name of Almagro into Almagra; and he has at once vulgarised and impaired the awful atrocity of Atahualpa's execution by the familiar phrase with which he despatches the monarch. Atahualpa, when the utmost amount of treasure had been wrung from his prodigal fears, and more prodigal faith in the honour of the Spaniards, had become a burthen, an embarrassment, a danger to the conquerors. Never was a case in which necessity, the tyrant's plea, was more unblushingly alleged to justify a monstrous crime. It was a singular illustration of the absolute unity and completeness of the Peruvian polity, that the possession of the Inca's person had altogether paralysed, and held as it were in unmoveable consternation, his whole realm. Without a sign from the king no one dared to rise even for the rescue of the king: the armies had no general, the people had no head; no orders being issued, Peruvian loyalty dared not display itself without orders. But for the Spaniards it was equally impracticable to release the king or to retain him longer in bondage. His death was therefore resolved; but it was not by the summary process which Dr. Tschudi seems to indicate. There was the solemn mockery of a trial, in which the one charge, on which there might have been some suspicion of guilt, the attempt or the design to excite insurrection against the Spaniards, was aggravated by such articles as the following, on which the Spaniards, with the sanction of their Christian teacher, Father Valverde, did not scruple to arraign a great independent sovereign:—the usurpation of the crown, and the death of his brother Huascar; squandering the public revenues on his kindred



kindred and minions, instead of humbly accounting for the whole to the Spaniards; idolatry, and polygamy, which implied adultery—and in which the Spaniards themselves had permitted him to indulge, by not debarring him from the enjoyment of his harem.

The death to which Atahualpa was condemned was intended, no doubt, to proclaim the real crime for which he was to be supposed to suffer; he was to be burnt alive, as an obstinate *infidel*—as refusing to believe in the religion of Him whose commandments of humility, of self-denial, of gentleness, of holiness, were preached with such wonderful consistency in the lives of Pizarro and his crew. It was only because, in his wild agony of terror at such a death, he gave a desperate assent to the truth of the Gospel, that the more merciful 'garrote' (the Spanish mode of strangling criminals) was substituted for the pile, which was already blazing to burn him alive: and the priest who ministered, and the soldiers who stood around, and Pizarro, who is said to have wept iron tears at the scene, no doubt were gravely persuaded that poor Atahualpa was thereby released (notwithstanding his usurpations, the cruelties in war, and sensualities in peace, on which he had been arraigned, and with which his memory is loaded by some of the Spanish writers) from the eternal fires of hell, of which the pyre on which he was to suffer was the foretaste and guarantee; that, if not received into heaven, he was admitted into a milder and a terminable purgatory: and all of them, probably, drew great comfort from this act of evangelic charity!

The awful Nemesis of Atahualpa may seem to hover, throughout their later history, over the whole house of Pizarro. This tragedy, with all its eventful vicissitudes, forms the subject of Mr. Prescott's second volume. But we are not disposed to anticipate further our reader's instruction and entertainment. When he has closed the first volume, he will not need our recommendation to hold on his course through the second.

Before we closed Mr. Prescott's History we received the volume of *Travels in Peru* by the distinguished German naturalist Dr. Tschudi, translated, with creditable ease and fluency, by 'Thomasina Ross.' It is an agreeable work, in which the peculiar pursuits of the naturalist (of which the scientific results have been published by Dr. Tschudi in a larger and more expensive form) are so told as to interest the common reader, and are very amusingly mingled up with personal adventures, and with accounts of the country, of the population, of Lima the capital, and of some of the mining districts. It is not only in itself a lively and entertaining Book of Travels, but furnishes a curious commentary on the History of Mr. Prescott, as enabling us to contrast the melancholy results of Spanish conquest, still worse of  
Spanish

Spanish misgovernment, and, at present, of foolish and contemptible wars between the different provinces of the old Peruvian empire, with the former and *barbarous* condition of the country.

Lima, under the Spaniards, became the capital, instead of

‘Cuzco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa.’

We must refer to Mr. Prescott for the description of the great city of the Incas. That of Pizarro's city we take from his book:—

‘The central situation of the spot recommended it as a suitable residence for the Peruvian viceroy, whence he might hold easy communication with the different parts of the country, and keep vigilant watch over his Indian vessels. The climate was delightful, and, though only twelve degrees south of the line, was so far tempered by the cool breezes that generally blow from the Pacific, or from the opposite quarter down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras, that the heat was less than in corresponding latitudes on the continent. It never rained on the coast; but this dryness was corrected by a vaporous cloud, which, through the summer months, hung like a curtain over the valley, sheltering it from the rays of a tropical sun, and imperceptibly distilling a refreshing moisture, that clothed the fields in the brightest verdure.’—*Ib.*, vol. ii., p. 21.

Dr. Tschudi's personal observation must be compared with this glowing picture:—

‘The climate of Lima is agreeable, but not very healthy. During six months, from April to October, a heavy, damp, but not cold mist overhangs the city. The summer is always hot, but not oppressive. The transition from one season to another is gradual, and almost imperceptible. In October and November the misty canopy begins to rise; it becomes thinner, and yields to the penetrating rays of the sun. In April the horizon begins to resume the misty veil: the mornings are cool and overcast, but the middle of the day is clear. In a few weeks after, the brightness of noon also disappears. The great humidity gives rise to many diseases, particularly fevers, and the alternations from heat to damp cause dysentery. On an average, the victims to this disease are very numerous. It is endemic, and becomes, at apparently regular but distant periods, epidemic. The intermittent fevers or agues, called *tercianias*, are throughout the whole of Peru very dangerous, both during their course and in their consequences. It may be regarded as certain that two-thirds of the people of Lima are suffering at all times from *tercianias*, or from the consequences of the disease. It usually attacks foreigners, not immediately on their arrival in Lima, but some years afterwards. In general, the tribute of acclimation is not so soon paid by emigrants in Lima as in other tropical regions.’—*Tschudi*, pp. 159, 160.

We know not how far the more inland situation of Cuzco may  
ren-



render it less liable to suffer from earthquakes, or how far the wisdom and experience of the Peruvians warned them to keep their great cities at a distance from the more perilous sea-shore, but Lima might almost seem built over some centre of the earth's internal strife:—

‘Along the whole coast of Peru,’ writes Dr. Tschudi, ‘the atmosphere is almost uniformly in a state of repose. It is not illuminated by the lightning’s flash, or disturbed by the roar of the thunder: no deluges of rain, no fierce hurricanes destroy the fruits of the fields, and with them the hopes of the husbandman. \* \* \* \* \*

‘But the mildness of the elements above ground is frightfully counterbalanced by their subterranean fury. Lima is frequently visited by earthquakes, and several times the city has been reduced to a mass of ruins. At an average, forty-five shocks may be counted on in the year. Most of them occur in the latter part of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. Experience gives reason to expect the visitation of two desolating earthquakes in a century. The period between the two is from forty to sixty years. The most considerable catastrophes experienced in Lima since Europeans have visited the west coast of South America, happened in the years 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, 1806. There is reason to fear that in the course of a few years this city may be the prey of another such visitation.’—*Ib.* pp. 162, 163.

Dr. Tschudi describes strikingly the effect of the earthquake upon the native and upon the stranger:—

‘No familiarity with the phenomenon can blunt this feeling. The inhabitant of Lima, who from childhood has frequently witnessed these convulsions of nature, is roused from his sleep by the shock, and rushes from his apartment with the cry of “*Misericordia!*” The foreigner from the north of Europe, who knows nothing of earthquakes but by description, waits with impatience to feel the movement of the earth, and longs to hear with his own ears the subterraneous sounds which he has hitherto considered fabulous. With levity he treats the apprehension of a coming convulsion, and laughs at the fears of the natives; but as soon as his wish is gratified, he is terror-stricken, and is involuntarily prompted to seek safety in flight.’—*Ib.* p. 170.

The population of the country offers the most unfavourable point of comparison. Notwithstanding the fulness and accuracy with which the Peruvian government is said to have kept its registers, we are not aware that there is any authentic statement of the population in the whole dominions of the Incas; but all the accounts lead us to suppose that the numbers were very great in proportion to the habitable part of the territory. Dr. Tschudi asserts that ‘the whole present population of the country, extending from the 3rd to the 22nd degree of South latitude, is but 1,400,000’—at least one-fourth less than that of London and its suburbs.

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The character of the population is as extraordinary as its still diminishing paucity—for in Lima the inhabitants, which in 1810 amounted to 87,000, in 1842 had sunk to 53,000—and parts of the city are quite deserted. Of course, the capital is not to be taken as a fair example of the amount of varieties in the breed of human beings—nor we trust of the morality, considering that the number of children born out of wedlock considerably surpasses those born in legitimate union. But the German Doctor's list of *crosses* in Lima is a curiosity.

PARENTS.	CHILDREN.
White Father and Negro Mother . . .	Mulatto.
White Father and Indian Mother . . .	Mestizo.
Indian Father and Negro Mother . . .	Chino.
White Father and Mulatta Mother . . .	Cuarteron.
White Father and Mestiza Mother . . .	Creole (only distinguished from the White by a pale-brownish complexion.)
White Father and China Mother . . .	Chino-Blanco.
White Father and Cuarterona Mother . . .	Quintero.
White Father and Quintera Mother . . .	White.
Negro Father and Indian Mother . . .	Zambo.
Negro Father and Mulatta Mother . . .	Zambo-Negro.
Negro Father and Mestiza Mother . . .	Mulatto-Oscuro.
Negro Father and China Mother . . .	Zambo-Chino.
Negro Father and Zamba Mother . . .	Zambo-Negro (perfectly black.)
Negro Father and Cuarterona or Quintera Mother . . .	Mulatto (rather dark.)
Indian Father and Mulatta Mother . . .	Chino-Oscuro.
Indian Father and Mestiza Mother . . .	Mestizo-Claro (frequently very beautiful.)
Indian Father and China Mother . . .	Chino-Cholo.
Indian Father and Zamba Mother . . .	Zambo-Claro.
Indian Father and China-Chola Mother . . .	Indian (with rather short frizzy hair.)
Indian Father and Cuarterona or Quintera Mother . . .	Mestizo (rather brown.)
Mulatto Father and Zamba Mother . . .	Zambo (a miserable race.)
Mulatto Father and Mestiza Mother . . .	Chino (of rather clear complexion.)
Mulatto Father and China Mother . . .	Chino (rather dark.)

—*Ib.*, p. 114.

Dr. Tschudi's moral conclusions are as melancholy as his statistics:—

‘To define their characteristics correctly would be impossible, for their minds partake of the mixture of their blood. As a general rule, it may fairly be said that they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues, of their progenitors. As men they are greatly inferior to the pure races, and as members of society they are the worst class of citizens. I wish my observations to be understood only in a general sense. I have met with some honourable exceptions; though, unfortunately, they were mere solitary luminaries, whose transient light has been speedily obscured by the surrounding darkness.’

—*Ib.*, pp. 91, 92.



Yet nature seems to be almost as bountiful as in the better days of this favoured land, and only wants the regular tribute of human industry. The production of the sugar-cane in Peru Proper seems to have been substituted for that of maize, which is supplied in exchange by Chili. Dr. Tschudi marks the curious circumstance that, 'since the earthquake of 1687, the crops of maize on the Peruvian coast have been inconsiderable.' But his account of the other products, especially of the fruits, tends to make less improbable the record of the industrial paradise found, and alas! blighted, by Spanish rule.

The Indians, in the interior, still brood over their wrongs with deep and indelible animosity. Centuries of oppression have thinned their numbers, but not altogether crushed the memory of better times. The laws which were issued from Europe under the influence of men like Gasca, who established the Spanish rule, and by the better clergy, were always eluded by the executive in Peru. The *repartimientos*, the compulsory purchases of European goods by the natives, though intended to relieve them from the frauds and extortions of the Spanish merchants, proved cruelly oppressive, forcing the poor Indians to bestow their small means on that of which they had no need, or on which they looked with aversion. But far worse were the *Mitas* and the *Pongos*—the *Mitas* enforced labour in the mines, the *Pongos* a kind of domestic servitude. Nine millions of lives are commonly said to have been sacrificed to the cruel, wasteful, and unmitigated toils extorted from the Indians in the mines of Peru. Dr. Tschudi thinks this estimate too high. But if the tradition linger in their minds, of the mild and considerate treatment even of the miners under their native kings, no wonder that the unquenchable animosity should rankle in the depths of their hearts. The Peruvian miners inflict one, and that a remarkable revenge upon their oppressors. They possess, or encourage in pardonable malice the supposition of their possessing, old traditional knowledge of treasures, which they occasionally betray, only to tempt avarice and then bury again in more profound secrecy.

'Notwithstanding the enormous amount of wealth which the mines of Peru have already yielded, and still continue to yield, only a very small portion of the silver veins have been worked. It is a well-known fact, that the Indians are aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose to the whites, nor to the detested mestizos. Heretofore mining has been to them all toil and little profit, and it has bound them in chains from which they will not easily emancipate themselves. For centuries past, the knowledge of some of the richest silver-mines has been with inviolable secrecy transmitted

mitted from father to son. All endeavours to prevail on them to divulge these secrets have hitherto been fruitless.'—*Ib.*, p. 345.

Dr. Tschudi here relates two anecdotes—one of a mine betrayed by a Peruvian girl to a youth with whom she was in love. He was discovered in the act of breaking into the mine by the old Indian father, poisoned, and reached his employers too late to conduct them to the spot, which remains unknown to the present day. The Indian and all his family disappeared. In another case, a gambling monk (a Franciscan, vowed to poverty!) was led by an Indian friend blindfold to a place, where 'the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and somewhat shallow shaft, and was surrounded by masses of silver;'—he was allowed to take as much as he could carry; but, bethinking himself no doubt of our old friend in the nursery tale, as he went along he dropped the beads of his rosary (a pious use!) to guide him back to the dear *masses*. But even a Franciscan is no match in craft for an Indian. In a couple of hours his Indian friend knocked at his door with a handful of beads: 'Father, you have dropped your rosary on the way, and I have picked it up.'

The Peruvians are a gloomy people; this is manifested in their songs, their dances, their dress, and their whole domestic economy; it is the gloom of three centuries of oppression—and there is danger, if we are to believe Dr. Tschudi, in their gloom. During the whole of the Spanish rule insurrections were frequent. At the close of the last century, 1780-1, a rebellion broke out, which was formidable for a time—its leader Tupac Amaru, who seems to have been generally recognised as a lineal descendant of the last Inca. It was overcome by treachery, and suppressed with remorseless barbarity.

The Indians joined in the Colonial revolt against Spain, but the result of that movement produced no *independence* to them—they have now drawn off within themselves, and await their time.

'Since the War of Independence the Indians have made immense progress. During the civil war, which was kept up uninterruptedly for the space of twenty years, they were taught military manœuvres and the use of fire-arms. After every lost battle the retreating Indians carried with them in their flight their muskets, which they still keep carefully concealed. They are also acquainted with the manufacture of gunpowder, of which in all their festivals they use great quantities for squibs and rockets. The materials for the preparation of gunpowder are found in abundance in the valleys of the Sierra.'—*Ib.*, p. 478.

Even the change of faith has in no way blended foreign population which possesses the land of the

'The Christian religion has been spread among the and for centuries past they have regarded the priests on



tyrants, who make religion a cloak for the most scandalous pecuniary extortions, and whose conduct is in direct opposition to the doctrines they profess. If they render to them unconditional obedience, accompanied by a sort of timid reverence, it is to be attributed less to the operation of the Christian principle than to a lingering attachment to the theocratic government of the Incas, which has impressed the Peruvians with a sacred awe of religion.'—*Ib.*, p. 482.

But the traveller still contemplates the monuments of the departed magnificence and the wisdom of the Incas' rule, and so far bears witness to the romance of their grandeur and the happiness of the people. The great military road from Cuzco to Quito may be traced by many remains throughout its vast length, crossing as it did the awful heights of the Cordillera, spanning with its pensile bridges the most terrific ravines, and throwing off to all the more important points its lateral branches, so as to afford the most complete means of communication, in the days when the llama was the only beast of burthen to the inhabitants of the whole empire. It was from twenty-five to thirty feet broad, paved with large flat stones. At every interval of about twelve paces there was a row of smaller stones laid horizontally and a little elevated, so that the road ascended, as it were, by a succession of terraces. It was edged on each side by a low parapet. Many of the stations for the messengers, who kept up a sort of human electric telegraph on this great road, are still entire. Each of these was on a hillock, and a signal being hoisted to the next station, the messenger was met half-way by one from that station, and so the intelligence travelled on with great rapidity. And not messages alone, but luxuries: 'The royal table in Cuzco was served with fresh fish, caught in the sea near the Temple of the Sun in Xurin, a distance of more than 200 leagues from Cuzco.' Besides these messenger-stations, vestiges of many of the broad round towers which were used for magazines of grain, are seen in the Altos of Southern and Central Peru. The aqueducts, by which the most barren sand-wastes and arid hills were converted into fruitful plantations, are to be traced throughout the whole of Peru. Where the watercourses have been destroyed, the limits of the Tapu lands (square fields of uniform size, surrounded by low stone walls) are discernible. These were the allotments to the people, which, according to their singular polity, were annually granted and resumed by the State. It is no wonder indeed that here and there these conduits have perished, if, as Dr. Tschudi was told, some of the water-pipes were of gold. But above all there are vast remains of palaces, fortresses, and temples. 'The walls of these edifices,' writes Dr. Tschudi, 'were built of square stones, so finely cut, and joined

joined so closely together, that between any two there is not sufficient space to insert the edge of the thinnest paper.' In the royal palace at Cuzco, and in the Temple of the Sun, there was a cement of melted gold and silver. In ordinary cases, however, the stones so poised and fitted were supported by their own weight. Dr. Tschudi supposes that these stones, some of which are from twelve to sixteen feet long, from eight to ten high, and of the same breadth, were worked by the friction of a harder stone, and afterwards polished by pyritous plants. They are of various shapes, some square, others polygonal, and even spherical. But how they were extracted from the quarry, or elevated to their present heights, passes his comprehension. The Peruvians seem to have been ignorant of the lever and of the pulley, and of all machinery of the kind: nothing therefore remains but the labour of thousands of men. If then Niebuhr's theory, that all such colossal works necessarily imply not merely a monarchical or aristocratic government, but an oppressive and tyrannical abuse of despotic power—(and the fortresses seem to have been more gigantic constructions than the temples)—we must make great reservations from the mild and beneficent and parental sway of the Incas. Yet even then we can hardly close these two works without a painful and somewhat compunctious feeling: in the noble words of Mr. Wordsworth—

‘Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away.’

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ART. II.—*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.* By John Evelyn, of Wootton, Esq. Now first published; and edited by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. London. 1847.

**A**MONG the many literary disinterments of our time, few excited more interest than that of John Evelyn's Autobiographical Memoirs in 1818; but the edition of 1827 was burthened with a bulky appendix of heavy correspondence; and its five 8vo. volumes overwhelmed, we presume, curiosity and the market. The monthly 'libraries' of three or four of our principal booksellers are at present running a keen race—and to one or other of them that admits of reprints, we beg leave to suggest an Evelyn, the body here and there abridged, and the long tail wholly dispensed with. Perhaps, indeed, it might be well to strike out a very considerable part of the Diary kept during his travels—a few specimens illustrating the formation and development of



his scientific, antiquarian, and artistical propensities, might, we think, be sufficient in a popular reprint; the grand and lasting charm is in the passages that bring out the moral and religious character of Mr. Evelyn, and place before us the state of opinion, feeling, and manners among the exiled cavaliers of the Protectorate, and in various classes of English society, especially the very highest, from the Restoration in 1660 to the beginning of the reign of Anne.

It is to Evelyn that we owe a large proportion of our safest materials for a fair estimate of the personal character both of Charles II. and his unhappy brother. Without his evidence we should be comparatively in the dark as to the most curious and important (though by no means the most dignified) chapter in our history, the revolution of 1688—more especially the personal parts of King James's *Goneril* and *Regan*—for there was no *Cordelia* of his blood, though he found one in the innocent and devoted young wife of his elder days, *Mary of Modena*.\* The ingratitude with which Clarendon had been treated, might be suspected of tinging his pictures of the Court that outraged and at last expelled its guardian sage and genius. Pepys, though we would not for the world lose him, and though we are very far from classing him as in the main among the low moralities of his day, was certainly a man of an essentially vulgar and coarse stamp†—and the selection of his topics, and the tone very often of his remarks, could not but suggest great hesitation as to accepting him for the critic of kings and princes who, with all their melancholy defects, were eminently gentlemen in bearing. The other *Memoirs* and *Private Letters* of the Restoration, as far as yet revealed to us, would have still left our notion of things very incomplete, but for the fortunate discovery of the MSS. at Wootton: and though the writer says comparatively little of William of Orange, even as to that dark character every future historian will confess the worth of sundry brief and picturesque entries in Evelyn's *Journal*.

As to the ladies, his touch is invaluable. It is he that drew *Lucy Waters* in three words, 'a bold, brown, beautiful woman.' It is he that gives us the *installation* of *Mademoiselle de Querouaille*, at Euston—'in undress almost all the day, and much fond-

\* We may take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Miss Agnes Strickland for the 10th volume of her '*Lives of the Queens of England*,' and especially for her *Memoir of Mary of Modena*. In this instance Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected—and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library.

† It is said by those acquainted with the Cambridge Collections, that the noble editor of Pepys took care to expunge much that would have been unfit for the female eye. Lord Braybrooke's good sense and taste are well known—but enough is printed to countenance the reports current as to the original MS.

ness and toying with that young wanton;' the party having been made at the country-seat of the lord chamberlain, Arlington—'several lords and ladies lodging in the house' for the noble occasion—and Evelyn himself apparently the only guest that was not invited to see 'the stocking flung after the manner of a married bride.' But not to dwell too long in the tents of sin, it is he who has preserved the express 'form and image' of 'good Queen Mary' in the first moment of her queenship—

'I saw the *new Queene* and *King* proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb. [1689], with greate acclamation and generall good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, &c. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse, would have shew'd some seeming reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, w<sup>ch</sup> would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation. But nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall *laughing and jolly, as to a wedding*, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, *went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall*; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate down to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. She smil'd upon and talk'd to every body, so that no change seem'd to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crouds of people throng'd to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censur'd by many. *She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart*; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfull serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires.'—*Evelyn Memoirs*, iii. 271, 272.

As might be expected in a man of such pure tastes and habits, many of Evelyn's own most intimate friendships were with women. He was fortunate enough in an early visit at Paris to secure the affections of the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador of Charles I., and who continued to hold the same office after the death of his revered master. In due time Evelyn married the object of his attachment, and their union, prolonged over more than forty years, was as happy as lasting. His friends, especially his female friends, were also his wife's—and amidst the very peculiar circumstances of upper society under Charles II. it may easily be supposed that many a fair young creature, bereft of the efficient guardianship of relations, found advice and support at Says Court, where virtue and piety presided over all the arrangements of an elegant, but never ostentatious establishment.



establishment. Of such guests as these numerous notices occur in the good gentleman's Diary,—none, however, is recorded with such tenderness as Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin. Few readers of his Diary but must have preserved some recollection of that name;—certainly when at its close *we* reached the catalogue of separate tracts *designed* by Evelyn, no line of the page excited more regret than '*Item—A Life of Mrs. Godolphin.*' No such MS. had been discovered among the papers of the Evelyns of Wootton. We, like them, concluded that the meditated tract had never been composed. It was however extant, and in safe hands—at least in a safe repository; for we infer that the noble descendants of Evelyn, through a female line, were not themselves aware, until lately, that the MS. of the Life of Margaret Godolphin had been their part of his succession, and was reposing in a quiet corner of the library at Nuneham. Upon the death of the last Earl Harcourt, that fair seat, the beauties of which are familiar to every Oxonian memory, fell into the possession of his cousin, the Honourable Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York—who then added the name of Harcourt to his own;—and his Grace appears some few years ago to have made the welcome discovery of the Evelyn legacy. When Dr. Wilberforce, soon after his appointment to the see of Oxford, paid his first visit at Nuneham, the archbishop indulged him with the perusal of the MS., and, as we have heard, expressed regret that he could not himself, at his advanced age, undertake to superintend the publication of his *great great-grandfather* John Evelyn's long missing tract. This the young bishop willingly offered to do for his venerable friend. He has now done so—and in such a manner as must entirely satisfy the owner of the precious MS. The narrative is printed as nearly according to the autograph as could be fairly desired—a few puzzling spellings have been corrected, but the style remains entirely undisturbed;—the arrangements of the page and even the form of the letter retall, though not with any elaborate nicety of imitation, the typography of a century and a half ago;—his lordship has supplied a very judicious preface—and such genealogical tables and notes as seemed requisite were added, at his request, by one whose varied stores of learning are ever at the command of friend or stranger—Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum: and all this care was well due. Mrs. Godolphin deserved to have an Evelyn for her biographer; and the graces of his own mind and temper have nowhere revealed themselves more delightfully than in this memorial of her.

Her father, Colonel Thomas Blagge, or Blague, of Horningsheath, in Suffolk, appears, from Mr. Holmes's table, to have represented a family of ancient gentility and considerable possessions.

sions. His great-great-grandfather was a baron of the exchequer in 1511; his great-grandfather, the Sir George Blagge whom Wyat records as the wittiest of his friends, and to whom Surrey inscribes his version of the 73rd Psalm:—

‘The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,  
Had well nigh pierced Faith, my guiding sail.  
This bred despair; whereof such doubts did grow,  
That I gan faint and all my courage fail.  
But now, my Blage, mine error well I see;  
Such goodly light King David giveth me.’

He distinguished himself, in company with Surrey, at the siege of Landreci, in 1543, under the immediate eye of Charles V. In 1546 he was cast into the Tower as ‘a favorer of the Gospel,’—was condemned to be burnt at Smithfield, and escaped that fate, according to Fox, solely through the personal interposition of Henry VIII., who took pleasure in his society, and used to call him in fondness his *pig*—from which we may infer that the witty and gallant Protestant had either a plump person or small eyes, or both. He was knighted by Somerset on the field of Musselburgh, 1547, and appears among the witnesses against the Lord Admiral Seymour in 1548. The only writing of his that has been preserved, is a bitter satire on the death of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, under whose auspices, while chancellor, he had so nearly won the crown of martyrdom. It is probable that some connexion with the Court had been kept up during the two next generations. Thomas Blagge was Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and Governor of Wallingford when it surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. He was with Charles II. at Worcester, and escaped from that field in company with the Duke of Buckingham. On the Restoration he obtained the colonelcy of a regiment and the governorship of Yarmouth, but died soon after, November, 1660; leaving no son, but four daughters, two of them celebrated in their own time—though not on precisely similar grounds.

The eldest, Henrietta, who ultimately married Sir Thomas Yarborough, figures as maid of honour to the Duchess of York (Anne Hyde), and as heroine of sundry questionable adventures, in the *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont*. We have no great faith in the evidence of Count Anthony Hamilton’s book on any matter of scandal; but considering the frequent notices of Margaret Blagge in the *Wootton Diary*, and that both sisters were attached to the Court of Whitehall at the same time, the total absence of allusion to the existence of Henrietta in Evelyn’s writings must be considered as a suspicious circumstance. Milton derides her appearance, but is honest. The earlier editions of *Gra*



two sisters, not to the advantage of the younger; but they are properly distinguished in the notes of Sir Walter Scott.\*

Margaret was born in 1652, so that she was but in her eighth year when she lost her father. Two or three years before the colonel's death she had been carried to Paris by Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, sister to her father's old companion in arms, George, Duke of Buckingham, who there committed her to the care of her cousin, Elizabeth Fielding, Countess of Guilford, under whose roof she remained till the Restoration—when they returned together to England. Lady Guilford seems to have conceived a warm affection for the child; but indeed, from Evelyn's diary and from this book we must form a most pleasing notion of the English nobility during their exile in one important particular, their tender and generous concern for those of their party that shared in the misfortunes of loyalty, and were not so well provided with pecuniary resources. Colonel Blagge had been fined and impoverished. This foreign home therefore was very acceptable—but it had not proved free from danger. Lady Guilford was one of those who yielded to the seductions of the exiled queen and her French friends, and adopted at Paris the religion of the country; and she soon exhibited the zeal of an apostate, and spared no pains to pervert also the child intrusted to her keeping. But little Margaret Blagge withstood all these efforts with unshaken firmness. 'Being frequently tempted,' says Evelyn, 'by that bigott proselitess to go to mass and be a papist, our young saint would not only not be persuaded to it, but asserted her better faith with such readiness and constancy, as (according to the argument of that keen religion) caused her to be rudely treated and menaced by the countess: soe as she was become a Confessor and almost a Martyr before she was seven years old' (p. 8). Whether there was any friendship subsequently between Lady Guilford and her refractory inmate, does not appear. We see that she lived during all her years of adolescence in great intimacy with many of the Villiers connexion: and we need not add that their society implied other dangers besides that of Popish proselytism; but whatever the dangers were, Margaret escaped them all alike.

Her mother was a daughter of Sir Roger North, and seems to have possessed the strong sense which has usually been combined in that race with so many charms of wit and grace; she must

\* Scott's notes on Grammont are reprinted in one of the *extra* volumes of 'Bohn's Library' (1846)—one of the very best of these monthly serials—the selection excellent, the books handsome, and the price wonderfully low. The collection includes already all the masterpieces of Schiller, Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, Roscoe's *Leo X.* and Lorenzo, Lanzi's *History of Painting*, Beckman's *History of Inventions*, and various other works of permanent value.

also have been very handsome, for Evelyn, who never saw her, tells us, that according to all reports she greatly resembled his friend Margaret. Being left in slender circumstances, to educate four daughters in a way suitable to their birth cost her a hard struggle. She appears to have done her duty in that, as in all other respects, so as to acquire universal esteem and sympathy; and on her too early death, three of the girls were invited up from Suffolk to reside at Court. Of Henrietta we shall say no more. Of Mary Blagge little but the name is preserved—she probably died early and unmarried. Margaret was the youngest, not only of the three maids of honour, but of all her father's family.

She was only twelve years of age when (1664) she joined the household of the Duchess of York at St. James's Palace, which from the Restoration to his brother's death was the town residence of the Duke. It was not till some time after the death of the Duchess that her intimacy with Evelyn began—so that of her earlier experiences in Court life his narrative is brief. In examining her papers, however, by her husband's desire, after her untimely death, he found a few *memoranda* of that period, and we shall not separate them from his touching introduction:—

'This was indeed a surprizing change of Aire, and a perilous Climate for one soe very young as she, and scarcely yett attained to the twelvth year of her age: butt by how much more the danger soe, much greater the virtue and discretion which not only preserved her steady in that giddy Station, but soe improv'd, that the example of this little Saint influenced not onely her honourable companions, butt some who were advanc'd in yeares before her, and of the most illustrious quality. What! shall I say, she like a young Apostless began to plant Religion in that barren Soyle? Arethusa pass'd thro' all those turbulent waters without soe much as the least staine or tincture in her Christall. With her piety grew vp her Witt, which was soe sparkling, accompanied with a Judgment and Eloquence soe exterdinary, a Beauty and Ayre soe charmeing and lovely, in a word, an Address soe vniversally takeing, that after few yeares, the Court never saw or had seen such a Constellation of perfections amongst all their splendid Circles. Nor did this, nor the admiration it created, the Elogies she every day received, and application of the greatest persons, at all elate her; she was still the same, allwayes in perfect good humour, allwayes humble, allwayes Religious to exactness. Itt rendred her not a whit moross, tho' sometyes more serious, casting still about how she might continue the houres of publique and private devotion and other exercises of piety, to comply with her duty and att<sup>e</sup> <sup>her</sup> Royall Mistress without singularity or Reproach<sup>h</sup>

'Thus pass'd she h  
ing whose Sicknesse,  
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and as she has sometimes told me, when few of the rest were able to endure the fatigue: and therefore here, before I proceed, I cannot but take notice of those holy reflections she made vpon this occasion, as I find them amongst other loose papers vnder her owne faire hand, when comparing her dear Mother's sickness and other freinds' departure with that of the Dutchess, thus she writes:—

“Mrs. N. dead—was an example of patience vnder a burthen that was well nigh vnsupportable; often she received the blessed Sacrament, often she prayed and was very much resign'd, not surprized nor in confusion, but perceiueing her sight decay, calling vpon God after many holy and pious discourses and exhortations, she calmly bidd her friends farewell.—A poore woman dead—worne to skyn and bones with a consumption, she made noe Complaints, but trusted in God, and that what he thought fitt was best, and to him resign'd her soule.—A poore creature that had been a great sinner, died in misserable paines, in exceeding terror; God was gracious to her, she was patient, very devout:—she was released in prayer.—My mother dead—at first surprized, and very unwilling; she was afterwards resign'd, received often, prayed much, had holy things read to her, delighted in heavenly discourse, desired to be dissolv'd and be with Christ, ended her life chearfully and without paine;—left her family in order and was much lamented.—The D - - dead—a princess honoured in power—had much witt, much mony, much esteeme; she was full of vnspeakable tortur, and died (poore creature) in doubt of her Religion, without the Sacrament, or divine by her, like a poore wretch; none remembred her after one weeke, none sorry for her; she was tost and flung about, and every one did what they would with that stately carcase. What is this world, what is greatness, what to be esteemed, or thought a witt? Wee shall all be stript without sence or remembrance. But God, if wee serve him in our health, will give vs patience in our Sickness.”

‘I repeate the instances as sett downe in her diarye, to shew how early she made these vsefull and pious Recollections, for she must needs be then very young, and att an age att least when very few of her sex, and in her circumstances, much concerne themselves with these mortifyeing reflections. Butt, as I have often heard her say, she loved to be att funeralls, and in the house of mourning, soe being of the most compassionate nature in the world, she was a constant visiter of the sick and of people in distress.’—*Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, pp. 9-14.

Queen Catharine, on her sister-in-law's death (1671), took Mrs. Margaret Blagge into her own establishment; and Evelyn, being a great friend of Mrs. Howard, another of her Majesty's maids of honour, had thenceforth frequent opportunities of seeing Margaret; but several years more were to elapse before their acquaintance ripened into friendship. He confesses that for a considerable time he regarded the innocent young creature with a prejudice and suspicion that puzzled Mrs. Howard. When that lady invited him to her apartments, ‘I would,’ he says, ‘object that there was a Witt with her whom I feared, and that I was  
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the most unfitt person in the world for the entertainments of the Ante-Chamber and the little Spiritts that dwell in Fairy Land.'

The narrative is addressed by Evelyn to a sister of the Mrs. Howard here alluded to, namely, the Lady Sylvius, wife of the Dutch Minister, Sir Gabriel Sylvius, who, Charles II. said, had nothing Roman about him but his name; but who was a worthy man, extremely happy as the elderly husband of a young and handsome lady of the highest English blood. Sir Gabriel had a villa in Kent, near Evelyn's at Says Court. Lady Sylvius, after her marriage, lived in constant familiarity with Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, and Margaret Blagge paying her a visit in the country, accompanied her to the parish church—where we need hardly say there was in those times daily service morning and evening—and then naturally when she dined with a neighbour. Evelyn now saw Margaret apart from the show and glitter of Whitehall—by degrees he began to converse with her, and found, to his surprise, that though a wit, she was not to be feared, and that good little spirits may dwell in Fairy Land.

'Itt is not to be discribed with what Grace, ready and solid vnderstanding, she would discourse. Nothing that she conceived could be better expressed, and when she was sometyes provok'd to Railly, there was nothing in the world soe pleasant, and inoffensively diverting, (shall I say) or instructive; for she ever mingl'd her freest entertainments with something which tended to serious.

'This Creature (would I say to my selfe) loves God; 'tis a thousand pittyes butt she should persist; what a new thing is this, I think Paulina and Eustochius are come from Bethlehem to Whitehall; and from this moment I began to looke vpon her as sacred, and to bless God for the graces which shoone in her. I dayly prayed for her as she had enjoined me, and she began to open some of her holy thoughts to me; and I saw a flagrant devotion, and that she had totally resigned herselfe to God; and with these Incentiuies, who, that had any sence of Religion, could forbear to vallue her exceedingly?

'Itt was not long after this, that being one day to visitt her, she seem'd to me more thoughtfull than ordinary. I asked her, what made her looke soe solemnly. She told me, she had never a freind in the world. Noe, said I, thats impossible; I beleive no body has more; for all that know you must love you, and those that love you are continually your freinds. Butt I, who well knew where her heart att that tyme was, asked her what she esteemed a certaine Gentleman beyond the Seas. Alas, says she, he is very ill, and that makes me very much concerned; butt I doe not speake to you of him, whome God will I hope be gracious to, but I would have a FREIND. In that name is a great deale more than I can say. And whome I might trust with all that I have. He whome you meane does him the trouble. to me. Madam,



of serving you in any thing considerable? I beleave you the person in the world (replyed she) who would make such a freind as I wish for, if I had meritt enough to deserve it. Madam, said I, consider well what you say, and what you doe, for it is such a trust, and soe great an obligation that you lay vpon me, as I ought to embrace with all imaginable respect, and acknowledgment for the greatest honour you could doe me; Madam, to be called your freind were the most desireable in the world, and I am sure I should endeavour to acquitt me of the duty with great chearfullness and fidelity. Pray leave your complimenting, (said she smileing) and be my freind then, and looke vpon me henceforth as your Child. To this purpose was her obligeing replye; and there standing pen and ink vpon the table, in which I had been drawing something vpon a paper like an Alter, she writt these words: Be this the Symboill of Inviolable Freindship,—Margaret Blagge, 16th October, 1672, and vnderneath, For my brother E - - -; and soe delivered it to me with a smile. Well, said I, Madam, this is an high obligation, and you have allready paid me for the greatest service that I can ever pretend to doe you; butt yett doe you know what you have done? Yes, sayes she, very well; butt pray what doe you meane? Why, said I, the title that has consecrated this Alter is the Marriage of Soules, and the Golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.\*

Mr. Evelyn from this time managed Margaret's pecuniary matters for her, and was as a father to her in every respect. He now, of course, received ample details of all her difficulties in her position at Court; but we shall quote rather his copy of some rules which she had 'prescribed for the government of her Actions when she was of duty to attend vpon her Majestye in publike:—

*"My life, by God's Grace, without which I can doe nothing.*

"I must, till Lent, rise att halfe an houre after eight a clock; whilst putting on morning cloathes, say the prayer for Death and the Te Deum: then presently to my prayers, and soe either dress my selfe or goe to Church prayers. In dressing, I must consider how little it signifies to the savinge of my soule, and how foolish 'tis to be angry about a thing so vnnecessary. Consider what our Saviour suffered.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe into the withdrawing roome, lett me consider what my calling is: to entertaine the Ladys, not to talke foolishly to Men, more especially the King; lett me consider, if a Traytor be hatefull, she that betrayes the soule of one is much worse;—the danger, the sin of it.—Lord, assist me.

"Att Church lett me mind in what place I am; what about to ask, even the salvation of my soule; to whome I speak,—to the God that made me, redeemed and sanctified me, and can yett cutt me off when he pleases.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe to my Lady Falmouths, I ought to take paines with her about her Religion, or else I am not her freind; to shew example by calmness in dispute, in never speaking ill of anybody to her, butt excusing them rather.\*

\* This Lady Falmouth, born Bagot, was by her marriage nearly connected with the Godolphins. We presume she had adopted the Court religion.

"Goe,

"Goe to the Queene allwayes att nine, and then read that place concerning the drawing roome, and lett my man waite for me to bring me word before publike prayers begin. If I find she dynes late, come downe, pray and read; and think why I read—to benefitt my soule, pass my tyme well, and improve my vnderstanding.—O Lord, assist me.

"Be sure still to read that for the drawing roome in the privy chamber, or presence, or other place before prayers, and soe againe into the drawing room for an hour or soe; and then slipp to my chamber and divert myselfe in reading some pretty booke, because the Queen does not require my waiteing; after this to supper, which must not be much if I have dyned well; and att neither meale to eate above two dishes, because temperance is best both for soule and body; then goe vpp to the Queen, having before read, and well thought of what you have written. Amen.

"Sett not vp above halfe an hour after eleaven att most; and as you vndress, repeate that prayer againe; butt before, consider that you are perhapps going to sleepe your last; being in bedd repeate your hymne sofly, ere you turne to sleepe.

"On Festivall evens I resolve to dyne att home, and to repeat all the psalmes I know by heart," (of which she had almost the whole psalter,) "reserveing my reading or part of my prayers till night; and supp with bread and beere only.

"On Frydayes and Wednesdaies I'll eate nothing till after evening prayer; and soe come downe as soone as ever the Queene has dyned, without going to visitt, till my owne prayers are finished.

"The same will I observe the day before I receive; vse to pray on those dayes by daylight; and early on Sundayes, and think of no diversion till after evening prayer; to dyne abroad as little as possible, but performe my constant duty to God and the Queene. Assist me, O Lord; Amen.

"Sing Psalmes now and then out of Sundayes. Endeavour to begg with teares what you aske, and O lett them be. O Lord, my onely pleasure. There are 3 Sundayes to come from this Saturday night; pray one day earnestly to God for love, and against takeing his name in vaine, pray against intemperance and sensuality; and the other day for meekeness, and against envy; another for fear and alliance, and against detraction.

"I have vowed, if it be possible, not to sett vpp past ten a clock; therefore, before you engage in company, goe downe and read this, and be as much alone as you can; and when you are abroad talke to men as little as may be: carry your prayer booke in your pockett, or any thing that may decently keepe you from converseing with men."

Evelyn's reluctance to believe, while he only saw Margaret at a distance, that she really deserved the report he heard of her from Mrs. Howard and Lady Sylvius, may, perhaps, be in part accounted for by the rumours afloat concerning her elder sister, Henrietta; but, however that may have been, the feeling was no doubt intimately connected with a particular accomplishment of her  
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her own, which we have not yet noticed. This pious creature was not merely one of the fairest and most graceful of the young beauties that figured in attendance on the Queen upon all occasions of reception and ceremonial,—she was also distinguished by her talents both as an actress and a singer. When a masque or a play was to be performed at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the Court, the first female part was usually hers. Her capacity for filling such parts had been shown at a very early period of her residence, and when, as her mind opened, she would fain have drawn back, it was no easy matter for her to do so. It is probable that her frank innocence and humility had saved her on the threshold, and therefore in the sequel, from the miseries (which all autobiographical actresses pronounce to be indescribable) of *stage fright*. She could not but acknowledge a pleasure in doing what she knew and felt that she did well. She was commended and applauded in private and in public. The *corps dramatique* was made up of her daily companions, and they appear to have acquiesced ungrudgingly in her superiority—some of them in part, peradventure, because it was evident that she did not appreciate certain opportunities which that superiority placed at her feet. The chaperons were kind—one great lady, we read, insisted on decorating Mrs. Margaret for a particular performance with her own jewels, to the value of 20,000*l.*—answering to perhaps double the sum now-a-days. Above all, there was the will of the King—a consideration among the royalists of the seventeenth century, such as many readers of this reformed and railwayed age may find some difficulty in estimating at its due weight.

On the other side, there can be no difficulty in imagining sundry very serious dissuasives—first and foremost, of course, the ever-deepening sense of religion—the ever-strengthening delight in pious meditations and exercises; but also, no doubt, that reluctance towards any appearance of courting general, however harmless, admiration, which is natural to one whose affections have been sought and won—for Margaret had been but two years at St. James's before she was in love—not much longer before she confessed her attachment to the gentleman who ultimately married her; and finally, there is abundant evidence, a dread of the King's attention—a dread which, with all her safeguards, she felt it needful to keep alive by constant watchfulness over herself. This is another extract from her diary, penned, as Evelyn says, while some new play was in process of rehearsal:—

“Now as to pleasure, they are speaking of playes and laughing att devout people; well, I will laugh att myself for my impertinencyes, that by degrees I may come to wonder why any body does like me; and  
divert

divert the discourse; and talke of God and moralitie: avoid those people when I come into the drawing roome, especially among great persons to divert them; because noe raillary allmost can be innocent: goe not to the Dutchess of Monmouth above once a weeke, except when wee dress to rehearse, and then carry a booke along with me to read when I don't act, and soe come away before supper.

"Talke little when you are there; if they speak of any body I can't commend, hold my peace, what jest soever they make; be sure never to talk to the King; when they speak filthyly, tho' I be laugh'd att, looke grave, remembering that of Micha, there will a tyme come when the Lord will bind vp his jewells."

Evelyn participated so fully in the feelings of his day and class with respect to the royal person, that we cannot expect him to enlarge on the reasons Mrs. Margaret had for shunning the King's conversation. But the first passage in which he alludes to her engagement with Sidney Godolphin sufficiently indicates what account he made of that salutary influence:—

'Every body was in love with, and some allmost dyeing for her, whilst with all the Modesty and Circumspection imaginable she strove to Eclipse the luster which she gave; and would often check the vivacity which was naturall, and perfectly became her, for feare of giving occasion to those who lay in waite to deceive. But it was not possible here to make the least approach, butt such as was full of Honour; and the distance she observ'd, and Caution and Judgment she was mistress of, protected her from all impertinent addresses, till she had made a Choice without Reproach and worthy her Esteeme, namely, of that excellent Person who was afterwards her Husband, after a passion of no less than Nine long yeares that they both had been the most intire and faithfull lovers in the world. . . . It was not possible I could hear of soe long an Amour, soe honorable a love and constant passion, and which I easily perceived concerned her, as lookeing vpon herselfe vnsettled, and one who had long since resolved nott to make the Court her rest, butt I must be touched with some Care for her. I would now and then kindly chide her, why she suffer'd those languishments when I knew not on whome to lay the blame. For tho' she would industriously conceale her disquiett, and divert it vnder the notion of the Spleene, she could not but acknowledge to me where the dart was fix'd; nor was any thing more ingenious then what she now writt me vpon this Subject, by which your Ladyshipp will perceive, as with what peculiar confidence she was pleased to honour me, soe, with what early prudence and great pietye she manag'd the passion which, of all other, young people are comonly the most precipitate in and vnadvise'd.'

He then quotes a letter to himself, in which, after reminding him that 'she came very young into the world,' she says:—

"The first thing which tempts young weomen is vanity, and I made that my great designe. Butt Love soone taught me another Lesson, and I found the trouble of being tyed to the hearing of any save him; which made me resolve that either he or none should have the possession

session



session of your Friend. Being thus soone sencible of Love my selfe, I was easily perswaded to keepe my selfe from giving him any cause of Jealousye, and in soe long a tyme never has there been the least. This, vnder God's providence, has been the means of preserving me from many of those misfortunes young Creatures meet with in the world, and in a Court espetially. . . . I find in him none of that tormenting passion to which I need sacrifice my selfe; butt still, were wee dissengag'd from the world, wee should marry vnder such restraints as were fitt, and by the agreeableness of our humour make each other happy. Butt att present there are obstructions: he must be perpetually engaged in buisness, and follow the Court, and live allwayes in the world, and soe have less tyme for the service of God, which is a sensible affliction to him; wherefore, wee are not determined to precipitate that matter, butt to expect a while, and see how things will goe; having a great mind to be together, which cannot with decency be done without marrying, nor to either of our satisfactions without being free from the world. In short, serving of God is our end, and if wee cannott do that quietly together, wee will asunder. You know our Saviour sayes, that all could not receive that doctrine, but to those who could he gave noe contradiction; and if wee can butt pass our younger yeares, 'tis not likely wee should be concern'd for marrying when old. If wee could marry now, I don't see butt those inconveniencys may happen by sickness, or absence, or death. In a word, if we marry, it will be to serve God and to encourage one another dayly; if wee doe not, 'tis for that end too; and wee know God will direct those who sincerely desire his love above all other Considerations. Now, should wee both resolve to continue as we are, be assur'd, I should be as little Idle as if I were a wife. I should attend to prayer and all other Christian duties, and make these my pleasures, seeing I chuse not the condition out of restraint and singularity, but to serve God the better."

About the time when Evelyn's acquaintance with her was thus growing into intimacy Mr. Sidney Godolphin was sent to join the embassy at Paris, and the lovers had settled before he went abroad that she should remain in the Queen's service till his return. That, however, was deferred longer than had been anticipated, and, in the course of 1673, Margaret resolved on deferring no longer her escape from that scene of dissipation and even to her perhaps of danger. Whether she had any immediate cause of alarm or disgust we are not told; but, at any rate, she had now been full seven years at Court, and it was no wonder she thought this enough. She had by this time found a motherly friend in Mr. Godolphin's aunt—the Lady Berkeley of Stratton—and that excellent lady offered her a home at Berkeley House in Mayfair.\*

It

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\* The Stratton branch of the Berkeleys expired in 1773, when swell those of the Earls of Berkeley. The residence of Mrs. Bl gardens, occupied the space now covered by Devonshire Hou

It was on a Sunday evening that Margaret asked and obtained permission to retire from her Court service—she had taken the opportunity of ‘less company than there used to be’—but Evelyn himself was of that company, and we doubt not his presence sustained her. He says:—

‘Never shall I forgett the humble and becoming address she made, nor the Joy that discover’d its selfe in this Angells countenance, above any thing I had ever observed of transport in her, when she had obtained her suite; for, I must tell you, Madam, she had made some attempts before without success, which gave her much anxietie. Their Majestyes were both vnwilling to part with such a Jewell: and I confess from that tyme I look’d vpon White Hall with pittie, not to say Contempt. What will become, said I, of Corinthus, the City of Luxury, when the graces have abandon’d it, whose piety and example is soe highly necessary? Astræa soe left the Lower world. And for my part, I never sett my foote in it afterwards butt as ent’ring into a solitude, and was ready to cry out with the wife of Phineas, that its glory was departed. She tooke, I assure you, her leave of their Majestyes with soe much modesty and good a Grace, that tho’ they look’t as if they would have a little reproach’t her for making soe much hast, they could not find in their hearts to say an vnkind word to her; butt there was for all that I am certaine something att the heart like grieve; and I leave you, Madam, to imagine how the rest of the Court mourn’d this Recess, and how dim the tapers burnt as she pass’d the anti-chamber. “Is Mrs. Blagge going,” sayes a faire creature; “why stay I here any longer?” others, “that the Court had never such a Starr in all its hemisphere;” and verily, I had not observed soe vniversall a damp vpon the spiritts of every one that knew her. Itt was, I remember, on a Sunday night, after most of the company were departed, that I waited on her downe to her Chamber, where she was noe sooner enter’d, butt falling on her knees, she blessed God as for a Signall deliverance; she was come out of Egypt, and now in the way to the Land of Promise. You will easily figure to your selfe how buissey the young Saint was the next morning in making vpp her little carriage to quitt her prison: and when you have fancied the Conflagration of a certaine City the Scripture speaks of, imagine this Lady trussing vpp her little fardle, like the two daughters whom the angell hastned and conducted; butt the similitude goes no further, for this holy Virgin went to Zoar, they to the cave of Folly and Intemperance; there was no danger of her looking back and becoming a Statue for sorrow of what she left behind. All her household stuffe, besides a Bible and a bundle of Prayer bookes, was packed vpp in a very little Compass, for she lived soe far from superfluitie, that she

Stratton Street, and Berkeley Square. The grounds were bounded to the eastward by those of the Chancellor Clarendon’s great and unfortunate mansion, which stood on the site of Albemarle and Old Bond streets; that palace, so often mentioned by Evelyn, was soon pulled down, but part of one wing is said to have escaped; and it is  
t two or three stately rooms of *Clarendon House* are still extant within the  
el. It is, perhaps, more likely that the old fittings and decorations were  
ew erection; but at all events—*stat nominis umbra*.



carried all that was valueable in her person ; and tho' she had a Courtly wardrobe, she affected it not, because every thing became her that she putt on, and she became every thing that was putt vpon her. . . I am the more particular as haveing had the honour to waite on her to Berkley House : I tell your Ladyshipp I never beheld her more orient then she appeared att this tyme, and the moment she sett foote in the Coach her eyes sparkled with Joy, and a marvelous lusture ; the Roses of her Cheeks were soe fresh, and her countenance soe gay, as if with the rest of her perfections (had she not left your two Sisters there) she had caryed all the Beautyes as well as all the Virtue of the Court away with her too. Butt ah, had you seen with what effusion and open armes she entred Berkley House, and sprung into the Caresses of my Lady—in what a trice after she was led vp into her apartment she had putt all her Equipage in order, rang'd her Library, and disposed of her Compendious Inventory—you would have said there was nothing prettyer then that buissy moment. And now when she had consecrated her new Oratorye with a devout Aspiration and the Incense of an humble Soule, for the blessings of this sweete Retirement, she satt downe and admired her sweet felicitye.\*—*Ib.* pp. 56–62.

After this removal to Berkeley House she seems to have very rarely appeared at Whitehall. We see, however, that at least once she yielded to the royal anxiety on the occasion of a new play—and filled a principal part in it with as much grace as she had ever displayed, and amidst even an unusual enthusiasm of admiration:—

‘ This excellent Creature looked on this occasion as one of her greatest

\* This is part of a letter which she addressed soon after leaving Court to two of her companions among the maids of honour, who had, it seems, asked her opinion about a sermon in the Chapel Royal:—‘ Dear Children, as to your dressing, I can't believe the Doctor meant there should be any neglect of that beauty God has given you, soe it be done with this Caution, first, that you designe to captivate none for any satisfaction you take in the number of Lovers or in the Noise of a larger traine of Admirers than other young women have, butt purely for an honest designe of disingageing your selves as soone as you can from the place you are in, in an honorable way ; and when ever you see any young Man, who in your hearts you cannot beleive will prove that person I speak of, or any married Man, who you know cannot, with such a one St. Paul sayes you ought not to converse in the least ; I meane, if it is possible to be avoided—and in this age, you know, women are not soe wonderfully solicited that have the vertue and modesty of you two. That good service the Ladys of other principles have done you, that men sooner find their Error, and without much difficulty suspected conversations may be avoided. Indeed, it would be a most dreadfull sight att the last day any man condemned upon your accounts ; and yett such a thing may be, and for if you willingly consent men should looke upon you and follow sary to that sin in St. Matthew, “ Who ever lookes on a woman to committed Adultery with her already in his heart.” Soe that mankind, if they make any particular applications, tho' they do much as you can, avoided. As to your conversation, there is not what is either profane, or unjust, or indevout ; I meane, the encounter in others, by seemeing well pleased with it. the withdrawing Roome, butt wee must, by our that wee dare not hear any thing to his prejudice the prejudice of our Neighbour.—*Ib.*, pp. 202

afflictions, and would have devolved the share she had in this Court Magnificence on any other Lady with a thousand acknowledgments, had their Majesties butt excused her; butt there was no retreating; she had her part assigned her, which, as itt was the most illustrious, soe never was there any perform'd with more grace, and becomeing the solemnity. She had on her that day near twenty thousand pounds value of Jewells, which were more sett off with her native beauty and luster then any they contributed of their owne to hers. . . . I need not enlarge vpon the argument of the Poem, which you may be sure, however defective in other particulars, was exactly modest, and suiteable to the Persons, who were all of the first rank and most illustrious of the Court: nor need I recount to your Ladyshipp with what a surprizing and admirable aire she trode the Stage, and performed her Part, because she could doe nothing of this sort, or any thing else she vndertook, indifferently, butt in the highest perfection. Butt whilst the whole Theater were extolling her, she was then in her owne Eyes not only the humblest, butt the most diffident of herself, and least affecting praise.'—*Ib.* pp. 97-99.

The probability of such invitations being renewed sorely disturbed Mrs. Blagge; and Evelyn adds that, though her chambers had been assigned her in the most retired wing of Berkeley House, she found it impossible to command in so great an establishment the measure of retirement on which she had set her heart. It seems the natural inference from several expressions both of the narrative and of her letters, that about this time her religious meditations assumed a very perplexing shape—that she lay for some months under painful and harassing doubts, whether it would not be best for her to give up Mr. Godolphin and resolve on a life of solitary devotion. She had for years, it seems, been in the habit of consulting on all points of conscience an old friend, Dr. George Benson, Dean of Hereford—and it may perhaps be suspected that this reverend divine had given some encouragement to her views, for Evelyn tells us that her plan was to fix herself 'near his cathedral,' and live there 'by herself under his direction.' Evelyn, at any rate, did not approve of such schemes. His influence was used uniformly in the opposite direction. In very early youth he had himself entertained a strong predilection for the solitary life, and requested his elder brother to allow him to fit up a real hermitage among the woods of Wootton; nay, several years later, he drew the outlines of a plan for a Protestant Cœnobium, near Deptford, of which, it would seem, he had meant to be the founder and the first head. But the experience of mature life had not been lost, and when now called on to judge in the case of others, the active duties of society interests of Mr. Godolphin (though personally as yet stranger) were kept steadily in view by the calm and gentle tender and sympathising friend of Says Court.



From one of Margaret's letters to him at this time we must give a brief extract;—the style of their confidences will in some particulars perhaps surprise modern readers, even though they bear in mind the sort of filial and paternal relations which had been established between the lady of twenty and the gentleman of fifty:—

"The Lord help me, dear freind," sayes she, "I know not what to determine; sometymes I think one thing, sometymes another; one day I fancy noe life soe pure as the vnmarrried, another day I think it less exemplarye, and that the married life has more oppertunity of exercising Charity; and then againe, that 'tis full of solicitude and worldyness—soe as what I shall doe I know not. He can live without a wife willingly, butt without me he is vnwilling to live, soe as if I doe not marry he is not in danger of sinn; butt if I or he or both should repent—O Lord and Governor of my life, leave me not to my selfe, to the Counsell of my own heart, butt send me wisdome from thy throne to direct, assist, and lead me soberly in my doeings."

Another letter was, from internal evidence, written when Godolphin was in London—on a short furlough, no doubt, from his diplomatic duty, of which he had availed himself to press her to accompany him back to Paris as his wife. Margaret says:—

"Much afflicted and in great agony was your poor friend this day, to think of the love of the holy Jesus, and yett be soe little able to make him any returne. For with what favour have I protested against all affection to the things of this world; resign'd them all without exception; when the first moment I am tryed, I shrink away, and am passionately fond of the Creature, and forgetfull of the Creator? This when I consider'd, I fell on my knees, and with many teares begg'd of God to assist me with his Grace, and banish from me all Concerne butt that of heavenly things, and wholly to possess my heart himselfe; and either releive me in this Conflict, now soe long sustain'd, or continue to me Strength to resist it, still fearing if the combate cease not in tyme, I should repine for being putt vpon soe hard a dutye. . . . One whome I love is here; most bitterly have I wept to think how much of my heart he has, how little my blessed Saviour, who has loved and suffered for me soe much more; happy, ah happy, are you my friend, that are past that mighty love to the Creature. Butt I make this my humble confession to God and you, bewayleing my loveing any thing butt himself; imploreing him to translate my affections, and place them on him alone. Thus to you doe I display my grieve: I can leave him whome here I love, to goe to my Jesus for ever; butt I Confess, 'tis hard for me to leave him now soe often as I doe, and this breaks my heart."—p. 73.

It is fair to extract also a specimen of Evelyn's reasoning with his fair young friend:—

'I consented

'I consented to all her Elogies of the Virgin State, butt that there were no less due to the Conjugall; and that if there were some temptations in it, her meritts would be the greater, and the exercise of her virtue. Circled indeed it was with some tollerable thornes, butt rewarded with illustrious Coronetts for the good it produc'd; that as to the oppertunityes of serving God, an active life was preferable to the Contemplative; and that I should not doubt to see as many Crown'd in heaven who had been marryed, as of Virgins: since from Marriage all the Virgins in the world had their originall, and all the Saints that ever were or ever shall be; that it was the Seminary of the Church and care of Angells; and that though our beloved Lord were borne of a Virgin, she was yett vail'd vnder the Cover of Marriage; and soe when St. Paul exalted the Celibate above it, for the advantages he enumerates, itt was nott to derogate from Marriage, butt because of the present distress and the Impediments of a family to an Itinerant and Persecuted Apostle, and those who in that Conjunction had noe certaine abode. . . . I remembered her of what sometymes she would say, that if she marryed and had noe Children, she should be displeased; and if she had, she might have either too many, or too wicked and vntoward; this, I told her, was to distrust God's providence, and she did not well to make those reflections, when in all events there was exercise of faith, and patience, Industry, and other graces; that if she who bare her had been of that mind, there would have been one less Saint to Glorifye God; that I should have wanted an excellent friend, and soe would many others, who now bless'd God for the Charities she did them. Vpon all these Topycs I challeng'd her humility, her faith, and her love. I laid before her how much more affected, morose, covetous, obnoxious to temptation and reproach an old Maid would be, who was knowne to have engaged her affection already, than one who had never entertain'd an address. Then the trouble and sorrow of bringing forth and expence of a family, would att another tyme affreight her; little weomen, I told her, had little paine; and that Queens had endured as much with patience and chearfullness; that as to great fortunes and support, opulent couples were not exempted from Cares; and that, tho' I was assured God had great blessings of that kind alsoe in reserve, yett sowre provisions and less Ambition were as happy in the mutuall affection of each other, where there was a Competency for the present, and soe faire a prospect for the future. . . . I would tell her itt was not enough to be happy alone, when she might make another soe; nor ought she to resolve not to alter her Condition till she was out of reach of accidents; that it became a cruell and ill natur'd Laban to exact a double apprentyship for a Rachell; that it was Saul that putt David to adventure for a wife; that the Heroick tymes were now antiquated, and people proceeded by gentler and more compendious methods; and the decencies of her sex, and custome of the nation, and the honour of the condition, and the want of Monasteryes and pyous Recesses obliged her to marry. Marry then in Gods name, said I, since my advice you aske: itt is finally what I think you ought to resolve on; tho' if I studdied my owne satisfaction, I should rather promote this aversion, and seeke to fortifye you



as I profess it the greatest Contentment of my life that you have vowed me your friendship soe solemnly and that you will be constant, whilst I incite you to marry I endanger and putt it to the hazard; for perhaps your husband may be jealous, tho' without cause; or he may have particular dislike to me, or may not be noble, free, and ingenious, or may make you unhappy otherwise, which would be the greatest affliction could happen to me; whereas, continuing as you are, mistress of your selfe and your conversation, your virtue and my yeares, and the conscience of my duty, and both our discretions, will preserve our friendship honorable, pious, and useful.'—p. 82.

We have now reached the only mysterious feature in Margaret Blagge's history—it will appear such after the foregoing extracts, but much more so to those who have read the whole of Evelyn's narrative and the most confidential letters interwoven. Mr. Sidney Godolphin is at last released from his post at Paris—he returns to London, and bestirs himself about obtaining such an office in the King's service as may enable him to settle permanently at home. Just at this juncture Lord Berkeley of Stratton is appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court—his lady is to accompany him—she considers Mrs. Blagge as a member of her family, and her going also to Paris is taken for granted. Margaret is to go there exactly when Godolphin has left it—it looks like one of the cunningly devised and wearisomely repeated devices of the novelist—but so it is. Mr. Godolphin does not choose, his own suit at Whitehall just opened, to quit London again on the instant: but he cannot, it seems, make up his mind to part with Mrs. Blagge unless she will put an end to his anxieties by marrying him. And 'on the 16th of May (1675) they were both married together in the Temple Church by the Reverend Doctor Lake, one of His Royal Highnesses Chaplains; my Lady Berkeley and a Servant of the Bride's only being present; both the blessed pair receiving the Holy Sacrament, and consecrating the solemnity with a double Mystery;—but, strange to say, this step was taken without the privity of Mr. Evelyn, who remained for some months afterwards without the slightest suspicion of the fact.

In Evelyn's own diary the marriage is entered under the proper date, and no allusion is there made to this concealment—but in the little book before us he does not attempt to do so. His astonishment on learning that his friend had treated him with such reserve. He mentions, on the contrary, in connexion with the event, various circumstances which rendered her conduct still more incomprehensible to him. In June she spent a whole fortnight at Says Court, and at that time Evelyn agreed to regulate everything.

supplies while abroad; and when Lord and Lady Berkeley and she took their departure for France, Evelyn at their joint request accompanied them to Dover, and saw them all on board the royal yacht. Lastly, the night before they sailed, when at Canterbury, Margaret executed her will, which Evelyn signed as witness, and, as her chosen friend, retained sealed up in his own keeping. Nor does it seem that the mystery ever was wholly cleared up: 'I ever,' he says, 'considered it an impertinence to be over-curious; and was assured that this nicety could never proceed from herself, but from some other prevalent obligation.' Between the marriage and the voyage, as he says, some months elapsed; 'and all this time,' he adds, 'I am persuaded, she and her Husband lived with the same reserves that the Angels do in Heaven, not thinking fitt to cohabitt till they declared their Marriage, which, for reasons best known to themselves, they did not do till she came back from France againe.'

The fame of her wit and beauty had preceded her to Paris, and as she spoke the language perfectly, she was beset with every possible attention and flattery. Louis XIV. himself invited her specially to St. Germain—but 'considering herself now a married woman,' she never visited abroad at all during her stay—never even once saw 'the splendid Vanity of that French Court.'\*

Thus passed the winter. In the spring Lord Berkeley repaired to Nimeguen on the business of the Treaty thence named, and Margaret found some pretext (Lady Berkeley no doubt assisting) for returning to England. It appears that shortly before her arrival Evelyn had been informed (by whom we have no hint) of her marriage. She sent for him immediately to her temporary lodgings in Covent-garden—and there occurred a little scene, so delicately sketched that we cannot but copy it:—

'I will not repeate what pass'd betweene vs in freindly expostulations, for the vnkindness of her. soe long concealing from me the circumstance of her marriage, because she express'd her Sorrow with such an asseveration as in my whole Life before I never heard her vtter, soe as I could not butt forgive her heartly. Nor did this suffice, for she often acknowledged her fault, and beg'd of me that I would not diminish ought of

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\* The following passage in a different part of the book, has reference no doubt to this residence in Paris:—'Tis hardly to be imagined, the talent she peculiarly had in repeating a comickall part or acting it, when in a chearfull humour and amongst some particular friends she would sometyes divert them; and I have heard her pronounce a Sermon in French which she had heard preached by a fryar in Paris vpon the profession of a Nun, att which she was present, that really surprized me. Those who have antastick motion of those Zealotts in the pulpitt would have seen in this motion, and preachment, the prettiest and most innocent Mimick in the world. I really beleived it had been the Enthusiast himselfe, butt for his modesty and inspired her: certainly she was the most harmeless and discrete.'—p. 186.



my good Opinion of her, to the least wounding the intire Freindshipp which was betweene vs; protesting she had been soe afflicted in her selfe for it, that were it to doe againe, noe consideration or compliyanse in the World should have prevailed on her to break her Promise, as some had done to her regret. In good earnest I was sorry to see her troubled for it, considering the Empire of a passionate Love, the singular and silent way of the Lover, whose gravitye and temper you know soe well, and with whome I had nothing of that intimacy and indear'd Friendshipp which might intitle me to the Confidence he has since not thought me vnworthy of. I therefore mention this passage, because she was a Person of soe exact and nice a Conscience that for all the World she would not have violated her Promise; nor did I ever find it in the least save this, which, when all is done, was of noe great importance. Save that I tooke it a little to heart she should soe industriously conceale a thing from one to whome she had all along communicated her most intimate thoughts; and when that affection of hers was placed, which she would often acknowledge was not possible for her to moderate as she desir'd, or bring to the least indifference, after all her innocent stratagems and endeavours, and even sometymes resolutions, to quitt all the World and think of him only in her Prayers.

'This scene being thus over, to my great satisfaction, and, as vpon all occasions I had advised, when those melancholy thoughts and fancies vs'd to interrupt her quiett, wee will looke upon this Lady now as a settled Woman, and in the Armes of that excellent Person the most worthy to possess her.'—p. 128.

The picture of her married life is in perfect harmony with all its antecedents: a most charming picture indeed—but we cannot afford to linger over it as we could wish to do. 'It is usually said of marryed people, such a one has altered her condition; indeed, soe had shee. But in noe sort her course; knowing that she could never please her husband better then when she was pleasing God, she was (I may truely say) the same a wife and a virgin.'—p. 192. Mr. Godolphin became Master of the Robes, on the resignation of Lord Rochester; an appointment which made worldly matters easy. Evelyn was in his element when called on to direct the alteration and decoration of a house purchased by the young couple in Scotland Yard; and there he in due time saw them 'settled with that pretty and discrete æconomye soe naturall to her. Never was there such an household of faith: never Lady more worthy of the blessings she was entering into, or who was more thankfull to God for them.'

"Lord," (says she, in a Letter to me) "when I this day considered my happyness, in haveing soe perfect health of body, chearfullness of mind, noe disturbance from without, nor grieve within, my tyme my owne, my house quiett sweete and pretty, all manner of Conveniencys for serving God in publick and private, how happy in my Friends, Husband, Relations, Servants, Creditt, and none to waite or attend on but  
my

my dear and beloved God, from whome I receive all this, what a melting joy run through me att the thoughts of all these mercyes, and how did I think myself obliged to goe to the foote of my Redeemer, and acknowledge my owne vnworthiness of his favour: butt then what words was I to make vse of; truely att first of none att all, but a devout silence did speake for me; but after that I power'd out my prayers, and was in an amazement that there should be such a sin as ingratitude in the world, and that any should neglect this great duty. Butt why doe I say all this to you my friend? truely that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I am still soe full of it that I cannot forbear expressing my thoughts to you."

'And this was not a transient rapture vpon the sence of her present Enjoyment, butt a permanent and devout affection. Upon the 16th day of October following, which day she constantly vsed to give me an account of her concerns the year past, I find this passage in a Letter:—"God Almighty has been Infinitely gracious to me this year, for he has brought me back into my owne native Country in safety, and honourably prospered me in my temporall affaires; above my expectation continued my health, and my friends; deliver'd me from the torments of suspense; given me a husband that above all men living I vulture; in a word, I have little to wish butt a Child, and to contribute something to my friends happyness, which I most impatiently desire; and then I must think before I can remember what I would have more then I enjoy in this world, butt the continuance of a thankfull heart to my God."—p. 134.

The only additional blessing that she 'passionately desired' was not very soon granted; and after two years, to fill the void, she 'tooke home to her a poore orphan girl, whom she cherished with the tenderness of a natural mother.' We must not dwell on 'her care in instructing her servants—how sedulously she kept her family to religious duties, how decently she received her friends, how profitably she employed every minute of time.' Her means were now ample—'her husband had settled on her the absolute disposal of her portion, 4000*l.*;' and this independent income enabled her 'to distribute considerable charities by which were relieved many indigent people and poor house-keepers.'

'How diligently she would inquire out the poore and miserable, even in Hospitalls, humble Cells, and Cottages, whither I have sometimes accompanied her as farr as the very skirts and obscure places of the Towne—among whom she not only gave liberall almes, but physitians and physick she would send to some, yea, and administer Remedyes herselfe, and the meanest offices. She would sit and read, instruct and pray, whole afternoones, and tooke care for their spirituall relief by procuring a Minister of Religion to prepare them for the holy Sacrament, for which purpose she not only carryed and gave them bookes of Salvation and Devotion, but had herselfe collected  
diverse



diverse Psalmes and Chapters proper to be read and used vpon such occasions. How many naked poore Creatures she covered ! I have by me one List of no fewer then twenty three, whome she cladd at one time, and (your Ladyshipp may remember) for whome she wrought with her owne hands.'—p. 210.

'What she herselfe distributed more privately I know not, but sure I am it was a great deale more then ever she would discover, takeing all the Cautions imaginable, that nothing she did of this nature should be knowne, no not to her left hand what her right hand did, and therefore often would she herselfe walk out alone and on foote, and fasting, and in midst of winter, (when it was hardly fitt to send a servant out,) to minister to some poore creatures she had found out, and perhaps whome no body knew of besides, soe far had her love to God and piety to others overcome nature and the delicate tenderness of her sex and constitution.'—p. 214.

At last she perceived that she was to be a mother : but Evelyn sadly dwells on the presentiment which soon after haunted her, that 'her dear Man (for so she now called him) was to have his wish fulfilled' at the cost of her own life. Evelyn is willing enough to tell of dreams and signs that foreshadowed the sorrows of September, 1678 ; but upon these passages we are content to be silent.

'It was then on Tuesday the third of that vnfortunate Month, when comeing about 11 a clock in the forenoone as my custome was, to visitt her and ask of her health, that I found she was in Travell ; and you may easily imagine how extreemly I was concern'd, not to stirr from the house till I had some assurance that all succeeded well. And indeed to all appearance soe it did. For it pleas'd God that within an hour your Ladyshipp brought me the joyful tydeings of a Man Child born into the world, and a very little after admitted me to see and bless that lovely Babe by the Mothers side ; when the very first word she spake to me was, I hope you have given thanks to God for his infinite mercy to me ! O with what satisfaction, with what joy and over rapture did I hear her pronounce it ; with what satisfaction and pleasure did I see the Mother safe, and her desire accomplished, without any accident that could give the least vmbrage or suspicion of approaching danger, soe as me thought of nothing more than rejoyceing and praising God, auguring a thousand benedictions.'

On the Thursday following, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were present at the christening of the child ; and the recovery of the mother seemed to be proceeding so favourably, that after the service these friends left London for their villa at Deptford. While in church there on the afternoon of Sunday the 8th, Evelyn received a brief note from Mr. Godolphin, requesting the prayers of that congregation also for his wife, and intimating very dangerous symptoms. The puerperal fever had declared itself with great violence. Evelyn hastened back to town, and continued by her till  
'about

'about one o'clock at noon on the Monday, the 9th September, 1678,' when this loveable creature breathed her last, 'in the twenty-fifth year and prime of her age.' During the last day her mind was lost in wanderings; but 'the deliriums,' says Evelyn, 'were only such as proceeded from languor and tiredness; soe that tho' she still retained her memory of the persons about her, what she said was altogether inconsistent, and growing more impetuous and deplorable, gave presage of uttmmost danger. This only was highly remarkable, that in all this disorder of fancy and almost distraction, she uttered not one syllable or expression that might in the least offend God, or any creature about her; a thing which during these alienations of mind does seldom happen; but which shewed how blessed a thing it was to live holily and carefully, as this Innocent did; persons that are delirious usually uttering extravagances that discover their worst inclinations.'—p. 147.

It appeared that a day or two before her confinement she had received the Sacrament, as in preparation for the coming peril; and on opening her repositories they found letters addressed to her husband, her sister-in-law, and Evelyn, which had all been written on that same day, and contained very minute directions as to her affairs, especially her pensionaries and other charities, in case of death. To Mr. Godolphin she had thus expressed herself:—

"My deare, not knowing how God Almighty may deale with me, I think it my best course to settle my affaires, soe as that, in case I be to leave this world, noe earthly thing may take vp my thoughts. In the first place, my dear, beleive me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or halfe soe good a husband. I begg your pardon for all my Imperfections, which I am sencible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavour to subdue, that they might not trouble you. . . . I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometymes think of me with kindness, butt never with too much griefe. For my Funerall, I desire there may be noe cost bestowed vpon it at all; butt if I might, I would begg that my body might lye where I have had such a mind to goe myselfe, at Godolphyn, among your freinds. I beleive, if I were carried by Sea, the expence would not be very great; but I don't insist vpon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

"Pray, my deare, be kind to that poore Child I leave behind, for my sake, who lov'd you soe well; butt I need not bidd you, I know you will be soe. If you should think fitt to marry againe, I humbly begg that little fortune I brought may be first settled vpon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will lett it (if they permitt) live with them, for it may be, tho' you will love itt, my successor will not be soe fond of it as they I am sure

"Now, my deare Child, far

which passeth  
all



all vnderstanding, keepe your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Gost, be with thee, and remaine with thee ever and ever. Amen."

In compliance with her desire, her remains were conveyed to Cornwall—though mistaken feeling could not obey her as to the absence of all costly ceremonial—and she was laid in the vault of the Godolphins, below the church of the parish from which that family take their name, and of which they had been lords from a period long preceding the Conquest. Here, after the interval of thirty-four years, the dust of her husband was conjoined to hers. He had never married again—and who will wonder? On the political character and career of that eminent statesman we shall not be expected to enter in an article of this kind: a few dates will suffice. In the year after her death he became a Lord of the Treasury; and in 1684 First Lord and a Baron. In 1704 he was Lord High Treasurer, and in 1706 created Earl of Godolphin, Viscount Rialton. Dying in 1712, he was buried by the side of the wife of his youth, and succeeded in his honours by his and her only son, Francis, who married Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, and ultimately in her own right Duchess of Marlborough. They had one son and one daughter. The son, William Godolphin, Viscount Rialton and Marquess of Blandford, died without offspring. The Marlborough estates and titles thus passed to the family of Spencer, in which they still remain; while the Godolphin property (though not the peerage) went to the granddaughter of our and Evelyn's Saint, Mary Godolphin, wife of Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds. All the existing branches of the noble house of Leeds are thus descendants of Margaret Blagge, and the Barony of Godolphin was revived in favour of her great-great-grandson, Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, in 1832.\*

We are satisfied that there is one great practical lesson which this beautiful little biography will impress now and hereafter upon thousands of readers. They will learn to be cautious about judging from what they find recorded in the newspapers, if they do not happen to be themselves casual observers, of the scenes in which people of a certain class do and must participate, as to the real characters and prevalent thoughts and feelings of the individuals. What was *Margaret Blagge* in the eyes of the mob of Charles the Second's courtiers? What was the 'little Fairy Spirit,' the

\* Is there no good portrait of Margaret Blagge in the possession of her own descendants? Either the picture given by her to Mr. Evelyn, and engraved for this book, must be a very unfair representation of a beauty so distinguished as she certainly was—or else the engraving does great injustice to the picture. We hope the Bishop of Oxford will inquire before he prints another edition.

dreaded 'Wit,' the acting, mimicking Maid of Honour—the Prima Donna of Whitehall—in the opinion of the distant public, which then, as now, listened greedily to 'sayings and doings' of fashionable life? We have seen how slow even the gentle Evelyn was to comprehend that she could be what he afterwards so loved and revered. We are most firmly persuaded that never among the higher classes of our countrywomen was there more than there now is of the very spirit and temper that sanctified Margaret Godolphin—

'And made a sunshine in the shady place.'

Nor is it unworthy of notice (though we do not presume to expatiate on such matters) that the piety and pious observances of the English ladies of the present time bear a far closer resemblance, even in minute features, to the Godolphin type, than could have been pointed out as *characterizing*, at least, any one generation between hers and ours. For the rest, we may well be excused for giving few commentaries of our own, when we can transcribe these graceful paragraphs from the Introduction of the Bishop of Oxford:—

'Her lot was cast in the darkest age of England's morals; she lived in a court where flourished in their rankest luxuriance all the vice and littleness, which the envy of detractors without, has ever loved to impute—and at times, thank God, with such utter falsehood—to courts in general.

'In the reign of Charles the Second, that revulsion of feeling which affects nations just as it does individuals, had plunged into dissipation all ranks on their escape from the narrow austerities and gloomy sourness of puritanism. The court, as was natural, shared to the full in these new excesses of an unrestrained indulgence; whilst many other influences led to its wider corruption. The foreign habits contracted in their banishment by the returning courtiers were ill suited to the natural gravity of English manners, and introduced at once a wide-spread licentiousness. The personal character, moreover, of the King helped on the general corruption. Gay, popular, and witty, with a temper nothing could cross, and an affability nothing could repress, he was thoroughly sensual, selfish, and depraved—vice in him was made so attractive by the wit and gaiety with which it was tricked out, that its utmost grossness seemed for the time rather to win than to repulse beholders. Around the King clustered a band of congenial spirits, a galaxy of corruption, who spread the pollution upon every side. The names of Buckingham and Rochester, of Etheridge, Lyttelton, and Sedley, still maintain a bad pre-eminence in the annals of English vice. As far as the common eye could reach there was little to resist the evil. The Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, a cold-hearted libertine, shared the vices of the King, without the poor gloss of his social attractions.'

We have nothing to complain of in Bishop Wilberforce's picture of the personal morals of the *Duke of York*—and as to his  
mere



mere manners we shall only say that, though far enough from the too captivating grace of his brother's, still they were dignified and noble. We think, however, the Bishop might in charity have made some allusion to the deep and ascetic piety of the old age of James II. But to return to our quotation—

‘ In the midst of such a general reign of wickedness, it is most refreshing to the wearied spirit to find by closer search some living witnesses for truth and holiness—some who, through God's Grace, passed at His call their vexed days amongst the orgies of that crew, as untainted by its evils as is the clear sunbeam by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere. Such an one was Margaret Godolphin, whom neither the license of those evil days, nor the scandal and detraction with which they abounded, ever touched in spirit or in reputation. Verily she walked in the flames of “the fiery furnace and felt no hurt, neither did the smell of fire pass upon her.”

‘ In what strength she lived this life these pages will declare. They will show that ever by her side, conversing with her spirit through its living faith, there was a fourth form like unto the Son of God. *And one thing for our instruction and encouragement may here be specially noted: that in that day of reproach she was a true daughter of the Church of England. Puritanism did not contract her soul into moroseness; nor did she go to Rome to learn the habits of devotion.* In the training of our own Church she found enough of God's teaching to instruct her soul; in its lessons she found a rule of holy self-denying obedience; in its prayers a practice of devotion; in its body a fellowship with saints; in its ordinances a true communion with her God and Saviour; which were able to maintain in simple unaffected purity her faith at court—in dutiful active love her married life; which sufficed to crown her hours of bitter anguish and untimely death with a joyful resignation and assured waiting for her crown.

‘ Such is the sketch presented to the reader. May he in a better day learn in secret, for himself, those lessons of heavenly wisdom which adorned the life and glorified the death of Margaret Godolphin.’

The publication of this volume has been happily timed; we are deeply grateful for it to the Archbishop of York and his accomplished literary coadjutor. The grand lessons are not for any particular persuasion or denomination, but for all Christians—they are in the true sense of the word *Catholic*—and we have no doubt they will be appreciated by very many without the pale of the Church of England. But others, though of secondary, are still of very serious importance, and well deserved the special notice of the Bishop at the present time. Mrs. Godolphin's unswerving confidence in her own Church is no trivial lesson. It seems to us the more valuable on account of the very circumstances which we have heard dilated on as detracting from its value. ‘Why should she,’ it is said, ‘have become a Romanist? She was always one in everything but the name.’ Not so. She attended

attended the services of the Church twice every day—she observed strictly the fasts of the Church as well as its festivals—she received the Sacrament almost every Lord's day;—but if to do these things be popery, then Charles I., and Archbishop Laud, and John Evelyn, were all papists as well—the popery consisted merely in doing what all members of the Anglican Church have always been commanded, and all ministers of that Church have always been pledged to do. We have heard invidious comments on her habitual communications with the Dean of Hereford; and the use of the word *Direction* in Evelyn's mention of it has been especially dwelt on. But be it observed, the word *Direction* had not in that age acquired the technical sense it now bears within the Romanist body itself—and if she had recourse to 'the counsel and advice of some learned and discreet divine,' more regularly than was even then customary with females of her rank and station—(which, if we compare her only with others of deeply religious feeling, we much doubt to have been the case)—the peculiarity is to be accounted for by the peculiar difficulties of her position—an orphan girl in the midst of a most dangerous society. We might as justly detect Romanism in the nature of her confidential intercourse with Mr. Evelyn himself. As to her leanings in favour of a single and even a solitary life, we are happy that she had such a friend as Evelyn to counteract them—because, attached as she was to Mr. Godolphin, she could not have followed such a course without ultimately shattering the serenity of her own conscience—without injustice to one worthy of her tenderest affection—without the abnegation of many Christian duties, in the discharge of which she lived and died a profitable example to all around her. But it is the height of bigotry to see any thing abstractedly wrong in a preference for a virgin life; and no candid person can look at the present state of society in this country without perceiving that the condition of very many of the best among us is perplexed and degraded, simply because we have no such institutions as nunneries might be, and ought to be—establishments where virtuous and pious ladies, of moderate fortune, might find a home and a refuge at once secure and honourable—in place of submitting to marriages of mere convenience, or else wearing out an aimless, comfortless existence—if not suffering the vulgar hardships of poverty, escaping them only by the worse pain of dependence. Irrefragable vows, and especially early ones, are snares and cunning corruptions; but we have no right to confound the salutary principle with perilous excrescences, in favour of which there is not the remotest shadow of a Scriptural authority.

Not only was Mrs. Godolphin untinged with any of the errors  
of



of Romanism, but she remained so under circumstances of temptation which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Her lot was cast amidst the professors of that faith—she was the loyal and devoted servant of an innocent, amiable, and most unhappy Roman Catholic princess; and from her earliest youth converts to that creed were her kind friends and daily companions. Her close connexion with Romanists, and her deep sympathy, we must add, with the *Catholic* principles common to Romanism and Anglicanism, are precisely the circumstances that give the highest interest and importance to the lesson of her fidelity to the Church in which she was baptized and confirmed, to the utter rejection of all participation in any of the doctrinal perversions or unauthorised practices of the Roman system.

We have more than once lately expressed our regret at the prevalence of religious novels. The present season has produced several works of this class, and one or two written with ability. So much the worse—we are satisfied that it is a false and unlawful style of composition, and the more the talent the greater the mischief. Let us hope that the contemplation of the simple unvarnished realities of this saintly biography may illustrate to many, by the force of contrast, the real texture and tendency of these artificial, vamped up performances—and inspire modesty and self-distrust in the spinners of imaginary *experiences*.\*

## ART.

\* We wish ladies, in particular, could be turned away from the fond conceit of working up religious controversies in their novels. Not to press more serious arguments, they always fail in concentrating the interest on the controversy; the love—the mere love—uniformly runs away with them and their story.

'Cleveland,' we presume, was meant to illustrate the perils of compulsory confession and the modern system of *direction*; but the lesson it really teaches—if it teaches anything—is one of a less exalted order: simply, that the woman, whose imagination has been fairly smitten by a man not the lawful property of any other woman, exposes her heart and mind at least to extreme peril, by consenting to espouse another man in whom the imaginative part of her does not and never can take the same sort of interest. Love has many masks and many aliases. The heroine has, in fact, though unconsciously, been enamoured, after a not rare fashion, with her handsome, accomplished, poetical and picturesque confessor. Being accidentally separated from him, she attracts the attention of a comely and worthy, but prosaic clergyman of the Church of England. She is in circumstances which render marriage particularly desirable for her; she cannot marry this clergyman without giving up her Romanism; she at last does so, and is married. But after a few months she is again thrown into contact with the romantic confessor, and all is thenceforth confusion and misery. This, though the authoress did not mean it, is a story of common enough terrestrial passion—the controversy a thin disguise.

There is great elegance in much of the writing of this little novel; and one sketch, that of a pampered aristocratic beauty, suddenly cut off in the midst of her splendour and folly, reveals powers of a very high class indeed.

In Lady Georgiana Fullerton's 'Grantley Manor,' the attempt to make the interest turn on difference of religion is equally unfortunate. That Protestants may be very bigoted and very bad, and Romanists very amiable and pious, we did not need a novel to instruct us: and as to all the other *doctrinal* points she entirely breaks down. Indeed, she breaks down utterly in the whole matter of her *dénouement*, as far as anything like moral justice

ART. III.—1. *Über die ersten zehn Bücher der Ilias*, von Herrn Lachmann (*Abhandlungen der Königlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*, 1837). 1839.

2. *Fernere Betrachtungen über die Ilias*, von Herrn Lachmann (*Abhandlungen*, &c. 1841). Berlin. 1843.

THE tie of race which connects England with Germany is still gladly recognised in both countries; and whatever is approved and established in the one is regarded with favourable predispositions on its introduction into the other. But as respects the critical performances of our kinsmen in particular, they have more than our simple predispositions to rely on for the assurance of a welcome: their acute and indefatigable diligence has achieved such triumphs of classical research as to place their merits, in the eye of the world, far above the reach of detraction; and the scholars of other nations may almost be said to rest contented with acknowledging their pre-eminence, and digesting and appropriating the fruits of their toil. At every feast in the halls of literature, the Germans, like Ajax at the table of Agamemnon, will be entitled to the honours of the chine.

It is difficult, however, altogether to escape from the suspicion that scepticism, or a prejudice in favour of doubt, has been a besetting sin of German study. We will not now inquire, whether an undue degree of restraint upon human freedom in some of its most natural and legitimate directions, such as the channels of civil and political affairs, may have thrown a disproportioned force upon the discussion of other subjects, and may thus have given a feverish and restless character to the energies which have been bestowed upon them. It is enough for us to remark that the high authority of German students and critics among us, renders it especially important that we should be on our guard against their weaknesses, if they have any. We confess our apprehension that a destructive spirit as such is regarded with too much com-

justice is concerned. For the virtues and wrongs of the lovely Italian are rewarded by her being acknowledged as the wife of as shuffling, shabby, and selfish an Irishman as ever disgraced the name of any church or sect under heaven; and this Protestant hero, after all, is left in possession not only of a beautiful Popish bride, but of immense affluence, all derived from Orangemen of the deepest purple, as his recompense for a course of fraud that richly entitled him to Norfolk Island.

The skill in description which Lady G. Fullerton had shown in a former work is at least as brilliantly exemplified in this. Many of her passages of disquisition on moral and social questions are not less remarkable for vigour and boldness of thought than for terseness of language. Of such ability, that we earnestly hope her Ladyship will not leave the legitimate field which she might cultivate to the hands of Popish admirers.



placency and tolerance in Germany; that industry is sometimes applied to cross-examining, and if we may so speak, bullying, antiquity, which would be more profitably expended in appreciating it; that the common error of inert acquiescence has been in part supplanted by rashness and levity in questioning the old and in propagating the new; that evidences slight in strength or inferior in kind are allowed to tell when pointing to negative conclusions, while more cogent and commanding considerations are passed lightly by, if they tend to sustain the affirmative side of an inquiry. Without at all founding a general indictment upon these notions, or attempting to define the limits within which they may be true, we are of opinion that they should be borne in mind, by way of caution among our students, when they wisely seek for German aid; and after a pretty close examination of the *Essays* before us, we find in them a strong exemplification of the tendencies to which we point.

The Homeric controversy has become endemic in Germany, and faint echoes of the din of battle occasionally reach as far as to English ears,—

ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκόσμεν.—*Il.* ii. 486.

Indeed, though little is thought or written here in comparison, yet when regarded absolutely, the share of attention which the subject has commanded among our countrymen is not small. Towards the close of the last century it was debated by Mr. Bryant, Mr. Morritt, and others, in dissertations which, when bound together, form several respectable quartos. These relate chiefly to the credit of Homer as an historian, and to the place of his birth and residence. The German inquiries since the time of Wolf have turned upon his personality, and upon the origin and history of the poems. Our countrymen have been, at the least, interested spectators, interposing from time to time with marks of disapprobation or applause. To say nothing of writers in *Reviews* and *Encyclopædias*, Mr. Clinton, the Bishop of St. David's, the late Mr. H. N. Coleridge, and Mr. Grote, have within a very few years given to the world, in a more or less comprehensive form, their views with regard to it. And well does it deserve this care: for as 'the boy is father of the man,' even so the great works of the great men of the world's youth have so powerful a moulding influence upon the after-training of mankind, that all labour which tends to ascertain and vindicate the truth concerning them must needs be well and thriftily bestowed.

We propose, therefore, to exhibit to our readers the speculations of Mr. Lachmann upon the *Iliad*, as conceiving that their nature, taken in connexion with the notoriety they have obtained, renders them a suitable subject for detailed examination.

It

It will indeed be our misfortune to accompany them with a running comment of almost continuous remonstrance, quarrel, and complaint. And this, notwithstanding that writers to whose authority on such a matter we should pay dutiful regard, have spoken in terms of high though rather indefinite commendation of Mr. Lachmann's papers. Could we believe that the Bishop of St. David's and Mr. Grote had been at the pains to follow and to verify his citations, and to weigh his arguments upon them one by one, we should be loath to place ourselves in conflict with their judgments; but we think it likely, that from the extended scope of their respective works, they must have been contented with a general view of these papers, and we freely grant that on a merely general view the statements which they contain are sufficiently imposing. We shall, however, endeavour to present such an exhibition of particulars as will put them effectually to the test.

And first, in the general sketch, which Mr. Lachmann furnishes for us, of his rules of proceeding, we find nothing but what is worthy of praise. He protests against setting out from foregone conclusions, against bewildering the critical faculty by too great a multiplicity of objects; he proposes to build his propositions on detailed observation of the work itself. Nothing can be better: we have only to wish that the scheme had been executed in the temper, which this description of its laws appears to recognise as befitting it. On our part, we disclaim every plea of mere prescription: we do not plead for the darlings of our imagination that they may be spared, for their beauty, from the sweep of any judgment however severe, so that it be just; we will endeavour to thank the man who dispels our dream, and gives us the truth instead of it; only let him be very sure that it is the truth, or at least that he has reasonable and strong presumptions of it; otherwise we cannot undertake to promise him even phlegmatic treatment.

The proposition, however, which Mr. Lachmann seeks to sustain is, that each of the Homeric poems consists of many separate and unconnected lays, in some cases perhaps the productions of the same, in others certainly of different authors.

Without doubt our critic here moots questions which are fairly open to discussion, and which have so far at least divided the learned world, that it would be hardihood in any man, and foolhardihood in most men, to pronounce upon them dogmatically, or with a peremptory rejection of all opposers. We shall not entail upon ourselves any such responsibility. We shall not contend that each and all of the poems in the essays before us are un-



stating, and then putting on their trial, the particular observations and arguments by which Mr. Lachmann has impeached the identity of the patriarch of Grecian literature.\*

But it is material that Mr. Lachmann's aim should be understood: he does not limit his task to contending that there are interpolations in the text of Homer as it stands; nor that the author made free and liberal use of traditionary materials; nor that inconsistencies of fact, and defects of taste, are discoverable in the works. He would lead us in substance to the conclusion, that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and even of the *Iliad*, there was in point of fact no author; that there were many authors of portions of them; that these more ancient portions were put together with scanty care and indifferent success at a particular epoch, that of Pisistratus, by a number of compilers, namely the persons whom he employed; that the great genius whom we venerate under the name of Homer, never existed under that or any other name; that the crude materials of the work never passed through the glowing crucible of one assimilating, informing, and transfusing mind; that it is not a moral and intellectual unity, but a congeries of parts accidentally related by their having the same theme; a motley patchwork, an inorganic form, of which the highest merit would have been skilful imposture on the part of those who could give to such elements the appearance and the effect of creative combination. For it is in the combination of the parts and in the conception of the whole, not in the parts themselves generally speaking, that the master effort and the master triumph lies; and therefore those who can prove what Mr. Lachmann has undertaken, will not only destroy the personality of Homer, but will leave for ever blank that elevated niche in the temple of Fame which hitherto he has occupied. It must not be said in reply that the whole question is as to the distribution of the merit, and that the aggregate honour due to the *Iliad* remains untouched by the decision on the question of unity of origin. On the contrary, if the destructive propositions be made good, they show that we have been worshipping an object, which, though its parts or

\* Mr. Grote (vol. ii. p. 201, note) has observed that the hypothesis of Lachmann is also that of Wolf and of W. Müller, and likewise he considers that it had been previously set forth by Bentley, in the following words:—'Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies, to be sung by himself for small earnings and good cheer, at festivals and other days of merriment: the *Iliad* he made for the men, the *Odyssey* for the other sex. These loose songs were not collected together into the form of an epic poem until 500 years after.' It appears to us that Mr. Grote has done serious though unintentional injustice to Bentley in his construction of this passage. Lachmann is as far as possible from considering that one person wrote the *Iliad*, and wrote it too as a sequel, or continuous order, of songs and rhapsodies. Bentley appears to be a believer in the poetical and moral unity of the works, and only to refer to a later period its corporeal unity, if we may so speak, or its being put bodily together in a permanent form.

some of them were real, was fantastic as a whole; and the Iliad of our imagination is no more like the Iliad of fact than the elephant of actual nature is like the elephant with a man in each leg upon the stage.

As we have said, we shall not undertake to defend against all comers the fortress of the world's ancient belief respecting Homer; yet we hope to carry with us the reader in the opinion, that Mr. Lachmann's assault has not done its work, but on the contrary has ended in smart repulse: and that we, pointing to these great works, may still be allowed to tell our children what we have been told ourselves:

Quegli è Omero, poeta sovrano.

The critic sets out by declaring, that the second book of the Iliad contains a poem entirely distinct from the first. And this he aims at proving by the remark, that in the last line of B. i. we have it said of Jupiter or Zeus,

ἐνθα καθεῦδ' ἀναβᾶς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη.

whereas the opening of the second Book declares that

ἄλλοι μὲν ῥα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἄνθρωποι ἵπποκορυσται  
εὖδον παννύχιοι. Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυμος ὕπνος.

Lachmann objects, first: that the declaration that Jupiter also slept is inconsistent with the subsequent words announcing that he did not sleep; and secondly, that if he was to summon the god of Dream to his presence, it ought not to have been stated that Juno was by his side, as she was to know nothing of the intended message to Agamemnon. Therefore, forsooth, the first and second books of the Iliad are separate poems!

Now in answer to the first: 1. καθεῦδε surely refers not so much to the continuous state of sleeping as to the act of going to rest or setting one's self to sleep. We will quote the words of Damm:—'*cave autem putes huic verbo inesse primum significatum τοῦ ὕπνου. Primarius est, decumbo quietis causâ, quam et vigilans capere potest.*' 2. οὐκ ἔχε does not imply that he never went to sleep, but that sleep did not hold, or continue to hold him. As to the second; Juno's proximity could cause no inconvenience, since, as is clearly implied by the line II. I, though not strictly by I. 611, she at any rate is represented as sleeping.

The next proposal of Mr. Lachmann is that the verses I. 348—429, and 493—611, respecting Thetis with Achilles, and again on Olympus, be condemned as spurious. His reasons are as follows.

In v. 425, we read

δωδεκάρηι

Jupiter,

In



for suspecting that both are spurious. It is certainly a reason hard to answer, as a ghost is hard to clasp—

‘Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.’

By way of sequel to the trial and condemnation of 348—429, and 493—611, he reports the observation of a friend, which he thinks material in favour of his conclusion, namely, that we have in v. 430 the word ἀπηύρων in the middle of the verse, whereas it and the kindred forms of the same verb, such as ἀπύρεα, are elsewhere in Homer only found at the end of the verse. But the word is not of the most frequent occurrence; and its scansion, together with the usual rhythm of Homer, requires that words of this metrical structure shall usually be placed at the end of the verse, and but rarely in comparison allows of them elsewhere. Nor does Mr. Lachmann give us any proof, not even an assertion, to the contrary. And without such proof the appearance of his friend on the field of battle does not help him; but rather, Nisus follows the fate of Euryalus.

He has, however, another class of objections to the passage which he has already condemned. In v. 423, the gods are said to have gone among the Æthiopians on the preceding day. How then could Apollo, if at such an immense distance, have been launching his darts at the Greeks up to that very time? He might as reasonably have inquired, how could they have travelled all the way from Olympus to Æthiopia in twenty-four hours—Vulcan too being incommoded with a game-leg, and railways, it is plain, particularly sky railways, not yet invented? A further scandal he finds in the fact that Minerva, at the instance of Juno, makes her appearance in the Greek council during the debate; but how could she, being in Æthiopia, have heard what was going on? Yet once more, in v. 472, Apollo from the same unconscionable distance hears the propitiatory hymn of Ulysses and his company. Lastly, Pallas, after having checked the outburst of Achilles, returns to Olympus (221) and the rest of the gods, not to Æthiopia. Therefore, he says, not only is this forgery, but clumsy forgery, and it betrays itself accordingly.

It is really difficult to know how to deal gravely with objections to the authenticity of material portions of the *Iliad* which have no other foundation than such as is supplied by a strict and relentless application of the laws of space, time, and motion, to the Homeric conception of the heathen deities. But thus much is clear; if such pleas are worth collecting, their number may be easily increased. We ourselves will tender a contribution to Mr. Lachmann's museum of literary mummies. In v. 591 Vulcan, or Hephæstus, declares that Jupiter had hurled him down ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίου, from the threshold of Olympus; that he was  
busy

busy falling the whole day, and yet finally alighted only at the moderate depth and distance of the isle of Lemnos. Would any one in his senses, when he found that he could not reconcile this movement and arrival with any time-table upon earth, think of urging it as an objection to the authenticity of the Homeric text in which it is found? And yet it is a greater violation of the laws of the natural world than any of those on which Mr. Lachmann founds the observation now under view; the very flower, we are bound to add, of the criticisms of his First Essay.

For ourselves we protest, not without wrath, against these and all such attempts to dress old Homer in a strait-waistcoat. We insist upon his being allowed to compound and work his mythology after his own fashion; subject, indeed, to the obligation to provide us with a poetical and beautiful whole, but with an entire exemption from merely geographical, or, as we may term them, *fourth-form* objections. We cannot think that our homely English reader will be shaken in his belief of the unity of the *Iliad*, either because Hephæstus described an impossible curve, or because Apollo, while absent on an excursion of pleasure in Æthiopia, launched his far-darting arrows at the Greeks and listened to the hymn of the missionary crew, and thus provided, for large-minded critics of the nineteenth century, the opportunity of proving an *alibi*. Whether Homer was right or wrong in placing these ideas before us, the question is by far too small—the impeachment of his poetical judgment, on the very worst showing of the case, is infinitely too trivial—to aid in raising or sustaining the hypothesis which resolves him into a plurality of individuals.

But we will not admit that there is any very grave fault or incongruity in any of these apparent or even real solecisms. For, first, how can we have a mythology so dramatic, pictorial, and demonstrative as that of Homer, without solecisms? The persons of that mythology were not real beings, the laws of whose existence and action came within the range of human knowledge and experience: they were the concrete forms of those abstract ideas of superior power which man derived from the world within him, and from the world around him, representing and shadowing them forth, dressing them in such a garb as old tradition probably suggested, and the human heart, its feelings and susceptibilities, certainly required. By means of the human conditions thus attached to the personification of superhuman power, beauty, wisdom, they became intelligible and impressive, but they became also inconsistent. At least, if they were to be represented with any force, their essential idea on the one of that idea on the other, ion of them should be illogical



illogical in its details. Even Holy Scripture, dealing as it does not with the half-erased remnants of tradition or the creations of fancy, but with absolute truth, has been exposed to cavil on account of the media which it adopts for conveying that truth to our dull ears and hard hearts. Much more, as we know from Holy Scripture, must the work of a pagan poet be open to assault, because, his conception itself being narrow and impaired, his use of it is in proportion less congruous. Therefore we have Elijah taunting the priests of Baal with a bitter sarcasm—'And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, "Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."' (1 Kings xviii. 27.) This rebuke of the prophet's is in fact a testimony against Mr. Lachmann's argument. It tells us historically that the heathen were inconsistent, inasmuch as they worshipped for gods beings whom they held to be subject to the necessities of nature, place, and time; and the inference from these inconsistencies is in favour of and not against the genuineness of the Homeric poems.

In point of fact we may presume that the practical canon of the poet was to avoid all such improbabilities as jar not against logic or geography alone, but against feeling, national or poetic, and, subject to this restraint only, to make his deities subservient without overscrupulousness to his work as an artist.

It should, however, be observed, that Mr. Lachmann makes too much of this topic of inconsistencies as to the matter of fact, as well as too little in the way of argument. We have already shown that, if they prove forgery, some parts are forged which he has spared. And, on the other hand, Homer does not place his mythological personages under conditions of movement and intercourse so rigid as his critic assumes. Those conditions bind them, indeed, but lightly, as with silken cords scarcely felt: they are applied, but yet scarcely applied, to them. Where they hold intercourse together they are always represented as in the same place. But this is for dramatic effect, not because of necessity. For if they hear from earth to heaven, from air to the bottom of the sea—if they move with the rapidity of thought—it is really too much to say that their knowing what takes place afar off,\* or being made to traverse space without a definite lapse of time in hours and minutes, even impeaches in a serious manner the consistency of Homer. But such is really the case. Swift is the journey of Poseidon (Il. xiii. 20, 30) along the main, of Here through the air (v. 760-72); but even this does not satisfy the imagination

\* Which however it is fair to observe they do not *always* know. Ares is informed the first time by Here of the death of his son Ascalapius (xv. 111).

of the poet, for when that goddess has a welcome errand, she flies as fast as thought :—

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν αἴξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅστ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν  
γαῖαν ἐληλουθῶς, κ.τ.λ. . . .  
ὥς κραιπνῶς μεμανῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη.—*Il.* xv. 80, 83.

And even so Apollo is addressed by Glaucus as dwelling in Lycia or Troas, but able to hear at any distance :—

κλυθι ἀναξ, ὃς που Λυκίης ἐν πίοιι δῆμῳ  
εἷς ἢ ἐνὶ Τρόιῃ· δύνασαι δέ σὺ παντός· ἀκούειν  
ἀνέρι κηδομένῳ.—*Il.* xvi. 514.

The far-hearing was also the far-darting god; and he who was afterwards identified with the sun might well be represented as acting from the region in which the sun seems to human eyes to live.

Again, with respect to Olympus, we apprehend that Lachmann has misrepresented the poet of the *Iliad*. He says that Pallas returns not to Æthiopia, but to Olympus; but is it not the truth that over Olympus is the Homeric gate of heaven, and that Pallas, about to join the gods over Æthiopia, would most consistently be represented as ascending in the first instance from Troas to Olympus? When they descend from heaven it is from the portals above Olympus—

αὐτομάται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὠραι,  
τῆς ἐπιτέραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Ὀλυμπός τε,  
ἣ μὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἡδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.

—*Il.* v. 749, viii. 393-5.

Then, in the first instance, they find Zeus on Olympus itself, in seclusion; in the second, they are perceived by him from Ida. And thus, again, Hermeias, when he has executed his commission in the twenty-fourth book, re-ascends, not straight to the skies, but towards Olympus (xxiv. 694). The representation, therefore, in which Lachmann finds a proof of forgery, appears rather to be a proof of genuineness.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that Homer preserves, with respect to his celestial machinery, the kind and degree of poetical propriety which it requires—just as the painter in his transparent or golden distance has a liberty in the delineation of objects which modifies, yet does not by any means annul, the general rules by which he works. But, in truth, we department not to prove too much. relics of primeval tradition, of the and of the varied emanations of human all passion, cannot present a stric ing or to the spiritual eye of a



elements of good and evil struggling together in the religious system of the Homeric period, so we find that, intellectually, it in part emancipates deity from the restraining laws of the material creation, and in part leaves it subject to their control. This inequality of dealing, therefore, has its ground and justification in the state and era of human existence to which it belongs, and, controlled as it is by a just regard to poetical effect, it appears to afford by moral congruity an actual presumption of authenticity. It belongs to the life and soul, such as that life and soul could be, of the old mythology; by this infusion of terrestrial among celestial elements, it preserves in a lower form that community of feeling between the actual human and the supposed divine nature, which had been broken up and rendered impracticable, in its highest form, from the time when our first father ceased through sin to be the recipient of free and familiar communications from on high. But it seems to be the view of Mr. Lachmann that the early bards should have accounted for the movements of their deities at so many miles per hour, and made them, when they pretended to see farther than other people, liable to the rebuff which befel the governor of Tilbury Fort:—

‘The Spanish fleet thou canst not see—because  
It is not yet in sight.’

Happily for us, such were not the conditions under which old Mæonides drank at the Pierian spring, and became himself, as Ovid says, a fountain to refresh the thirst of the poets of all time—

‘a quo ceu fonte perenni  
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.’

But we now pass on, with Mr. Lachmann, to the Second Book; and we omit here and elsewhere to dwell on the rarely interpreted remarks in which he points out particular merits of the poem and of its arrangement, satisfying ourselves with a general expression of concurrence in this class of his criticisms.

The council of chiefs (ii. 53-86) he rejects for its intrinsic unworthiness. Strange, he says, that Agamemnon, ordered by Jupiter to fight, declares that he will propose to the Greeks to return home; but still, if he did so, and if the chiefs knew beforehand, *i.e.* from his declaration in the council, that this was his intention, why should Juno and Minerva be brought down to keep the army in the field? Secondly, he complains that Agamemnon does not give his reasons for his proposal, nor does Nestor for accepting it. Thirdly, that the line (v. 55)—

τοὺς ὄγε συγκαλέσας πυκίνην ἡρτύνετο βουλήν,

is so jejune and awkward (*wortarm und unbeholfen*). Fourthly, that

that the repetition of the message of Jupiter three times over (11-15, 28-32, 65-69) is intolerable.

Now the answers to these objections appear to us to be not less obvious than satisfactory. First, the Greeks are naturally daunted by the loss of the services of their great warrior; uncertainty is natural as to their disposition to take the field without him; a command from the supreme authority, once given, and rejected by the troops, would greatly aggravate the evil. They were not organised after the fashion of a modern standing army, but their force partook of the nature of a free political society: therefore Agamemnon proposes that he shall test their feelings before committing himself, and that if the result should be that the soldiers entertain favourably the idea of return, then the other chiefs shall argue against it. And it is remarkable that though the proposal of Agamemnon is to sail home, yet the balance of his speech is cast upon the whole the other way, for he reminds the assembly of the former promise of Jupiter in their favour (v. 112), of the disgrace of failure (119), of the inferiority of the Trojans in numbers (122-30), while the new command of Jupiter to go back is but enigmatically intimated (114), and the topic of absence from wives and children no more than slightly touched (136). Then why do the chiefs not act upon the plan projected, but leave the issue to supernatural agency? Apparently because of the electric effect which the proposal produced (142-54), baffling their calculations, so that they do not venture to counteract the movement, until Ulysses is encouraged to do so by the intervention of the friendly goddesses, one of whom, Pallas, we may observe, never errs or fails in what she undertakes. Next, why, we ask, should Agamemnon, or why should Nestor in the preliminary council, state his reasons, if the propositions were intelligible and suitable in themselves? The command was to be quick (*θωρήξαι πανσυδίη*, v. 66), and therefore dispatch was requisite in this preliminary meeting. Thirdly, the line 55 seems to suit its place, if it does not suit Mr. Lachmann, for it describes by a highly characteristic epithet, that so often applied to what is artful or ingenious, the indirect method which Agamemnon was about to propose. Lastly, as to the threefold repetition, it may be in excess; but the lines conveyed a meaning from which was to originate the action of nearly all the *Iliad*, and in the case of poems not written but recited, which we shall presume to have been beyond any reasonable doubt that of the *Iliad*, such repetition of cardinal passages had considerations of convenience to recommend it. But, at all events, when we advert to the habitual use of it in Homer (not to add, in the earliest books of Scripture), we treat it as a reasonable cause for the rejection of which it is found?



The *βουλή* which Lachmann thus excinds, is distinctly mentioned in two following places, vv. 143, 194. This with most men would have gone far to establish the genuineness of the passage in its main outlines; with this merciless critic it is only an occasion for subjecting the lines themselves, which are guilty of bearing witness in its favour, to the same fate. So, finding that v. 240 repeats verses 356 and 507 of book i., which he has already condemned, he brings that circumstance to sustain a case of suspicion against it and its near neighbours, 238-242. On proceedings like these the question arises, not how does he get rid of any part of the *Iliad*, but how does he leave any?

Next, he falls foul of the second speech attributed to Ulysses as that in which he addresses the common folk, and proposes to remove the following verses into the first, as being only appropriate to an expostulation with the chiefs (203-6).

οὐ μὲν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί.  
οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίῃ· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,  
εἷς βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω  
σκεπητρὸν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφισιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ.

On the contrary side it is to be remarked that the first speech is argumentative and hortatory; the second is in a peremptory tone. We object, therefore, to transferring these peremptory lines into the argumentative speech. But, secondly, they would be most inappropriate there on another ground. The common soldiery had usurped the function of Agamemnon; without waiting for debate or orderly decision they broke up in tumult. They were therefore endeavouring in their own way each to be king for himself, and it was most proper to remind them of this. But the chiefs had done nothing of the sort: their intention and desire was really the same as his: all that Ulysses wanted was to rouse them to active exertion. And more than this: if the lines could have any relevancy at all to his first speech, it would be as enjoining his brother-chiefs to concur in the expressed will of Agamemnon, the very thing which they had agreed with him not to do, and which Ulysses was persuading them to prevent. Such is the fashion after which old Homer is to be improved!

The next meal, which Mr. Lachmann's ravenous hunger demanded, was to be supplied by lines 278-332, where Ulysses, after the assembly is reconstituted, having Pallas at his side under the form of a herald, with admirable skill converts the main reason for return, their long detention abroad, into a ground for remaining (298)—

αἰσχρὸν τοι δῆρ' ὅν τε μένειν κενεὸν τε γέεσθαι.

Then, reminding them in detail of the prodigy and the prediction of Calchas

Calchas at Aulis respecting the duration of the siege, he concludes, amidst vehement applause, at verse 332, and is followed by Nestor.

In justification of this excision, Mr. Lachmann urges—

1. That to the speech of Ulysses, long as it is, no allusion is made in the subsequent speeches.
2. That it does not contain any reference to those who had prompted the tumultuary movement.
3. That the appearance of Pallas (v. 280) is only a feeble imitation of the fine passage at v. 446 in which she appears with the ægis.

In answer it may be stated—

1. There is a distinct allusion to the speech of Ulysses in the succeeding speech of Nestor. For having said (337) *παισιν εὐχόμενος ἀγοράσασθε νηπιόχοις*, he presently remarks, v. 341, *αὐτῶς γὰρ ῥ' ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαίνομεν*. Now, the speech of Agamemnon had recommended departure; that of Ulysses was at variance with it, and advised to remain; and there had been no other speech in the sense opposite to Agamemnon. Therefore, the speech of Ulysses is evidently required in order to satisfy the meaning of the words *ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαίνομεν*.

As to the second grand objection, it appears to us to tell in favour of the genuineness of the speech. What can be more suitable to the prudent and conciliatory character of Ulysses than to omit any reference to a dangerous frenzy caused by a fascinating recollection, which he had just overcome, but which the mere mention of it, while so recent, might possibly revive? But let this pass: we ask Mr. Lachmann whether the matter actually contained in the speech is pertinent and effective? If it be so, and we apprehend that it is eminently entitled to both epithets, then his objection, on his own showing, merely means that the speech should have been lengthened by the addition of other matter which he thinks would also have been useful; an inconsistency on his part; since the length of the speech as it now stands is part and parcel of his indictment.

As to the third objection, he shows no weakness or impropriety in the appearance of Pallas. She had prompted this great effort of Ulysses; was it not appropriate that she should remain by and encourage him until success was attained? No doubt the passage is less grand than that of the ægis at v. 446; but it precedes that loftier passage—it does not follow it; and, at any rate, it is incidental to the greatest works of man to be unequal; with the exception, perhaps, of those of Mr. Lachmann, whose criticisms we have several times been tempted to conceive are all pretty much upon a par.

His next proposal is to strike out the verses 265-77, in which Ulysses punishes Thersites. His reason is that ludicrous scenes

are



are in popular poetry readily exaggerated into rudeness ; so he thinks that the Ulysses of the original poem only rebuked Thersites, and that an imitator has introduced the blows. But it was not unsuitable to the heroic age for a king to thrash a scoundrel ; and the hearers of the Iliad must have felt their fingers itch at the recital of his insolence. Had the consummation of that scene been left out, with how much greater reason would some learned person have argued—' Here is a lame statement indeed : this rascal insults his betters, and is paid only in abuse again, at which he has evidently the upper hand !—Had the poet gone thus far, he must have gone farther—the passage is an abortive interpolated conception—so away with it, and with whatever refers to it.' Thus would have disappeared, by this time, the amusing episode of Thersites, had Mr. Lachmann been employed as compiler and editor by Pisistratus, and found that episode in the state in which he now proposes to leave it.

Next he says, the catalogue of the Greek forces is too important a piece to be obscured by the pompous similes which precede it. It is a separate (the second) *lied* or lay, of which the position is arbitrary, though of necessity it must be among those which belong to the theme of the resentment of Achilles. On the other hand the catalogue of the Trojans is a mere imitation, and the introduction to it is too bald.

Now we submit that the Greek catalogue is very fitly introduced by the fervid similes which Homer has prefixed to it. It was in itself a subject both difficult and dull ; he has given it dignity and interest, has shed a borrowed light over it by these figures, and by the beautiful invocation of the Muses. And its position is anything but arbitrary. To a reader, and much more to a hearer, the multiplicity of figures moving in the Iliad would have been most perplexing, had he not been supplied very early in the narration, by the Catalogue, with a key to their arrangement. And for this the poet has provided a *rationale* in the subject matter, by connecting it with new arrangements as to the discipline of the army, and the responsibility of each chieftain for his men ; arrangements which are appropriately introduced at a time when the army, hitherto accustomed (see B. ii. 362-6) to rely upon Achilles, is about to learn to rely upon its own resources, and to make up for a loss of its very highest prowess by a more methodical discipline.

But for the fastidious taste of Mr. Lachmann, as the introduction to the muster-roll of the Greeks is too ornate, so that provided for the Trojans is too naked. Does not the poet, however, observe all the laws of his position, both as a Greek and as a bard, when he tempers and subdues the character of the Trojan Catalogue?

First

First because he was a Greek (though, as we assume, a Greek of Asia), and he shows his nationality in every part of the poem. Secondly, because the Greek armament was greater and more imposing. Thirdly, because many of the Greek leaders were both mighty in war and of marked character, whereas Hector is almost the only Trojan chief who leaves us anything to remember. Lastly, because the historical value of the Catalogue was a value chiefly for Greeks—their ancestry would naturally have been represented there by a more careful and elaborate delineation. For all these reasons the Greek Catalogue demanded more both of embellishment and of detail.

We proceed to rescue what we can of the third book from the merciless fangs of Mr. Lachmann.

The first fourteen verses he rejects because, as he says, 'the tone changes after them.' Such criticism, condescending to no argument or statement of particulars, defies examination. The verses contain an eminently characteristic description of the march of the two armies to action: the one under Asiatic excitement, the other in silence and stern European resolution. Few passages have been more admired, or oftener imitated. If the complaint be that from his grand broad contrast of the advancing hosts, the poet passes to minute features in the aspect and bearing of individuals—and if Homer had anticipated that purblind censure—could he have disarmed it more effectually than by the very terms of his transition—

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες—?

However, with his appetite whetted by this morsel, Mr. Lachmann proceeds to say that the third *lied* does not go beyond the third book; but that out of the 401 verses which the book contains, he cannot allow more than 170 to stand; and first, that Helen is to be struck out, next Priam.

The former, because in iii. 379–82, Alexandros or Paris is rescued from Menelaus by Venus, carried off in a cloud, and deposited at home in his chamber; and in 449–54, Menelaus searches for him in vain on the field of battle. And yet, in violation, says he, of our sense of symmetry and consistency, we hear of him again in the 66 verses, 383–448—a sure sign of a spurious hand.—Is Mr. Lachmann in jest? Of the contemptible character of Paris the less we hear the better, here or elsewhere, beyond what is necessary to fill the poetic picture; but what can convey a more graphic view of two personages far from unimportant surely to the narrative, Paris and Helen, than the passage of which we are thus to be robbed? It was needful, or at the least natural, in some part of the poem to show us something of their conjugal relation. To show us something of their conjugal relation, all space, he has given



us in one scene, where Helen appears with Venus, and in another where she is with Paris, an admirable view of the mixed character of the Laconian princess, and of the unmixt cowardice and base voluptuousness of the adulterer, who, having been chosen for once to fight the battle of his country against the foes he had drawn upon her, and having ignominiously failed, returns that instant like a dog to his vomit, void alike of virtue and of shame.

Next the shears are applied to the *τειχοσκοπία*, that singularly beautiful and living scene at the Scæan gates, in which Helen joins Priam, Antenor, and the other elders assembled there, and points out, in answer to the inquiries of Priam, the stately Agamemnon (167, 178), the profound Ulysses (200), the huge Ajax (229), the godlike Idomeneus (230). The beauties of this passage are many. The departure of Helen from her palace (139-42) is highly graceful; the courtesy of her intercourse with Priam, her contrition and his gentleness, are painted with a touch the most exquisite and happy: Antenor, observing and recollecting the persons of Ulysses and Menelaus, describes them, and Ulysses particularly, in some of the grandest verses of the whole Iliad; but Mr. Lachmann, though in this instance concluding less absolutely, thinks they ought to disappear—and the arrangement of his reasons is singular. He notices the anomaly involved in these questions of Priam respecting the personal appearance of the Greek chiefs when they had reached the tenth year of the siege, but adds, that the poet might have committed this oversight as well as an interpolator. He assigns more weight to the observation that, after having pointed out Ajax, Helen without any new question goes on to show Idomeneus, and that the three lines introducing these replies of Helen (171, 199, 223) do not run in the same terms, but have a variation which he terms childish! Having so ragged a regiment of reasons, it is indeed a pity that he should not place the presentable men in the front rank. But be it as he wishes. First, then, this variation, without being of any great note or merit, is surely very usual with Homer in a lengthened dialogue, and tends to relieve it, nor is any reason stated for the censure of childishness. Secondly, Helen passes on to Idomeneus, after having described Ajax by calling him (*πελώριος*) gigantic; beyond what his appearance told there was nothing to be said about him; and a very natural reason for her indicating Idomeneus in particular is actually and immediately supplied by the poet in 232, 3, namely—

πολλάκι μιν ξείνισσεν ἀρρήφιδος Μενέλαος  
οἴκῳ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ, ὅποτε Κρήτηθεν ἴκοιτο.

With respect to the objection drawn from the late date  
wl

which Priam here appears as still a stranger to the persons of the Greek chiefs, we are inclined at least to dwell on it more seriously than Mr. Lachmann, in whose eyes perhaps it has lost all charms, from the fact that it is an old objection, and therefore, to give it countenance is in some sense to favour established tradition. We cannot profess satisfaction with the whole of Heyne's reply to it (in *loco*)—‘*Nondum ante hunc diem tam prope ad urbem accessisse Achivos necesse est, et prospectum esse debuisse a muro liberum, ut Priamus singulorum ora discerneret.*’ We do not venture to give any weight to the consideration which is apt to suggest itself, that the vision of Priam, less perfect at his age, might require to be refreshed by the aid which Helen affords, because his ocular observation of Ulysses in particular (191-3) seems to be sufficiently close. But surely the poet himself has supplied a better reason than that given by Heyne: namely, in vv. 130-5, when he makes Priam say that formerly the battle used to rage keenly on the plain (that is, not at a distance from, but simply outside the city), but that at that juncture a truce had been agreed upon, and the weapons of the warriors laid by; since the inhabitants of the city not bearing arms, would have been exposed to danger had they shown themselves at the gates or on the walls, except on the opportunity which the truce afforded. It was not then that the Greek army had now come nearer than before, so as to be within distance for ocular view; but that the danger attending such view had for the moment ceased. It appears, indeed, that from another cause—namely, the presence of Achilles (see V. 788 and IX. 352)—the Greeks had theretofore been usually close to the walls, and to this, together with the truce, we should refer for the explanation of the seeming anomaly of the passage. Yet, were there no explanation at hand, were we driven to say, on the one hand, here is an inconsistency and an impropriety of fact—in short, *dormitat Homerus*—or on the other to suppose a *frustum* of the poem presenting so much beauty, and, in particular, containing that noble description of Ulysses, to be the work of a servile counterfeiting hand—our choice is made; we prefer the mechanical to the poetical and moral anomaly.

But Mr. Lachmann has not yet done with this unfortunate *lied*, and now makes his fierce onslaught on the ὄρκια:—

‘For what purpose is Priam fetched? In order that he may slay the truce-offering: ὄφρα ὄρκια τάμνη αὐτός, as it is expressed v. 105. That, however, he does not do; but Agamemnon, 273, ἀρνῶν ἐκ κεφαλῇ  
 Δι  
 βρ  
 στομάχους ἀρνῶν τάμε νηλεῖ χαλκῷ.  
 ‘lamb’s? Only one lamb was  
 ἴσομεν ἄλλον; 119, ἡδ’ ἀρνὶ  
 ἐκέλευεν



ἐκέλευεν οἰσέμεναι; for the Trojans, on the contrary, two; 102, οἴσετε ὃ ἄρν', ἕτερον λευκόν, ἑτέρον δὲ μέλαιναν; 117, ἄρνας τε φέρειν, Πριάμῳ τε κάλεσσαι; 246, ἄρνε δύνω καὶ οἶνον εὐφρονα; and these two lambs Priam takes back with him; 310, ἢ ῥα καὶ ἐς διφρὸν ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φῶς, slaughtered, as the commentators take it. All this is an execrable self-contradictory relation, which cannot be mended by learned explanations.

'If, on the other hand, I leave out all about Priam, then the whole is beautifully consistent. Only the story alters in one not unimportant (*unwesentlichen*) point: the treaty-sacrifice is not offered before the single combat, but this is made to happen after one of the two shall have conquered.'—*Sect. vi. p. 165.*

In justification of which change he quotes the speech of Paris, v. 71-5, and that of Hector, 90-4, in which it is proposed that the winner shall become the undisputed possessor of Helen, and of the property carried off with her; and adds, prospectively:

οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν—

—a reference which, if it be good for anything, establishes a new and gross inconsistency in the text as it stands, for the actual sacrifice of the lambs, which Mr. Lachmann assumes to be meant, now precedes the duel instead of following it.

To the first objection, that Priam does not slay the lambs, but Agamemnon, it may be answered—

1. That ὄρκια τάμνειν does not mean actually to slay the lambs; it is a phrase well understood, and in a different sense, namely, as the contraction of a solemn engagement by adjuration, and with the seal of animal sacrifice. In this, of course, others may take part besides the person who actually slays; and they may, therefore, be said ὄρκια τάμνειν. 2. It is entirely consistent with the tenour of the first proposal by Menelaus, and is clearly shown by the nature of the case, that the ceremony is not to consist of separate simultaneous acts, but of a joint and common act, identifying, as it were, the two parties for its own purposes. 3. The meaning of the request that Priam may come himself is made clear, and but for Mr. Lachmann, we should have said clear beyond the possibility of mistake, by what follows, 105, 6:—

ἄξετε δὲ Πριάμοιο βίην, ὅφρ' ὄρκια τάμνη

αὐτὸς, ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἄπιστοι—κ. τ. λ.

that is in paraphrase, 'you shall bring hither the mighty Priam to represent the Trojans in the ceremonial, for his sons are not to be trusted; and we can only repose confidence in the aged sovereign himself.' It has nothing whatever to do with the idea of his slaughtering the lambs by his own hand.

Mr. Lachmann seems to have been misled by the literal meaning of τάμνειν; but he should have seen that when joined with

with *ῥεκία* it could not have that meaning; he should have observed the very line which he quotes for another purpose, *οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλοτῆτα καὶ ῥεκία πιστὰ ταμόντες*, v. 74, and asked himself the meaning of *τάμνειν φιλότῆτα*, for certainly cutting a friendship is a very odd mode of contracting one.

If then the nature of the ceremonial rendered it appropriate that the animals brought for sacrifice by both sides should be slain by the representative of one, why should not that one be Agamemnon? He was the representative of the greater power, and of the party alleging injury. But we will not be made responsible for finding the positive cause of his performing this function; it is enough to confute the argument against the text, by showing that there is no apparent unreasonableness, and that the pretended contradiction does not exist. That Priam took personal part in the ceremonial is shown by 270—

*ἀταρ βασιλεῦσιν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχεναν* :—

and it seems to be further implied in the verses 295, 6, where from relating in the singular what Agamemnon had done, the narrative at once changes to the plural—

*οἶνον δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφυσσάμενοι δεπέσσειν  
ἔκχεον, ἦ δ' εὐχοντο θεοῖς αἰεγενέτησιν*

Priam's taking home the lamb slaughtered is mentioned by Mr. Lachmann with apparent reprobation; but he does not state his grounds. To our view, the fact is an extremely curious and suggestive one, that sacrifices in general should have been consumed in connexion with the ceremony; but that these, being offered by way of sealing an oath, and with invocation of the infernal gods as executors of the penalties upon perjury, should not have been thus consumed, but taken away untouched.

Passing by the contemptuous epithets which the Essayist bestows upon this interesting and perfectly consistent passage, we come to his self-laudatory observations upon his dwarfed and mutilated sketch of it. It is now, says he, all of it consistent. Not very remarkable that he should be able to urge that, after he has removed only two-thirds of the whole, the facts no longer jostle one another—even if it were true; but unfortunately it is untrue. The facts as they stand are orderly; he introduces confusion by interpreting the *ῥεκία* in vv. 74, 94, which were to follow the single combat, as being the same with those which are described in the passage he exterminates. We do not understand his excuse for this error. For the expression in verses 74, 94, is not *ῥεκία* alone, but *ῥεκία καὶ φιλότῆτα*, a very proper expression for the treaty and friendship which it is proposed to establish between the two nations, after the quarrel shall have been settled  
between



between Paris and Menelaus—but a very absurd one to apply to an engagement which implied only a temporary suspension and no amity at all: amity, it is plain, only could commence after the subject matter in dispute, namely, Helen and the property, had been disposed of one way or the other—and consequently the invocation of Agamemnon, which attends the offering, distinctly refers to the contingency of renewed war 288—91.

Mr. Lachmann now proceeds to the fourth *lied* and book: and observes that as the ὄρκια are gone, the δρκίων σύγχυσις cannot be a continuation thereof. Next (1) book iv. 159, mentions with the σπονδαί, the δέξεται αἶς ἐπέπιθμεν, of which we have nothing in book iii. Then (2) in book iii. ὑπερ ὄρκια δηλήσασθαι, but in book iv. Διὸς ὄρκια δηλήσασθαι and ὑπὲρ ὄρκια πημῆναι. Also (3) book iv. clearly presupposes the ceremonial to have already taken place in book iii.; therefore, either some genuine part of book iii. has been lost, which supplied the place we have made vacant, or more probably another entire *lied*! So much for the wretched hundred and seventy lines of B. iii., which really seemed to have slipped through his fingers. As to the fourth book, however, he seems to spare it in the main, but will have it end at v. 421. Now let us hear defendant's counsel.

The force of the two first criticisms, whatever it may be, is reflected on the third book; but surely it is infinitesimal. The allusive introduction of the δέξεται in the fourth shows that the hand had been used in the ceremonial; but in the absence of other and far weightier objections, can never raise the inference of spuriousness in the main recital. It might be naturally explained as showing that the function of the hand here intended, whatever it was, did not constitute an essential or a very prominent part of the rite. But let us look more closely into the passage. In IV. 158, 9, we have four parts of the ceremony mentioned: 1. the oath, or adjuration—so we should here render ὄρκιον; 2. the sacrifice of blood; 3. the libations; 4. the δέξεται. Now Mr. Lachmann would not dispute that we find all except the last in book iii. But what right has he to exclude the last? The expression in ver. 275 is—

τοῖσιν δ' Ἀτρείδης μεγάλ' εὐχέτο χεῖρας ἀνασχών.

Why may not this be intended by the δέξεται, and the right hand chosen as the more prominent in the action? It must not be objected that these are only the hands of Agamemnon: for in v. 296, we have εὐχόντο in the plural at a later part of the ceremony, and the presumption therefore is, that the representatives of both parties lifted up their hands. So that even here the accuracy of old Homer appears to vindicate itself.

As to the next objection, we really must not argue adversely to  
to

to the third book, from finding a different construction of the word *ῥοκία* with *δηλώσασθαι*, unless it can be shown, which is not attempted, that precedents for such varieties are wanting, or that there is something essentially faulty in the one which is selected for impeachment.

But we may here conveniently introduce an observation of larger scope. Not only do we find in Mr. Lachmann innumerable and almost unrelieved errors of triviality, carelessness, and positive blunders in detail; but the whole course of his judgment seems to be thoroughly perverted. Having offered some flimsy, ill-jointed criticism, which cannot carry its own insignificant weight, he will presently proceed to lay upon it the weight of the most sweeping ulterior conclusions one after another. He sets up his idol: and then requires every one to bow down before it. From not even chaos, but pure nullity and vacuity, he argues out consequences as if he were deducing from the axioms of geometry. Thus having upon grounds not trifling only, but false, struck out the *ῥοκία* from the third book, and then finding that they are presupposed by the fourth book, this never occurs to him as a cause for suspecting that the rejected section is authentic, but simply as a plea for further devastation. He is not led thereby to look with more semblance of care into his own arguments, and to counterbalance critical self-love and rapacity by a little self-suspicion; but his creative brain forthwith announces that another genuine piece must have existed, and have been lost. But here there seems to have come over him a lurking consciousness that the parts of book iii. which he has ruthlessly torn asunder, are in truth closely dove-tailed into one another, and could not easily have parted; here again there was an occasion which would have led a man of sober judgment again to question himself—and it is in this way that such men are saved from the consequences of their own casual blunders; but it is not so with Mr. Lachmann: like a reckless speculator in mines or shares of stock, he rises superior to vulgar considerations, and meets this new demand upon the strength of his starveling and rickety hypothesis by another draft upon the boundless stores of 'unfathomed possibility':—not a portion of a book only, but probably a whole book was lost, and that which now stands marked Γ was palmed in its stead upon a credulous world, until that I Lachmann arose—to stab and to mangle the sire and standard-bearer of the poets of all time.

Mr. Lachmann now proceeds to the fifth lay, of which he gives the commencement at Il. iv. 422; and here he discovers that we might at once pass to this from ii. 483, or 780, or 785. There is indeed at iv. 207 a most distinct allusion to a transaction which we should thus

ing of Menelaus; but  
this



this allusion occurs in a *very long* speech of Pandarus—so long that it cannot all be supposed genuine—it may therefore be set aside. Moreover, the second book (ver. 14) mentioned the interposition of Juno for the Greeks, and book V. 832 mentions a promise of Mars or Ares to her and Pallas that he would assist the Greeks. Our critic appears to leave it to be inferred, that all between ii. 785 (at the latest) and iv. 422 is spurious. Even he, however, has shrunk from stating this proposition on these grounds, and thus far surely he did well, for so to state is to refute it.

But he now proceeds to inquire gravely, whether the fifth lay *may* be the production of the same poet as the second, notwithstanding the difficulties that he pathetically enumerates in the way of that conclusion. For instance, in B. II. 446, Pallas passes among the Greek troops ἀγιδ' ἔχουσα, probably in the hand; but when she arms in V. 733 *seqq.* to mount the chariot with Juno, she slings it over her shoulder; if the reader be incredulous, he may satisfy himself by reference to Mr. Lachmann's ninth Section that these circumstances, of such minute and peculiar propriety—for in the one case she was passing through the ranks on the field of battle, but in the other she is about to mount her chariot only to carry her thither—are seriously proposed by him as raising doubts of the identity of authorship. Let us, however, hear him out. He does not know whether the arming of the goddesses, V. 711—92 and that of VIII. 350, can both be genuine—a narrow question which we will not waste words in discussing. A passage of considerable length is repeated, without, as we think, either much reason or much offence. To proceed then: lastly, he observes, that the beginning or first line of B. VI. must belong to the same *lied* as the end of B. V.—that is with him still the fifth: but this does not unsettle the credit of a single line or word of Homer:—it only shows that those who compiled the poem had a difficulty in making a division of books from the close connexion in the matter. However, the fifth *lied*, so defined, he does not trouble with the knife, but leaves it to the mercies of the future—only damaging it by general imputations of interpolation, and by the inquiry we have noticed above.

A new lay, *his* sixth, he reckons from B. vi. 2, or vi. 5. Here, contrary to his wont, he finds a probable connexion between two of the books now standing next to one another, and this lay only ends at B. vii. 312. It is gratifying after what we have recorded to learn that the interview of Hector and Andromache is, in some sense, to be preserved to us—at least until the world shall become yet a little more enlightened. But of course Lachmann cannot think of admitting this to belong to the same serie

the former lays, and as usual, for reasons of the feeblest order; these namely, 1. that the relation of the single combat between Hector and Ajax in B. vii. has no reference to that of Paris and Menelaus in B. iii.; 2. and particularly, that Andromache says the foes have thrice advanced towards the city as far as the wild fig-tree, whereas there is no account previously given of their having done so. Thus, according to the canons of Mr. Lachmann, if either an incident which has been duly related in its order is not afterwards mentioned in a particular passage which he thinks admits of (he does not pretend or argue that it requires) such mention—or if an incident which has not been related in the narrative is subsequently mentioned by way of allusion—either way alike a presumption of spuriousness arises; and with him such presumptions are always demonstrations. But first, *why* should the combat of Paris and Menelaus be made the subject of mention in that between Hector and Ajax? They are not *in pari materiâ*: the first was an issue upon which both parties solemnly agreed to stake the whole fortune of the war; the second, although Hector is emboldened to give the challenge by a communication from Helenus that his fatal day has not arrived, is a contest between the two stoutest warriors of the respective parties, and is to tell simply for what it is worth upon the general course of the contest. But further, such a reference could not easily have been made with poetical propriety, for it would have been unnatural or difficult for Hector to make a speech about the unmixed disgrace of his brother, or for Ajax, whose logical and rhetorical powers lay wholly in his sinews, to make any harangue of such an order at all.

The second objection is, if possible, yet more flimsy. Andromache does not say that she refers to Greek approaches which had taken place on that day; it must, however, be allowed, that a fair presumption arises to that effect, from her not naming Achilles among the chiefs who led on the troops. Supposing then such to be her meaning, it may be remarked, that there is no evidence direct or indirect against the belief that this threefold onset had occurred. For the battle had been extremely fierce, iv. 539—44, and evidently protracted with much diversity of fortune and movement. In v. 37, we learn that the Greeks bore down the Trojans. But in v. 497 they rally; in 600 Diomed retreats; in 626 Ajax; and in 701 the whole Greek army. Again, after the withdrawal of Ares, Ajax first broke the Trojan line, vi. 5, and vi. 40 there was a general flight towards the city—

αὐτῷ μὲν ἐβήτην  
Ἰπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι φοβεόντο.

and say that the words of Andromache  
are



are in very precise correspondence with the description of the battle. She does *not* say the foe has advanced thrice as far as the wild fig-tree, but thrice (τῆγε) towards or in the direction of it; and the three advances of the Greeks we have enumerated. Again, therefore, the examination which Lachmann provokes not only fails to sustain his proposition, but supplies new evidence of the coherency of the poem.

Passing on to what follows vii. 312—in spite of three distinct marks of relationship and sequence enumerated by himself, Mr. Lachmann repudiates this portion of the book (ver. 313 to the end, and likewise book viii. 1—252) upon the following grounds: crowd and confusion of incidents, repetition, want of unity; besides the more determinate objections, that the arrangement of time cannot be clearly made out, and that the Greek entrenchment and fortification are done within twenty hours. We shall first consider these latter imputations.

As to the time—the text really presents no difficulty. It is early morning, vii. 381, when Idæus goes on his errand to the Greeks. He returns with their answer adopted by acclamation, and immediately they prepare to collect the dead and fetch wood for a pyre. It was now no longer the rosy-fingered morn, or very first blush of day while the sun is yet under the horizon; but the sun had begun to strike the fields with his rays, οὐρανὸν εἰσανιών. The corpses are washed, the wood brought, the pile lighted; the Trojans and Greeks respectively return home. Then we learn, that after all this the Greeks assemble to raise a *τυμβος*, or mound, at a time thus marked (433)—

ἦμος δ' ἔτ' ἄρ' πω ἡώς, ἔτι δ' ἀμφιλόκη νύξ.

Mr. Lachmann asks, by a note of interrogation, whether this means the morning next to that in v. 381. It is not a subject for doubt at all. The former day has been well filled by the employments assigned to it; and as to the grammar, it is plain that *ἡώς* without any epithet—as we shall presently have occasion again to remark—conveys, both here and in some other places of Homer, the idea which in Virgil is the basis of the passage—

'Postera cum primâ lustrabat lampade terras  
Aurora'—

and the literal translation of the verse 433 is, 'when the next day had not yet dawned, but it was still twilight.' Again in vii. 476, the Greeks feasted *παννύχιοι*. They then went to rest (482). Yet they had their *δεῖπνον* (viii. 53); they armed thereafter, and went out to battle, and were fighting some time before *ἡώς* (viii. 66) had expired. This is intelligible enough. The banquet lasted during good part of the night, or even till

daybreak; then they slept, perhaps till sunrise; they then eat before going to battle, but they eat *ρίμφα*, rapidly or hurriedly (xxiv. 799, *ρίμφα δὲ σῆμ' ἔχεν*), and Mr. Lachmann utterly misrepresents the case by omitting both this adverb and also the notice of their having slept; by which means he, not Homer, comes to state what is unequivocally absurd, namely, that they banqueted all night through and then breakfasted. It is plain that *παννύχιοι* does not necessarily mean *all night*, 'die ganze Nacht durch,' for in Il. x. 159, Nestor asks Diomed *τί πάννυχον ὕπνον ἄωτ' εἶς*, when he awakens that chieftain in the second watch of the night for the *Δολώνεια*. Now these are the only semblances of difficulty with respect to the time of this part of the poem, and the critic who can dwell upon them will contrive to stumble on a ball-room floor.

With respect to the completion of the Grecian fortification in one long day, we are less surprised that it should attract animadversion, great as was the power of labour which they could apply. At the same time it presents to us no shocking improbability. The walls, we presume, were little more than mounds of earth,\* and moreover were very low: we find no use of engines to overthrow or of scaling-ladders to surmount them: the *πύργοι* were probably elevations here and there distributed for view, and for archery: stones were at hand in abundance, as we know from a later passage of the poem (B. xiv. 410), where we learn that they were employed as stays or rests for the ships:† lastly, of wood they had just been obtaining supplies from the hills, which would probably furnish materials for the palisades; the gates, as even the use of the laudatory epithet *εὖ ἀραρυῖαι* helps to show, were of a very rude and simple construction, being in fact without hinges or lintel, and secured by cross-beams; and the excavation of the trench would be of itself the construction of the *τειχος*, if we venture to dissent from Heyne on viii. 213, and to suppose that the wall and ditch were together: at any rate it would supply the material. The passage, vii. 461-3, appears to support the idea that the materials were (so to speak) *soluble*, even if general considerations did not suggest it. On the whole, therefore, we by no means allow that any just suspicion against this part of the text arises from the shortness of the time allowed for the erection. In Nehemiah iv. 2, when the Jews are actively engaged in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, Sanballat asks, 'What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will

\* strongly marked in the passages xii. 467, and xiii. 50, 87, 680

† in the wall see xii. 29, 36, together with logs of wood,



they make an end in a day?'—as if the building a wall in a day were some great though not impossible exploit, only to be accomplished by means of a vast host, such as the Greeks employed in it. But suppose it impossible; still it does not follow that it was beyond human power in such a degree as to render the fiction an illegitimate one—since on this and on all occasions it is to be remembered, that the question is not whether we are to regard this action and the time allowed for it as historical, but whether it departs from the character of history in such a way as to violate poetical probability and as plainly to become an unfit vehicle for conveying a compliment to the countrymen of the mass of the Poet's hearers.

The charge of confusion depends on, and has fallen away with, that relating to the order of time. As to crowd, the incidents are certainly more multiplied than usual; but in the epic picture, the objects and figures must of necessity be here more rarely, and there more densely grouped.

With regard to the want of unity, we think it a little hard that Mr. Lachmann should marry against their will the end of one book and the beginning of the next, now divided from it, and should then urge the absence of any special relation of the one to the other as among the reasons for proscribing both. Doubtless the several portions of the poem should be in some sense wholes; but by arbitrary and injudicious division the most carefully arranged epic may be made to bear false witness against itself. The fair question is, not whether the four or five hundred lines, which Mr. Lachmann chooses to put like so many culprits into a dock together, have a collective unity of their own, but whether they are made up of portions forming subordinate integers, and each having its due and special relation to the narrative at large.

Now we assert distinctly that the seventh book from v. 313 has an unity of its own, and one, too, that is duly related to the main subject. It relates the twofold process of the cremation, and the erection of defensive works. They are connected together by the truce which affords the opportunity for both; and are introduced together in the speech of Nestor, vii. 327. The first is an interesting part of the operations of a war, which an epic bard might with the greatest fitness appropriate, particularly, as here, after a sharp and prolonged action. The second is most naturally suggested by the loss of Achilles and the consequent impression, strengthened through experience, that the Trojans are become a match for their foes in fight, and that it is wise to prepare against the reverses with which war abounds. Further, this formation of the entrenchments is so deeply embedded

bedded and riveted in the poem by references, that even Mr. Lachmann cannot eliminate it; and he is therefore obliged to suppose that the present account stands in the place of a genuine one which has been lost. The necessity of setting aside so many presumptive evidences in favour of the work as it now stands would have made another critic hesitate—but with this bold man nothing seems so much to recommend one devastating supposition as the proof that it requires another for its supplement; and he loads his crazy theories like a Neapolitan gig on a *festa*.

Nor is the force of our remarks diminished if we admit that this portion of the seventh book appears to have possible reference to some tradition on the subject of this fortification, and that, at any rate, the indignation of Poseidon or Neptune, and the advice of Jupiter, that he should content himself with flooding, and so effacing it, when the Greeks had departed, are artfully introduced by the poet to flatter his countrymen. For he thus represents them as able to raise in the shortest time a work which should rival the god-built walls of Troy; and lest the sceptical should ask, 'Where then are the remains and proofs of the existence of this solid structure?' he provides by anticipation the reply; Neptune's jealousy was awakened, and, by his predestined agency, they have been annihilated.\*

Lastly, with regard to book viii. 1-252, it consists (1) of the proclamation by Jupiter against interference, and of a part (it having pleased Mr. Lachmann to cut off the rest, as belonging to a new *lied*) of another battle, and of the signs from Jupiter favourable chiefly to the Trojans. All this is strictly pertinent to the great subject of the poem, the wrath of Achilles, and its pernicious consequences, through the influence of Thetis with Jupiter, upon the Greeks; indeed it is part of the very instrumentality through which that wrath is made effective against them.

In spite, therefore, of Mr. Lachmann's here calling Hermann to his aid, and condemning this part of the Iliad as 'a notable example of the most wretched style of counterfeit,' we presume to urge that he has established nothing whatever against it; that, though not a peculiarly grand, it is an extremely curious portion of the Iliad, instructive upon many points; and that we may justifiably continue to cherish a tranquil faith in its general, we do not, of course, venture to say its universal, authenticity.

Finally, it rates several points in which the conclusion is supported by the part he thinks the seventh lay, namely, the correspondences, he

\* Strabo,  
changes in

ocles as reporting physical  
use κύμα.



appeals to the good taste (*gebildete Gefühl*) of his readers to support *him*. Without disputing that such a faculty may be properly brought into exercise, though surely with less fearful sweep, we are sceptical as to Mr. Lachmann's right to resort to that tribunal after he has himself ejected from the *Iliad*, upon grounds the most pettifogging, passages of the highest grace and grandeur, without wasting a thought upon the question whether poets capable of producing such passages frequently arise, or whether such poets are apt to addict themselves to merely patching up and interpolating the works of others?

The remainder of the eighth book, from v. 484, appears to be rejected on the preposterous and self-shaming plea that the return of the Trojans homewards is not mentioned until five lines after the setting of the sun (485, 9).

And now we proceed to the eighth lay of Mr. Lachmann, book ix., the mission to Achilles, which he forthwith brands as the work of an imitator. His objections are—first, that Agamemnon in proposing to the Greeks to return home uses exactly the same words as in ii. 110. We reply, (1) exactly as he has himself replied, this is much in the Homeric manner, and looks like genuineness; (2) it is hard that Mr. Lachmann should find fault with it, as he has already condemned a portion of the third book partly on the very ground that it did vary the formula which introduced several speeches of Helen. Secondly, he thinks the reference by Diomed, ix. 34, to Agamemnon's reproach in iv. 370 is mean. We reply that the exchange of personal reproaches is common in Homer, and is allowed in b. i. by Mr. Lachmann himself without objection; and that among such passages this is particularly apposite, as it is made to introduce a speech in which Diomed urges perseverance in the war against the advice to retreat given by the very person who had rebuked him for cowardice. Lastly (ix. 349), the wall which was built in the condemned section of b. vii. is mentioned here, as it is indeed in many other places. With the objection to that section the force of this remark, such as it is, falls to the ground. But here, as in many other instances, we are surprised not only at the objective, but at the subjective slightness of the considerations for which Mr. Lachmann mows off large slices of the *Iliad*. The question arises not only how he could have so misconstrued this or that, but how, granting his misconstruction in full, he could have dreamt it had breadth enough to make space for the enormous conclusions which he ties to its tail. For example, in this case, after having recited the small particulars which have been named, he proceeds—

‘All this appears to me to have the aspect of a later imitation, which  
also

also contrives the arrangement of the incidents in a methodical succession.'

Or, to translate his acts into language, 'Here is a discrepancy; therefore the imitator appears from his carelessness. Here is consistency; therefore he is betrayed by his care.' Judge Jefferies among the people of the west did no whit excel our hot-headed critic either in slovenliness to examine or in greediness to condemn.

We come now to the tenth book, the *Δολώνεια*, or ninth *lied* of Mr. Lachmann; and here the morbid action of his faculties becomes more intense, his appetite for carnage having grown with what it has fed upon. He objects as follows:—

1. Sunrise is described as taking place at xi. 1. Yet it is described as already near at x. 251, before the expedition of espial, and in x. 578 the two heroes sit down to their morning meal.—And why not? It is true that at x. 251 morning is described as near; but that expression is distinctly explained in 252-4:—

ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἀνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἥως.  
ἄστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε· παρώχῃκεν δὲ πλέων νύξ  
τῶν δὴ μοιραῶν, τριτάτῃ δ' ἐτι μοῖρα λείπεται.

One-third of the whole night still remained. And this explanation escaped the vigilant eye of Mr. Lachmann; although, with superhuman simplicity, he observes (Sect. xv.) that 'investigations like these cannot be carried on at all times according to pleasure, but only in our best hours.' But further, although the heroes ate their morning meal in the tenth book, it is not, he alleges, morning until the eleventh. Perhaps they thought that after their morning's work they deserved their morning's meal. They had been awakened in the middle of the night—they had effected an expedition of some labour and much anxiety: nothing could be more natural, by way of preparation for the labours of the day, than that they should refresh themselves, dawn being at hand, with the bath (576, 7) and with food (578, 9). When we find Mr. Lachmann raising such difficulties as these, the first feeling may be one of impatience, but the second is one of thankfulness; for surely he might have founded as good objections upon any and every line of the *Iliad*; and what would have been the predicament of the Berlin Academy—what would have been our predicament—if he had thus given full scope to his genius? or if his worst hours as well as his best had been equal to hatching these deformed conceptions?

2. He points out that the Trojans pass the night on an open part of the ground near the river, and the Greek chiefs in an open part near but outside the trench. He does not state the nature



nature of his objection, nor offer any premium for divining it. We, therefore, shall only observe that the poem is careful and consistent in its representation. The Greek chiefs pass outside the trench, to determine what effort they can best make to ascertain the intentions of the enemy, or to inflict injury upon him. There they wait, to receive the first intelligence from their emissaries, or to afford them facilities in case of need; and there they welcome the warriors on their return.

3. Mr. Lachmann thinks that we ought not to have had both the *Πρέσβεια* and the *Δολώνεια* in the same night. He does not say we could not—that is, that the order of time is disregarded, or any division of it overcharged; and, therefore, waiving any inquiry of that kind, we shall only say, on the arrangement itself, it is one which Homer probably would not have made had he composed his poem with a knowledge that he would one day, after being admired for three thousand years, fall into the hands of Mr. Lachmann; one which a poet would not have made, living in an age that preferred waxwork to statuary, and of which the critical predominated over the inventive and constructive spirit; one which a poet might perhaps have been careful to avoid, whose energies were drawn off from the mightier matters of his sublime art to the scrupulous adjustment of small questions of detail; but which it is surely extravagant to treat as a proof that the *Δολώνεια* did not proceed from that free and flowing soul to which the world has ascribed, still ascribes, and yet will ascribe, the *Iliad*.

4. So with his last objection, that it shows great poverty to make Ulysses play a part in both these episodes. It shows, we say, that the poet, when he had got propriety, thought little about formality as distinct therefrom. The two episodes were connected in themselves; it was altogether in keeping that the Greeks, having failed in inducing Achilles to do something for them, should there and then try what they could do for themselves. So again, the character of Ulysses as naturally connected him with both: with the first, on account of his persuasive powers; with the second, on account of his subtlety and resource in action; or, as Diomed phrases it,

*ἐπεὶ περὶ οἷδε νοῆσαι*.—x. 247.

So far is Mr. Lachmann, however, from being right in his argument against the *Δολώνεια* from the participation of Ulysses in the *Πρέσβεια*, that a passage in the *Δολώνεια* plainly shows the poet had the previous labours of Ulysses in his mind. For when Nestor awakens Diomed (x. 159) he does it very unceremoniously—

*ἔγρει Τύδεος νῆε' ἢ πάννυχον ὕπνον ἄωτεις*;

whereas

whereas he rouses Ulysses (x. 145) with an apology—

Διογένης Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ  
μη νεμέσα' τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῦς.

The only objection to be reasonably made was by himself, for he had a very short night in consequence, as he passed the evening in the tent of Achilles, and must have been awakened at some time in the second watch. While, however, we take up arms against Mr. Lachmann, we are far from meaning to imply that there is a peculiar beauty in the manner of introducing the *Δολώνεια*; and we rather wonder that the censor did not simply revive what he records (Essay II. Sect. 16) as a critical judgment reported by Eustathius, that this was composed by Homer as a separate work.

But Mr. Lachmann requests leave to break off at the commencement of the Eleventh Book: we for our parts assent, and we anticipate the cheerful concurrence of the reader.

We have kept his company and plied our own weary toil through a protracted series of minute observations, with the consciousness of a just cause, and with the belief that it may be useful to repel from his lawless attempt even one piratical assailant on the works of Homer. We have not attempted to soften under varnished words our opinion of the general slightness, carelessness, and worthlessness of his adverse criticisms. He that plays at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers; and he that is so very free in the use of contemptuous language against what mankind through a hundred generations have agreed to venerate, must anticipate that those who think him not less superficial and inaccurate in his remarks than he is petulant in his tone, will vindicate the master at whose feet they love to sit, not only with zeal but with something too of indignation. He that so misrepresents and so misreasons is a doer of violence in the kingdom of letters, and obnoxious to its police: the arm lifted up to strike must itself be struck, in order to avert the blow.

It is, therefore, deliberately that we complain of one who exhibits, along with such a spirit of microcriticism, so much inaccuracy and incaution in the observance of detail; so much lightness and triviality of remark, and such imbecile deductions; together with such pure and perfect wilfulness, such headstrong indulgence of mere propensity to tear and to destroy, and such comfortable self-confidence. With respect to the parts which he has sentenced, we are doubtful whether he has added to the existing stock of criticism so much as one well-founded, pertinent, and substantial remark: with respect to those which he has spared, we owe and feel no gratitude; for who can doubt that, if his humours



should find acceptance, ere long some equally sanguinary theorist, encouraged by his example, will arise and slay utterly the remnants which he has left strewn, mutilated, and gasping?

But yet more repulsive than reckless and light-minded criticisms, as considered in themselves, is the tone in which they are vindicated, and the temper from which they spring.

‘Shall we, out of a blind reverence for antiquity, give the lie to our feelings and our reasonings, and reject discovered and well-grounded fact in favour of assumptions resting upon no proof but upon age alone? There is here nothing sacred; no orthodoxy, which from the proud height of secure knowledge can raise the cry of inquisitive temerity and desecration. Reasons, then, against reasons! but no whining, and no anathema!’—Sect. xvi.

And he proceeds to urge that, as soon as a single ground for doubt as to authenticity is shown, the established belief must become, and must remain until that doubt is solved, as much an assumption as the theory set up in opposition to it.

We would only say, in answer, that language such as that we cite can never be becoming in the hands of critics who are so slovenly in their modes of induction as Mr. Lachmann; and that before he can be allowed any benefit from the proposition he has laid down in favour of new as against received opinions, he must show not only that this or that doubt is reasonable in itself, but that it affects questions as large as those which he seeks to disturb by means of it. Whereas, in those happier instances where he states the facts without error, it is his practice, from the occurrence of some small difficulty or discrepancy, to argue against the authenticity of great portions of the poem, without ever inquiring whether they may not be accounted for by much milder suppositions:—we may add, without asking whether in the case of Homer the milder suppositions are not obviously required by the nature of the case; since the facts admitted on all hands with reference to the formation of the poems as they now stand even oblige the stoutest defenders of their unity and authenticity to grant that more or less of interpolation must be assumed to exist in them; so that the discovery of minor discrepancies affords no sort of presumption against them, as it would undoubtedly have done if the poems had purported to be edited as well as composed by their reputed author.

In the second of his essays, Mr. Lachmann adverts, not without impatience, to some whom he has raised up as censors against himself. Who they may have been we know not, but we think it plain that they were of use to him; for in this later effort we are bound to admit that he is not uniformly chargeable with error in his statements and extravagance in his conclusions. On the

the contrary, he points out to us several apparently undeniable incongruities; chiefly in the account given by Thetis to Hephaestus (b. xviii.) of the recent transactions of the war, as compared with those transactions themselves; and in the assertion (xvii. 205) that Hector took the arms from the shoulders and head of Patroclus, whereas in xvi. 793 it is plainly stated that Apollo struck off the helmet. But with these and a few other just remarks, which are entirely insufficient to batter down the fabric of an Iliad, and tell as nothing when set against its moral and poetical consistency, he mingles a great many arbitrary and strained assumptions, and, we are forced to add, no small number of sheer blunders. We will take, by way of closing our animadversions, the four first allegations of this second essay. They are these:— 1. That mid-day is made to occur twice over, xi. 86 and xvi. 777. 2. That the fight with Patroclus living, and over him dead, is declared to have lasted an entire day. 3. That the appearance of Achilles was promised in viii. 475-6, not for the day immediately after the death of Patroclus, on which it actually occurs, but for a later one,—since the expression used is *ἤματι τῷ*, which could not have referred to the morrow. 4. That in the same prophecy a place was pointed out for the struggle over the corpse (*στείνεις ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ*), different from that to which it is assigned in the subsequent narrative. Now let us consider what is to be said in reply.

1. The expression in xi. 86 is

*ὄφρα μὲν ἦως ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ*—

and the time placed in contradistinction to this, as following it, is that of the woodman's *δείπνον*, or first meal, when his hands grow weary and he begins to wish for food. But the expression in xvi. 777 is

*ὄφρα μὲν Ἥλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβέβηκει*—

while the time mentioned as following it is (779)

*ἦμος δ' Ἥλιος μετενίσσεται βουλευτάνδε*—

or when the sun approached that part of the day at the end of which the labours of oxen terminate. Who but Mr. Lachmann would have confounded these two passages? In fact neither of them describes mid-day, properly so called. The first relates to the hours during which the day is waxing brighter from the dawn, which in poetical language terminate earlier than noon. Nor does the second refer to a given point of time at all, as is plain from the expression *ἀμφιβέβηκει*, but it refers to the whole middle portion of the day and middle region of heaven; the hours of the sun's greatest brightness—those which precede the dawn's decline. The entrance of the sun into the last division of



is marked as the time when the Greeks gained the body of Cebriones.

2. The line xvii. 384 is

τοῖς δὲ πανημερίοις ἔριδος μέγα νεῖκος ὀρώρει—

and the remark immediately occurs, that if Mr. Lachmann be correct in his construction of *πανημερίοις*, then the blunder in the text is so gross and glaring that the editors of Pisistratus and the Alexandrian critics could not have known their own language. But we have already shown that *παννύχιος* does not necessarily mean the night through and through; and we will now show the like as to *πανημέριος*, simply by referring Mr. Lachmann to vv. 179, 180 of the same book, where Hector, speaking after the death of Patroclus, says to Glaucus

παρ' ἔμ' ἴστασο καὶ ἴδε ἔργον,  
ἥ δὲ πανημέριος κακὸς ἔσσομαι—

that is to say, during what remains of the day. In this sense the combat over the body of Patroclus was strictly *πανημέριος*.

3. The error of our critic in this case is gross. The expression *ἤματι τῷ* could only be available for him, if the speech in which it occurs were spoken on the day of the death of Patroclus. But it is spoken on the previous day; of which the termination is announced (viii. 485) only a few lines later than the place to which Mr. Lachmann has referred.

4. There is no necessity or authority for referring *στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ* to a place marked by natural difficulties of the ground. The obvious meaning is, in the *mêlée*, the pressure of a very close fight; and surely the whole description of the struggle for the corpse of Patroclus shows that the phrase was most appropriate.

These assertions seem to us to show that, though Mr. Lachmann had smarted, and smarting had improved, under the animadversions of certain German critics, there is still much room for further amendment in regard to those primary qualities and habits, without which it is vain to hope good results from any man's participation in the Homeric controversy.

It is with sincere regret that we have found ourselves obliged to protest so vehemently against both the letter and the spirit of these essays; to impute to the former gross inaccuracy—to the latter a tone of most undue assumption. Under given circumstances it may be reasonable, it may even be necessary, to cry up reason and cry down authority. But we doubt whether those circumstances be the circumstances of modern Germany; we are sure that the reasons which are to be set up against authority must be of an order very different from most of those which Lach-

mann

mann has propounded ; and we feel that his scornful allusions to the vociferations of the orthodox in a higher subject-matter make any carelessness and triviality, with which he may really be chargeable, doubly offensive. On the other hand, it is right to own that, as we believe, we have been dealing thus unceremoniously with the works of a man of undoubted eminence as a scholar. His papers have been mentioned by the Bishop of St. David's and Mr. Grote, in their Histories of Greece, in terms which suggest the idea that, on account of his possessing a high classical reputation, they have more or less taken for granted the merit of his Homeric lucubrations. Let him have the benefit, however, of the testimony they have given in his favour ; but let not the patrimony of mankind be impaired by our accepting such rickety and random speculations against the integrity of the Homeric poems. We, too, appeal to reason, and demand that his theories and his criticisms be tried upon their merits ; and we heartily wish him defeat and confusion in this predatory labour, but all manner of prosperity in some more innocent and fruitful employment of his time.

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ART. IV.—*Paddiana ; or, Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life, Present and Past.* By the Author of *A Hot-Water Cure*. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1847.

PEOPLE seem at this time rather weary of Irish questions, great and small—and of books about Ireland—whether blue folios ‘presented to both Houses of Parliament,’ or duodecimos artistically arranged on Mr. Ebers’s counter, or pamphlets hawked by unmixed Caucasians at every pork-pie station on the railway. We must therefore beg to inform our readers that, if they suffer a natural prejudice to stand between them and ‘Paddiana,’ they will be doing themselves an unkindness. This book is a rarity. It overflows with humour, yet is unstained by vulgarity ; and though we strongly suspect the author to have a heart, there is neither rant nor whine in his composition. Sterling humour implies sagacity, and therefore every really humorous book must be suggestive of serious thought and reflection ;—no matter what the subject or the form, the masculine element will pervade what it underlies and sustains. It is so here ; but we have no particular turn for the critical chemistry that tortures a crumb of medicine from a pail of spring-water. We shall endeavour to give some notion of the writer’s quality, and trust whoever will read the book through to draw economical and political conclusions



conclusions of his own. Our humble object and agreeable duty is to pay our homage to a pen of genuine ability. A former production mentioned in the titlepage never happened to fall in our way,\* and we have no knowledge whatever of the author except what we gather from internal evidence—to wit, that he is a military man of some standing—an old soldier of the Duke's—that he is not an Irishman—that he frolicked and flirted away some of his youth in Ireland—and that he has also spent several years there in the more sobered temper of middle age. There are few among our regimental officers who have not seen a good deal of Irish life, and we have been obliged to several of them before now for amusing sketches of it—but this is not an observer of the common file, and the light cunning of his hand equals the keenness of his eye. He is (as he says of one of his heroes) 'a man of the world and a gentleman'—and of course there is no finery about him. We doubt if his two volumes contain a single allusion to 'the aristocracy'—certainly neither lord nor lady figures among his *dramatis personæ*. No lofty quizzing of 'the middle classes'—none of that sublime merriment over the domestic arrangements of 'cits' or 'squireens,' which sits so gracefully on scribes admitted to contemplate occasionally a marchioness's 'dancing tea'—perhaps even a duke's omnigatherum Saturday dinner—because they may have penned a sonnet for her ladyship's picture in the 'Book of Beauty,' or his grace has been told that they chatter and pun, entertain drowsy dowagers, break the dead silences, and 'help a thing off.' Nothing of that minute laborious dissection of the details of ordinary people's absurd attempts at hospitality, sociality, carpet-hops and pic-nics, which must, it is supposed, be so very gratifying to those who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day—affording such a dignified pause of comfort amid their melancholy habitual reflections on the progress of 'the democratic principle,' the improvement of third-class carriages, and the opening of Hampton Court. Nothing, on the other hand, of that fawning on 'the masses' which, long confined to Radical newspapers and the melodrama of the suburbs, has of late been the chief characteristic of half the 'light literature' in vogue—the endless number-novels especially, in which all the lower features of Dickens and Thack-

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\* Since this was written we have seen the 'Hot-Water Cure;' and in case any of our readers are not acquainted with that performance, we can promise them good entertainment from it also. It is a lively account of certain travels in and near the Rhine-land—in a totally different style from the 'Bubbles of the Brunnen,' but hardly less diverting.

eray are caricatured—without the least relief of sense or of fun,—the swarming literature of our ‘gents.’ If it were only that here is a book of social sketches unpolluted by adulation of high life or of low, painting people in their natural colours and attitudes—the good, the bad, and the indifferent distributed as they are in the world—we should be well justified in calling attention to ‘Paddiana.’ But such a book about Ireland is doubly rare and doubly welcome. We are not aware that we have had any such since Miss Edgeworth laid by her pen—and, unfortunately for men, women, and children, that was not yesterday. There has been abundance of bold grouping, and a superabundance of clever drawing—but the whole seldom, if ever, toned and harmonized by the independence and candour of good sense and good breeding, which are as essential to the permanent success of a novelist as *atmosphere* is to that of a landscape-painter. There has been vigorous romance, striking fragments of it at least, and a most bewildering prodigality of buffoonery—but the serious generally smeared over with a black varnish of fierce angry passion, and the grotesque unpenetrated by the underplay of ever-genial Pantagruelism.

We wish to recommend a book of amusement, and therefore our extracts shall be liberal; but we do not mean to interfere with the interest of the author’s stories. It will satisfy us to take specimens of description that may be produced without damage to the enjoyment of his skill in constructing and working out a plot. To begin at the beginning—here are some fragments of the chapter in which he depicts his first voyage from Liverpool to the bay of Dublin. This was before the era of steam-boats, so the Waterloo medal could have lost little of its original brightness; but, excepting the new power and the cabin accommodations, the whole chapter, we believe, would apply as well to 1847:—

‘On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in grey frieze coats, corduroy breeches unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder—and every one with a large, long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole fore-part and subsequently the waist were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller; but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings, the cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.’



How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned. "Sure, we'll shake in our places by and by," said he; "they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river: it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole,—sure we can't take ye.—Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—haul aft the jib-sheet." And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

If the reader has ever passed over London Bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday Cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the "doodeen," instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavoured Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places: before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet bags and portmanteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees and his tumbler beside him. The supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whisky punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin, and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died away; it was a cloudy sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward. About ten o'clock we were standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers

drawers by the bedside, meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them! On appealing to the captain I got little consolation: he looked placidly at the sleepers, and shook his head. "Faith, ye're better out o' this," said he; "sure there's no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That's O'Byrne: it's from th' O'Byrnes of the Mountains he comes, and they're a hard set to deal with. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they'll be in. Get your big coat, and I've a pea-jacket for you. You're better on deck. Faugh! I'd hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I'm used to it." By this time I began to partake largely in the skipper's disgust, and was glad to make my escape.

I have never seen anything equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages of a few hours' duration.—Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry—the more so as the wind had lulled a little: and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fireplace; but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily; but towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure, and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions, whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued, as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

At the first appearance of the "shindy" the captain went amongst them to try and stop it; but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and, getting over the side, contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of  
course



course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring everybody abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on; and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbours right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the Deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong: a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favourable moment, he called out, Well, boys, I wonder how we'll get to Dublin this way. Will ye plaze to tell me how I'll make the Hill o' Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we'll get on the faster for bating, like Barney's jack-ass? I hope the praties will hold out; but, at any rate, we'll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, Dry lodging for dacent people.'—vol. i. p. 15.

What with the eloquence of this 'vir pietate gravis,' and a gallon or two of whisky from the Saxon passenger, who, by taking refuge on the rigging, had become legally liable to a claim for *footing*, this formidable *shindy* was at last got under; and during the rest of the passage all was brotherly kindness, and pasting and buttering of the cracks and contusions about each other's intellectual and moral developments. Shakspeare never invented an opening scene that set the chief *dramatis personæ* before the pit in a more satisfactory fashion. The reader, like our young soldier (now, we hope, a Major at the least), is ready for landing at *Dunleary*—since, in honour of that 'good Brunswicker,' George IV., denominated by Paddy acclamation, at the late Mr. O'Connell's prompting, *Kingstown*.

There are some excellent little sketches of private life and garrison larking in Dublin; but the subaltern on Irish duty spends but a small proportion of his time in either that or any other well-built city. On first landing, be it at the capital, at Cork, or at Belfast, the corps are all together; and the troubles of the day or the night, whatever they may be, are compensated by the hearty hospitality of the natives, or at any rate by the easy jollity of

of the well-peopled mess-room. But soon the head-quarters are transferred to some petty town in the interior, and three-fourths of the regiment perhaps billeted throughout the villages of a large disturbed county or barony; seldom more than two officers together—and always several of the juniors dominating over very small detachments—each gentleman condemned to utter solitude at every meal, unless when by chance there is some considerable squire or clergyman of the Established Church in his immediate neighbourhood. No one who has travelled through Ireland but must have often been moved to pity at the apparition of the poor stripling in his foraging-cap and tight surtout, lounging desolately on the bridge, cigar in mouth of course, or disturbed in the laborious flute practice of his little dim companionless parlour by the arrival of the coach at the inn-door. Of late we all know, or may pretty well guess, what very serious and harassing business has occupied sufficiently the quondam leisure of these forlorn epaulettes. In the earlier days of our author's experience, nightly still-hunting came occasionally—nightly Whiteboy-hunting not rarely combined with it; but unless for such interludes in the way of duty, with now and then a bachelor landlord's festivity in some ruinous tower among the bogs, or the grand scene of a fair or a race, with its inevitable row and necessary attendance of 'the army,' a more wearisome, objectless, diversionless, humdrum dreariness of existence could hardly have been pictured by a fanciful deviser of secondary punishments. No wonder that the rare interruptions of the dulness should find an eager welcome, and after the lapse even of many years, as in this case, be chronicled with the life-like accuracy of memorial gusto.

We have been well entered as to the great business of head-breaking—let us indulge ourselves in a little more on that subject from one of the later chapters:—

'An Irishman may be called *par excellence* the bone-breaker amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this their natural propensity there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of—"Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why should we let him up again?"—"Sure, it's a Moynehan!" was repeated by fifty voices at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were engaged in hitting, with their long blackthorn sticks, at an unfortunate lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the



of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows scarcely ever reached their intended victim. It was ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another; but so infuriated were they, that no heed was taken of the blows, or probably in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundreds strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting, on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves; but the quarrel was a very pretty quarrel, and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily. The screams, and yells, and savage fury would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull.—vol. i. p. 223.

Even wilder were the scenes at the races near *Clonakilty*—the very name is redolent of row—where there were no rival factions whatever, unless those originating in the grand old principle of living across the book, or in national politics, as mixed up (*mirabile dictu*) with horseflesh:—

‘Painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming “High for Cloney!” He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a “High” for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with at least one pair of fair but powerful arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow—he can’t stand it at all—they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is “on the floore” in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him—throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strong horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he inquired if the report were true, and, taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip.

whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whipcord under the ear, as argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to dodge the priest amongst the crowd, but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots, and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, unquibbling justice.

But when the popular horse wins, then indeed the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get a-head of the rest, than there arose a cry from ten thousand people, of "The Doctor's horse! the foxey horse! the Doctor's horse!" accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing-stand; and when, after the weighing, the favourite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting "The Doctor's horse! the foxey horse!" Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfulls of grass—all were in requisition, while the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew anything of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer."—vol. i. p. 228.

This is good—but there is a love of head-breaking in the abstract,—in the total absence of even a pretence of parish or party feud.

He is again on a race-course:—

"I was walking among the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round, these, being close to the canvass walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. One leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous "alpeen." He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit: surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles; some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quietly round—  
makes



makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob with all his force upon the skull protruding from the canvass—whack! The heavy sound was awful: surely no human bones could stand this?—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

‘Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected.—On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers.’—vol. i. p. 230.

The *alpeen*, we understand, is less in fashion now than it used to be. The rage has been of late years for the heavy stone in the foot of a long worsted stocking. This is portable, and puzzles the police; and in reference to a monster meeting, the priest can safely attest that his parishioners attended unarmed: ‘he did not see one blackthorn’—not he.

One very good chapter sets before us something of the life of our literary subaltern, when at an outpost of the better order—that is, where there was an elder officer as well. The younger spark has gone for a day’s grouse-shooting in the bog of Allen—the senior meanwhile was to keep all right at head-quarters. It was a glorious September day, and the sporting Lieutenant encountered an adventure which he narrates capitally; and as part thereof listened to a love-story—for which he must not be held responsible more than Herodotus is when he diversifies his evidence in chief by a report of what some Egyptian verger or Thracian slave-dealer told him about the funds available for the Rhodopean pyramid, or the flirtations between Scythian and Amazonian videttes:—

‘Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine grey moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odour of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game-bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene. There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leapfrog, or the power to throw a summer-set, or the licence to shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered Alice Grey outright, and, still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck, and

and gave with that hearty goodwill—that unmistakeable *con amore* only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock:—

When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,  
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.  
I took her so lovingly round the waist,  
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast.  
Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days.

—"Bedad, ye may say that!" said a voice within ten yards of him; "that's the way I coorted Kitty. If ye'd been consaled on the premises ye couldn't have tould it better!"—If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this greeting; and the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the grey moss, there peered forth the good-humoured face of a man about thirty, lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of the judge's gravity.—The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter—

"Faith, it's true for you!" said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; "but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell yer honour all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father). 'Let her be, says he; wait awhile, sure the heifer's young. Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways,' says he. 'Faith, Mr. Hickey,' says I, 'it's becace I'm in airnest.' 'Divle a doubt of it, says he; but that's no rason why ye'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how,' says Lanty, 'I'll not consint to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. So hands aff's fair play,' says he. 'Besides,' says Lanty (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one), 'where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground, says he, in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take me daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience in Killbeggan. If she did consint, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's Burke of Athy says he's proud to discoorse wid her when he comes this way; and it's not a week ago, says he, that Oolahan the grocer sent me the half-gallon of Parliament: it's long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith, says he, the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in th' other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for ' winter,' says he. 'Och, murther!' says I; 'Mr. Hickey, ye'r upon me,' says I, 'wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Ool Sure ye wouldn't marry yer daughter to an ould man like hi divel a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd mention. Come, says I, Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me ye'r



she's fond o' me. Clap hands upon that, says I, and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff, says I; oncet ye taste it ye'll put Oolahan's Parliament in a jar, and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare lot o' the deep cutting, says I, as hard as stones.'

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heerd it's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. Faith, thinks I, the next thing 'll be I'll have the gauger (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how, says I, I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. 'Now,' says I, 'Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan, says I, but, any how, bring out the key o' the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe,' says I. 'What's that?' says Kitty; 'sure I thought I heerd voices beyant,' says she. 'Oh, nothin, me darlint!' says I, 'but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid 'em.'

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak; and, says she, 'I'll jist step across to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes.' 'Well,' says Lanty, 'do so; and while ye'r gone I'll jist take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff, says he, and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It's raw stuff, his,' says Lanty. (Th' ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) Well, says he, Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it warm; make me a tumbler o' punch, says he, Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me, says he, but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a licence to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high, says he, for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow,' says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was houlding the doore ready to come—'Anyhow, Kitty, says he, ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me); what'll he do for ye, says he, down in the bog? Sure his sperrits is but quare stuff; and what's the thrifle o' turf he sent?—its most the top cutting, and mighty light.' (The lying ould rap!) 'Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty,' says he, taking a dhrink; 'go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself,' says he; 'sure th' officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge, says he, and they're mighty blackguards afther dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting.'

"Well, faith, at last I heerd her shut the doore; so I jist stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and says she, 'where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?' says she; sure the people do be passing in the lane.' Well, with that I caught her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed. 'Ah, can't ye stop?' says she, I'd die before

before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for th' honour o' God; sure I'm young as yit! But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heered! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. 'Let me out o' this!' says Lanty, most choked. 'Be quite, Mr. Hickey,' says Pat; 'don't alarm the town. What would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad sperrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Betther for ye, says he, to marryr our daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm, says he, than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's getting late, says Pat, and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well, says Pat, sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they'll think it curous to see ye stuck that way in the wall!'

"Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it's mighty happy we are, barrin the gauger (that's Oolahan's brother-in-law), that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honour, for I thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself."—vol. i. p. 93.

The Lieutenant is by-and-bye invited to the *home* of Mr. Cronin:—

'To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity; but where the residence of his new friend was remained still a mystery. The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any signs of one, could be discovered. "Sure, it isn't every one I'd bring to me place," said my companion, "let alone th' army; for I know yer honour right well; and sure, if ye do come in, ye'll see nothing." On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their convenient shipment in the large turf-boats which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the "place," commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal. The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or doorway, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest, and ushered him into a room of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side



of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes. The walls and floor were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whisky, and two small glasses. . . .

Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall, commenced making gestures to remain still. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately followed by the loud word of command, "Halt, front: order arms: stand at ease." The sportsman knew the voice well: it was that of his brother officer, and the party was the detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament! To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison: to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment, and to be there discovered, would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgety commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

Sometimes the party was moved further on; then back again, past the door; then they halted close in front: but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed, but our particular one escaped from its insignificance; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week. The old officer, a dry, matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect that nature had been beforehand with the gauger. "I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return; so fall in, men, and unpile arms. Show us the place, sir, and we'll make the seizure." (*Inside.*)—"Well done, old boy, stick to that!" As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off.

The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party. Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still—where there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. "I looked pretty sharp," said the old officer, "and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people."

There was one thing the junior had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days a jar of whisky was mysteriously left at his quarters; but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike

Cronin

Cronin in the fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was a little disturbed by his being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties. Confound the fellow! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two, or else shut the gates against all the grey cloaks on a market-day.'—vol. i. p. 111.

We regret to say this book does not afford many clerical portraits, and still more that it affords no very agreeable ones. None at all, we think, belong to the period of the maturer officer; and we are very willing to suppose that in his youthful days he listened to exaggerated tales of the priests among his jovial acquaintance of the Orange persuasion. One episcopal sketch, however, is from his own observation:—

'A Protestant will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic Clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic Bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable persons I ever encountered: indeed, it is enough to say that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was: his Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life, his native humour sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a fast-day, I never met; no downcast looks, half sly, half sheepish, which characterise the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard* of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

To wait upon his lordship of course came the whole neighbouring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their "hint" to fall upon their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in groveling abasement, as these men did.

Whether the bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel



feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after a while received them in a separate room.—*Ibid.*, p. 283.

For this deathbed scene of a parish priest the author does not give any authority but that of a Paddy in livery, evidently a relation of Miss Edgeworth's famous letter-writer; but take it, *valeat quantum*. Mr. Kisbey is a doctor of all-work, for whom this Paddy has no respect:—

"Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master tould me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare, 'for,' says he, 'he's fand of hare soup, says he, and perhaps a drop will do him good.' And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy (that's t'housekeeper), and says Kit, says she, 'Sure she's up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey's attinding him, and the codjutor's in it [coadjutor, or curate]; so, says she, go up, Pat, for he's mighty fand of hare and the sight of it maybe 'll revive him,' says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open, and I walks in with a 'God save all here!' says I. 'You're kindly welcome,—come in,' says Mr. Ryan (that's the codjutor); 'come in, says he, Mr. Finn; that's a fine hare you've got,' says he, feeling it; 'that will make a great soup, says he, for our poor friend: but I'm thinking he's most past it,' says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivrence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and brathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a tay-cup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy couldn't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor cratur! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.—'Whisht, Biddy,' says Kisbey, 'you'll disturb his rivrence, and maybe it's not long he'll be spared to you; sure it's a smart faver he's got: but anyhow, says Kisbey, I think this will do him, for it's a febbriefewdge, says he, and will rouse him in the bowels, says Kisbey; and besides, there's a touch of the saline in it,' says he, stirring the cup again, and making a face; 'it's my favourite medicine, says he, in a crisis.' 'Ochhone!' says poor Biddy, crying out, 'what would I do if I lost his rivrence? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I'm in, says she: it's a poor case that you can't relave him, says she, wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday.' 'Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says the codjutor, stipping up behind her mighty quite (sure it's him that got the parish after Shea); 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, and his fingers came down rather far, indeed; 'be aisy, Miss Biddy, says he, for, by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it, says he, Mr. Kisbey can do it; he's a man of skill, says he, and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy, says the codjutor; but

but it's well to be prepared for the worst. We're frail creatures, and life's but a span, says he, drawing her towards him, mighty kind; 'sure I feel for him,' says he, 'greatly,' pressing her bussom. And while the codjutor was offering the consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivrence by the nose, and trying to put the febbriefewdge into him; but divle a taste he'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad. 'Ah! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it, says Kisbey: it's the cooling draught, says he, that will aise you. Sure it's mighty pleasant when you get it down, says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivrence treated so rough. 'Well, Mr. Finn,' says the codjutor, 'you'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty, says he, for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it, says he, when the draught has aised him.' But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night."—vol. i. p. 61.

We should be very sorry to indorse Father Shea's exit; but the gallant author is directly responsible for one death-scene in his book, and we must quote it, for no page therein throws stronger light on life in Ireland:—

'I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting one criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a placid smile and a healthy complexion, and, I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of reprieve,—an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to fully twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn, and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then, holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap.'—vol. ii. p. 8.

We are now well aware that a Paddy will allow himself to die of sheer starvation, although all the while he has half a dozen gold sovereigns sewed up in his neckerchief. The following deta



some of his idiosyncracies as to the choice and selection of viands, the constancy of his affection for the potato, and his irreclaimable prejudice against articles both more familiar to him and more acceptable to people in general than maize, will no longer therefore excite so much wonder in our readers as the original discovery of the facts did in the enlightened author of '*Paddiana*.' The chapter is entitled '*Of the Potato*':—

'Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognised against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip; but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savoury soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare-soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and, handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Anything more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered; but, behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it! "Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!" But you have nothing else, man, except that mouldy crust! "Faith, I wouldn't ate it at all!" Is it fast-day? "No!" Come, nonsense! try a puffin—or this cormorant you'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry? "Faith, it's meself that is, then. Sorrow bid I had to-day!" Would you like a kettlefull of Con-naught lumpers well boiled? "Be my sowl I would!!" (With much energy.) Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned?

"Just

"Just so!" But as you haven't got the praties, try a bit of willock? "Ogh! I wouldn't taste it at all! I'd be sick!"—So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place—bad enough it was, but bearing on the white-washed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, contrived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:—

BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO  
RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to  
BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon—it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy despatched to a house "convenient" did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop—to pause—not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he "rode on."—Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here's a rasher ready! "No!" What! you don't like bacon? "Faith, I dunnow!" Not know if you like bacon? "Sure, I never tasted the like!" He had never tasted bacon! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy—whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chines and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with pettitoes—nay, who could not at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch;—and yet he had never tasted bacon! nor wished to taste it!!

Poor creatures! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potato—nay, go without even that—rather than try a new dish?—who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for ten pence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig?"—vol. ii. p. 124.

If the following fact be new to our author, he will not be sorry to have it. We give it on the most unquestionable authority. When the late 'Famine' was at the worst in Connemara, the sea off the coast there teemed with turbot to such an extent that the laziest of fishermen could not help catching them in thousands; but the common people would not touch them, because, we suppose, there were no potatoes to eat with them—for we can hardly imagine that the objection was the more civilized one of lack of lobsters for sauce.

From the potato of the peasant the *Major* takes the liberty of passing to a little discourse on what is called among the orators of



of regimental messes the General Question'—and we are not unwilling to be among his listeners:—

'The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business and leaves it to his wife, while he is either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlour, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the "hoont," if the hounds come in the neighbourhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them: they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

'Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen with delight to an orator who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, *JUSTICE FOR IRELAND*—a phrase which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling, and cheap buying—and all to be had by Repeal! How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his joke with a jolly, good-humoured face—praises Irish beauty and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible in cajolery and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some "Gutter Commissioner," who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be?

'I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes; who have no sense of independence or shame of beggary; and (which is the worst feature in the case) who are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to: their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry,—

On our side is virtue and Erin—

On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them—pay them to make their own roads—drain their own bogs—nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted when it is associated with "the Saxon and guilt!" But still the lesson is, Get all you can—take every advantage—still cry for more—hate the giver, but take the gift—"cram and blaspheme your feeder!"

' Education

'Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, *will they be allowed to read?* Did anybody ever see an Irish peasant reading in his cabin? and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their "old men of the sea." In the mean time, our law-tinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant—for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now.'—vol. ii. p. 132.

We offer these extracts, and earnestly recommend almost all the rest of this gentleman's *Scraps and Sketches*, as fair materials for the dispassionate public—if any such public there be as respects Ireland. Part of his second volume is occupied with a composition of a different class. It is, in fact, a *Review* of some late 'Histories of Ireland,'—among others, of Mr. Moore's; and we think Mr. Moore himself must be startled and amused to see the quiet dexterity with which facts in his book have been set in array against its drift. A man of true genius like him, tasting with such exquisite relish the picturesque of manners as well as of scenery, could not possibly do a history of Ireland so as to meet the wishes of those Milesians who give their fellow-subjects and readers credit for any discourse of reason. He could not, we believe, go over chronicles, and annals, and letters, and despatches, and merely pick out what would serve the purposes of any one party, or faction, or sect whatever:—he must rest on the really salient points, with whatever inferences pregnant—it was not in his nature to tell the story and omit the cream. We do not give him credit for being very much in earnest in his own flourishing commentaries, and, in short, have no doubt he will smile with tolerable complacency over this gentle castigation from one in whose society, peradventure, he will feel that he would be considerably more at home than in any congregation either of Old or Young Erin. But we shall not meddle with the brother-reviewer—too happy should we have been to adopt (and abridge) the production if he had sent it to us in MS.—as it is, we can only repeat our fraternal recommendation of what all the candid will admit to be, or at least to contain the stuff of, a first-rate *article*.

Already, it may be thought, we have extracted quite enough of politics from 'Paddiana'—let us honestly tell the reason. We do not question that this book will have a run in Great Britain—but we do not believe it will be allowed to get into any circulation at all among the masses of the Irish—whereas, somehow or other, *reviews* defy, to a certain extent, the sternest and strictest ban whether of the lurking Jesuit—or the brawling priest—or the professional Agitator in Dublin. But even this was a secondary motive.



motive. We see certain continental journals crammed continually with articles on Irish matters made up of extracts either from Whig and Radical journals of English birth, or from the tomes of such superficial, dogmatical pedants as M. Beaumont, or such sentimental ninnies as the Vicomte d'Arlincourt. Now the editors of these *Bibliothèques Européennes*, *Bibliothèques Universelles*, &c. &c. &c., French, Swiss, Belgian, or German, are, we suspect, in no slight degree directed as to their choice of plunder from the English periodical press by the mere consideration of what will amuse their readers; and therefore we have compounded this paper chiefly in the hope of its attracting their notice, and becoming by their industrious machinery diffused among students who do not materially swell our own or any other English list of subscribers. If we be not disappointed in our anticipations on this score, let us present one humble parting petition to our foreign free-traders. Will they do us the favour not to omit one small specimen more of an elderly and experienced English officer's serious reflections on the affairs of Ireland? *Extremum hunc concede laborem!*—

'To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons the Irish character is a profound mystery. There is, from high to low, a want of principle amongst them. They spend without thought, and accept without shame: the old spirit of "coshering" is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and, no doubt, will readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. The gentleman who fraudulently possessed himself of his noble relative's diamonds, and pawned them, from the moment of detection loudly proclaimed himself an ill-used man—a victim to the narrow prejudices of society—and railed against its laws. The gallant officer who pocketed a valuable article of *bijouterie* belonging to a noble lord, and sold it to a jeweller, is perpetually writing for testimonials of his trustworthiness to people whom he knows to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case; and there is not a farmer in Ireland who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the Government would find him seed and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this, and clamour for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the cry.

'It may seem harsh to say that kindness and conciliation are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilized? Are they in a condition to be placed

placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilized where farm-labourers work under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered, and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture? where they believe in O'Higgins? and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from their only friend? In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humoured, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into in all ages by their kings, their chiefs, their priests, and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that "There is no Irish terme for a knave."—vol. ii. p. 266.

We suppose after what we said at the beginning it is entirely needless for us to explain that in this very clever man's diatribes he has not the slightest intention of casting any disparagement on the virtues which, no less than powerful understanding and captivating manners, characterize in our time the great majority of the Irish gentry. He is as far above pandering to the narrow prejudices of the English bigot as of the Irish fanatic. He regards the questions at issue from an imperial, which is the same thing as to say from a philanthropic point of view.

We ought to mention that we had not read until our paper was done a small volume just published with the title of 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago.' If we had, we should have excepted it from our general criticism on works lately produced about Irish manners. The author has collected with diligence, and put together in a very agreeable style, a world of most striking and picturesque incidents and characters of the period immediately preceding the Union. Eminently amusing as he is, we see not the least trace of Barringtonian romance about his chapters. As to his *preface*, he is an Irishman, though a highly cultivated one—therefore we may be pardoned for doubting whether he has not rather over-estimated the progress actually made by his countrymen, within these sixty years, towards habits of order and industry. But that they have made great progress, notwithstanding all the, as we believe, just and true pictures in 'Paddiana,' there can be no doubt; and most earnestly do we concur in his hope and prayer that the progress may advance henceforth with ever increasing rapidity.

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- ART. V.—1. *A Year of Consolation*. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1847.  
 2. *Illustrated Excursions in Italy*. By Edward Lear. 2 vols. folio. London: 1847.

WE readily cut the pages of these new books on an old subject; for heaven forefend that Italy should ever cease to interest, or her siren fascination become a fable of the past. To us every touch by original hand awakens some dormant delight, every fresh view calls forth some unobserved wonder. Italy, whose fair form and pressure defies pen to exhaust, and pencil to more than outline, must be seen with painter's eye and with poet's feeling, must be loved for her own sake, and studied in her unbeaten by-ways, rather than in those tourist-haunted towns which foreigners have denationalised with their carpet civilization. We have coupled the names of Kemble and Lear, which combine well with other and older associations, because both have selected and sketched for themselves; peeping behind scenes seldom visited, and raising corners of the curtain which conceals to tramontanes the drama of Italian life. Here we have set before us a page or two of a book of beauty, which, thumbed indeed by thousands every year, remains sealed save to the initiated—and to none more so than the rank-and-file of fashion who, bored with Brighton, try a 'winter-season at Rome.' In both instances art has been summoned to aid representations of nature: the lady weds her prose to immortal verse; the gentleman describes his own drawings, a process unusual in illustrated works, but highly commendable when, what is still more unusual, the author is not swamped by the artist.

A common yearning for consolation impelled both to seek brighter skies: one needed an anodyne for deep-rooted sorrows of the mind—the other a remedy for inveterate aching of the body; nor have their pilgrimages been in vain. Renovated in spirit by her *Italian Year*, Fanny Kemble (for we resume her European name, as, dismissing her Butler, she writes herself simple Fanny in the preface) has happily returned to that stage which her gifted family made their own, to delight myriads by again becoming public property. Mr. Lear in the balmy south baffled the insidious disease which under our stunted suns nips youth and talent, and, by turning to good account accomplishments, which, ere the fickle goddess frowned, were but amusements, has secured an honourable independence for those he loves the best, and has enrolled his name high in art—in that city where art is most appreciated.

Thus much, by way of introduction, would have sufficed in ordinary

ordinary cases; but, giving due precedence to the lady, the title, 'A Year of Consolation,' suggests those others, accumulative of distress, to which it was the antidote. An under-tone of woe and mystery pervades the poetic portions of our fair one's volumes, exciting a compassionate curiosity, and vividly contrasting, it must be owned, with the animal spirits and comic joyousness which flash forth in the prose narrative, like sun-beams in a wintry sky. But this is all in nature;—she is a poetess—and moreover the theatre has been her nursery and her playground. No wonder then that, whenever shadows of the past, looming across the Atlantic, darkened her present dream of peace, she poured her sadness into the serious vehicle of *Il Penseroso*, and sought relief from sorrow in sympathy. In the psychology of suffering the endurance of the Spartan is often coupled with the exhibition of the martyr; many there be who, even without the excuse of her professional training, can dissect with stoic pride the morbid anatomy of their hearts, and reveal to every eye festering wounds, which the tenderest hand of friend is never permitted to probe or bind up; who, masking inner depression by outward hilarity, cherish by concealment the worm in the bud, and yet bare their stuffed bosoms to the world, for daws to peck at.

Her first morning at Rome is ushered in with a retrospect. She tells her tale—how all was set on one cast, and the hazard of the die a blank—and pale as moon-beam on snow-wreath is the ray of hope which lights up this autobiography of despair. These emptyings of vials of wrath, mingled with tears, recall the breathing, burning revelations of Lord Byron and Mrs. Norton.

'Early in life, when hope seems prophecy,  
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,  
My dream was of thy shores, Oh, Italy! . . . .  
Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,  
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories!  
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,  
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores,  
Ausonia!—but that wondrous wilderness,  
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds  
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise. . . . .  
Upon that distant shore, a dream more fair  
Than the imaginations of my youth  
Awhile entranced me. Lightning-like it fled,  
And I remained utterly desolate.  
Love had departed; Youth, too, had departed;  
Hope had departed; and my life before me  
Lay cover'd with the ashes of the Past,—  
Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colourless. . . . .

The



*The last grim pages of my book of life,  
 Fill'd with a mean and grinding martyrdom,  
 Wash'd with unceasing tears, at length gave back  
 The glorious legend written on my youth.  
 Again, again, the glorious shapes returned; . . . .  
 And Art and Nature, twins immortal, stood  
 Upon the threshold of earth's Paradise,  
 And waved me towards it. And at last I came . . . .  
 But with a broken heart, Oh, Italy!  
 Land—not of promise—but of consolation!  
 Not in that season of my life, when life  
 Itself was rich enough for all its need,  
 And I yet held its whole inheritance;  
 But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,  
 Bestow'd, or stolen—wasted—given away  
 To buy a store of bitter memories.'—vol. i. p. 120.*

It will be observed that we have omitted lines here and there—in fact we have quoted only thirty out of her hundred—and we no doubt owe Mrs. Fanny an apology for such freedom; though to be candid, we fancy we have hardly injured the piece by some of our dockings. Perilous to all well-cut pens, and fatal to not a few of them, is the facility of blank verse. The cleverest people in the world, if they happen to be great public speakers, like Lord Robertson and Mrs. Butler, are exceedingly apt to be carried too fast and too far when they trust themselves on this broad-gauge railroad—and we conceive the jeopardy must be worst in the case of one suckled in the habits of theatrical intonation. Mrs. Siddons, we have read, used to ask for beef or porter at table in blank verse—we can vouch for it that glorious John Kemble occasionally grumbled about the *Magnum* being out, in lines as magniloquent as ever rolled from Lee's *Alexander*. In whatever fashion their niece exhibits herself, she will be sure to show the blood she is come of—but we very much prefer her rhyme to her blank, and the tighter the restraints she is pleased to adopt, the more she pleases us—best of all in the sonnet. Her Pegasus never needs the spur—the curb often. Prodigality of 'words, words, words, Horatio,' is only thus to be avoided, where, from a good ear and inveterate practice, recitative is so apt to glide into a certain cadence, that ten pages of tragic hendecasyllabics cost no more trouble than a king's speech did to William Pitt.

The trip to Rome succeeded better than that to Cincinnati. The Transatlantic failure must cause more sorrow than surprise. Taking the fair adventurer's published opinions as exponents of her character, that underwriter was bold who insured a perfect union speculation in the United States. There be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves: her 'wonderful wilderness,'  
 full

full as it may be of promise, was poorly calculated to administer to the wants of a patient so imaginative, *exigeante*, and impressionable; petted at home in public and private, impatient of unaccustomed control and contradiction, born in an old full-grown country, educated among 'accomplished facts' and persons—the deficiencies and discrepancies of a half-fledged people, struggling for position in the back-woods of social existence, could not but jangle, grate, and jar on the nerves of this delicate and daintily nourished organization. The faculty of highest enjoyment is counterbalanced by a corresponding capability of misery; double-edged is poet's fancy; so long as the fine frenzy is on, non-existing charms are decked in rainbow tints; in the reaction, when the Titania illusion is over, moths are magnified into monsters, and a demigod dethroned into a donkey. Thus the daily occurrence of petty disappointments and dissatisfactions poisoned the day and night of this creature of over-exaggerated expectations, and led our Kate, untameable by any Yankee Petruchio, to repudiate 'that very great body with very little soul,' and emancipate herself from 'the mean and grinding martyrdom,' the slavery and 'domestic institutions' of the stripes.

Far from us be any depreciation of the goods which the New World holds out to the under-fed millions of the over-crammed old one: to them it is a land both of promise and performance, where Ceres never denies her sheaves to labour, and all-bountiful Pomona need not be worshipped in temples of taxed glass. There Nature's *table d'hôte* is not full; still bread alone will not suffice to those who have the means of living; where the poor are filled, the rich may be sent empty away. The best of the Americans seem always too happy to escape from America. At home they are obliged to join in the universal chorus of 'Who but we?'—but unless you pin them down by the paucity of private dollars, or glue them by a plaster of official ones—they are eager to stretch their wings for a flight from the vaunted Paradise of Equal Rights. Their resource, as in the slave-holding democracy of Athens, where crows pecked at eagles, is self-exile to lands of freer, purer air, where fortune, station, luxury, and above all, the priceless luxury of privacy, may be enjoyed—the 'painful proximity' of the profane avoided—and the fellowship of kindred souls cultivated, without being denounced as an aristocrat, or persecuted by Plato's 'many-headed beast,' ever, in the words of Aristotle, 'despotic towards the affluent and good, who aspire to rise above its muddy level.' Experience of the day reasoneth as well as Greek philosophy of old: and, better read in Coriolanus than the Stagyrte, our heroine exclaims from the bottom of her heart on leaving Philadelphia, 'Such does coming



coming abroad, and much more the institutions of America, make us love England!

One great grief alone binds her with iron link to the scene of republican tyranny: there remain her children, parted at one fell swoop from the mother. Time, like ivy, may cover the rent, but never can repair the ruin. 'She cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear.' Thus, as the casual touch of a passer by disturbs rain-drops long suspended on some cypress branch, which start forth revealed in tears, so trifles light as air cause her wounds to bleed afresh. Who of us has not some sad or sweet remembrance fondly kept hived like the bag of the bee, which a little something, no matter what, voiceless and meaningless to all the world besides, recalls instantaneously in all its freshness, whether of honey or wormwood? But why mangle in prose what the Childe (iv. 33) has embalmed in one of the most magnificently true of his stanzas?—

'But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued:  
And slight withal may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—  
A flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.'

Even after Byron, these lines on a flowering acacia seen on an Italian spring morning may be quoted without peril:—

'The blossoms hang again upon the tree,  
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me  
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,  
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born!  
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife  
With death and agony that won thy life,  
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,  
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.  
They seem to me thy sisters, Oh, my child!  
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,  
Recalls that hour, a tenfold agony  
Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee.  
Was it in vain! Oh, was it all in vain!  
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,  
When from the shadowy boundaries of death  
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath?  
Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,  
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!  
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,  
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,

And

And solemn joy of a new life was spread,  
 Like a mysterious halo round that bed. . . .  
 Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,  
 Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er  
 Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,  
 Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth:—  
 How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one!  
 In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?"—*Ibid.*, p. 205.

To imitate, in reviewing her, the style of our heroine's own transitions—there is a good deal of the original in her second start in search of felicity. To have traversed the dreary 'Atlantic six times' prepared her tolerably for a December journey over French cross-roads, which do not sweeten temper, especially when vehicles and hostelry are to match, and no other solace but 'a maid comfortable but not amusing,' and since, we presume, dismissed. One hundred pages are sacrificed to the platitudes of this Cockney incumbrance—what's Hecuba to us?—or to details of the superabundance of Gallic dirt and discomfort, and the deficiency of cubicular crockery. A warm passion for cold water does credit to our pilgrim puritan, whose adorers (if we may judge by ourselves) would have assumed that her ablutions had somehow been properly performed—for, after all, there is much virtue occasionally in a sponge—even had these little confidences been withheld. Her passage towards St. Peter's partook of those purgatorial inconveniences which poor souls undergo previously to reaching Paradise: nothing pleases her, and it must be admitted, by her showing, that she met with constant extortion, rudeness, and 'selfishness more revolting, because accompanied by an everlasting grimace of politeness and courtesy which means nothing.' Accustomed to the chivalrous attention paid to the 'weaker vessel' when travelling alone in any part of 'vast and half-savage America,' the contrast was more striking in a country the *soi-disant* leader of civilization. 'Humbly, therefore, and on her knees does she beg pardon of the Americans for having said her say' in her time against their hydrophobia, expectorations, and sundry other 'unpleasing peculiarities,' which, till she saw and smelt France, she supposed were exclusively Transatlantic.

It may be hinted that a person unused to hardships and inattentions ought not to have taken that route at all; 'que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?' For her next trip, if she consults us, a britscha and posterns for locomotion will be suggested, and the Place Vendôme for location. The French postillions will be found expeditious, the landlords obsequious, and the wine well bred. As to her present work, without expecting much, we could desire fewer general conclusions.



It is too bad, because she travelled in out-of-the-way places in an out-of-the-way manner, not as other household Kates, and met with certain company and consequences, to set down la belle France as one wilderness of monkeys; but there, as everywhere, like equality-loathing Coriolanus, her heart is her mouth, and what her breast forges that her tongue must utter. Always in extremes, whether for love or hate—and a good hater she is at all events—not, perhaps, the worse lover for that—the spirit of the moment moves her, be it for good or evil. She changes character as if performing the same night both in the tragedy and farce, and enters into the genius of each with equal ardour, eagerness, and, we believe, sincerity. When despair is the order of the day, hers is terrific: now she sits among Rome's ruins wailing like the dethroned, childless queens in Richard III.; anon she is pelting sugar-plums at the Carnival. To hear her hoyden laughter, holding both its sides, neither black cares, men, babies, nor Butlers exist either in the old or new world, nor private feelings nor public reviewers, with such rashness and recklessness does she lay about her when her 'dander is up.'

Let us, however, repeat, even as to her prose web, what we have already said of her sombre lyrical embroideries. We do not apprehend that there is any theatrical trick or affectation in these Hamlet transitions from intense light to gloom, nor anything inconsequent and contrary to human nature, even in sufferers of less tinderlike temperament. Wrongs too deep to be forgiven, regrets too bitter to be forgotten, have been so grafted on an originally gladsome disposition as to become part and parcel of herself. Once let a mind thus jangled and out of tune surrender itself, seeking relief, to strong impressions, either of joy or sadness, and the even tenor of its course is exchanged for a condition bordering on the hysterical; the flood-gates once open and the waters out, slight need be the check, the disturbing influence, which suffices to turn them from one channel to another; and as we are never nearer hate than when loving most, so melancholy dogs the heels of high excitement, like an inevitable shadow. At first, no doubt, the practice throughout these volumes of stopping short in a disquisition about some general subject, or even in a description of some gay festival scene—drawing a line with the pen—and so bounding off at once into a strain, now in verse, now in almost as musical prose, of deep personal passion and affliction—at first sight this may, no question, strike one as savouring of *hey presto!*—change the scene—let the drawing-room disappear and give us the dungeon again! But, on whole, we are satisfied that Mrs. Fanny's method is about best she could have taken to make her pages reflect the  
agitatio

agitations backward and forward of her own sensitive and sorely-tried nature.

On a former occasion we too have 'said our say' on some of this young lady's own 'unpleasing peculiarities,' administering counsel with reproof, more in kindness than anger, and gently as a parent flagellates the child he loves. Gladly do we mark amendment in our interesting pupil, albeit the smack of orange-peel, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane is still perceptible. In some respects she is incorrigible. We discover outbursts of the same flippancy and bad taste, of the same habit of calling things by their right, or rather wrong, names; the same dawdling over nastinesses which she practically abhors, but has a Swift-like delight in describing. In dealing with ungentlemanlike men and their ill manners, a phraseology which takes tone and tincture from them may, perhaps, be permissible on other sides of the ocean; but in England, we are happy to say, it still grates on ears polite, and is incompatible with olfactory euphuism and lady-like water-worship. Beautiful Italy needs no such foil, and we grudge digressions on toad-stools and tittle-backs. We have constant cause to complain of tourists of both sexes, who, starting with the foregone conclusion of a book, will flesh the edge of their young curiosity at Calais, will note down what we want not to know—will waste time in seeing things not worth seeing, and then ink in the record. The whole of the French progress, in short, might as well have been cut down to half a dozen pages.

Even when she has got over both Alp and Apennine, her charges are sweeping, whether directed against classes and corporations, or tongues and peoples—not to mention principalities and powers. Thus, as we are assured, the Italian priests are worldly knaves, mercenary hypocrites, who purposely instruct the people in ignorance and superstition, while their apt scholars 'have as little perception of truth and its inviolable sacredness—as the French. Dishonesty and falsehood are so little matters of shame that detection in either of them only excites a shrug and grin on the part of the offender.'

'Of such experiences one day in Italy is full, and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honour: without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country, religion, make a poor residence, in my humble opinion, should be turned into eyes, and all one's perceptions of seeing the divine beauty which

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the laity of the eternal city under the sway of shaven priests, as is alleged to have been the case under pontifices unsworn either to celibacy or poverty—*quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio*. It should, however, be remembered that travellers make the season, and are thrown chiefly among gentry that live on them, and must be brief with birds of passage, who, like woodcocks, if once missed seldom give a second chance. To say slapdash that the whole country is without religion—that all the men are liars, and all the women *fie fies*—thus killing two sexes with one stone—seems rather summary procedure for a pretty warm-hearted poetess. Were it so, society could not exist in Italy, where it does, however, contrive to exist—and, if there is any faith in Mr. Lear *passim*—nearly as simple, uncorrupted, and consequently happy, as in localities where there is less of ‘divine beauty.’ As to the peculiarly priestridden Romans and their peculiar lapses—they on their part consider themselves more sinned against than sinning, and contend that sharp practice is necessary in self-defence. Confessedly they are no match for a drab-coated Pennsylvanian, and we incline to believe that they occasionally are done by hard-bargaining Britons in brass buttons. The age of gold, when the English nation consisted of three classes only, those who let themselves be cheated 25, 50, and 100 per cent., is fled for ever, with St. Peter’s pence, from the Seven Hills.

More illogical, and what is worse in the gentler sex, more ill-natured, are Mrs. Fanny’s comments on her own fair compatriots and fellow Consolation-seekers. Always prone to ridicule and exaggeration, in their unlucky case her portraits are extravagant caricatures, whenever they are not actual libels. She goes out of her way to spy the moles in soft eyes, and never forgives a sister’s shame. Every one she meets with is either sour-tempered, ill-bred, ill-dressed, or an awkward amazon. It is probable in these days of steam that every one of our womankind who, like herself, overleaps the Simplon, may not be exactly suited to sit (either with or without drapery) to Mr. Gibson for one of the Graces travelling *incognita*. These, however (we must hope and believe), are the exceptions, not the rule; assuredly, so far as we have observed, nine times out of ten, whenever our Continental path has been crossed by one of those bright visions which seem lent from heaven to earth for one day, the *houri* has proved to be a sample of that race, the best in blood, the most beautiful in face and complexion, the most symmetrical in form, the purest in mind and body—in short, a specimen of that precious porcelain wherewith made the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of English gentlemen—a pretty good breed, too, and not particularly across the salt seas, as we need not tell Mrs. Fanny. If s/

renounced her glorious birthright, she commits the no less egregious folly of offering up her own kith and kin, in the vain hopes of conciliating the vanity of foreign inferiority, which her former gibes have irremediably offended.

‘*Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ?*’

Enough of this. Ready as we are on every occasion to stand up against any assailant, foul or fair, of the best of the only good sex, we have no wish to prolong any censure of Fanny Kemble. Far more pleasing is the task to pay sincere homage to her powers of description, her keen relish and perception of nature, her original and often masculine judgment. Occasional escapades of wilfulness may be forgiven: whenever she puts on the buskins she rises at once—like Henry V. when escaping from Eastcheap—into the rational and poetical; tone and temper are changed, and the vulgar and violent exeunt into the green-room.

Rome proves the end of her travels and travail: and long has the Eternal City been an asylum to the sad. To need consolation is passport sufficient; widely open the gates to all who have calamity in common: to this convent of Europe alike retire the uncrowned king and the heart-broken slave. Here this victim of Yankeeism finds, under a sister's roof, new children and a home cheered by an in-door welcome warm as the sun without; here, and in the immediate neighbourhood, she passes a happy year, and thus masters marvels at leisure—without being tied to the tail of Madama Starkie, *Leonum arida nutrix*. Her eye, schooled in scenic and dramatic effect, seizes differences at once, whether in creed or character, colour or costume. Fresh from the model republic, she has little reserve and less respect for settled facts, forms, and persons: to her all the world's a stage, and she speaks out plainly, be the gallantee-show in St. Peter's, and the Pope himself first fiddler. In describing the mind and manners of a city where priests rule and the spiritual is materialized and hackneyed, subjects which in England are reverentially avoided, occupy a prominent place; and none can have lived much in Roman Catholic countries without having painfully remarked the familiarity with which sacred things are discussed, by which an impression of profanity is conveyed. In calmer moments, we are happy to see, she can clearly distinguish between Romanism and Christianity—the chaff from the corn; she clings with drowner's clutch to religious comfort; nay, when, according to her own old phrase, the ‘black dog’ is on her—when she is under that dismal shadow of life and the vanity of human wishes which people the ever-cloisters exist, with those who have expected no other life, she is forced to feel that there is  
balm



balm in the Romish Gilead—even she yearns to sacrifice herself for ever to the altar, to a nunnery—to a nunnery—where, dead to the living, she

——— might mourn for sin,

And find for outward Eden lost a paradise within.

But to be sure this is hardly the prevailing tone—nor perhaps could we expect it. The triple-crowned papacy seen from afar, enthroned like the ghost of the Roman empire, on sites which retain their settled sentiment of power, presents an image that awes, imposes, and attracts. Distance lends enchantment to the view—approach, the mirage disappears—enter the gorgeous temple, 'tis a whitened sepulchre. The pomp and pride of the old system is manifest—the spirit and influence is dead; the pageants satiate the lust of the eye without satisfying the heart; churches are the staple, and ceremonies are too obviously things got up merely to be seen. At every page we learn that the jealous Roman priests monopolize spectacle: and while they scarcely tolerate a legitimate, because competing, theatre, are lavish in ecclesiastical pantomime, melodrama, and 'tawdry, tinselly trumpery.' In her next sentence, however, she quite forgets what she had said about 'a whole country without religion:'—

'It is extremely painful to me,' says she, 'to come from a mere motive of curiosity into a temple dedicated to God; my conscience rebukes and troubles me the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians with theirs turned to the earth in solemn contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously.'—vol. i. p. 51.

The native clergy are less thin-skinned:—

'To-day was a sort of climax to the religious carnival of the whole week, and the number of sights to be seen in the shape of strange religious ceremonies was really quite embarrassing. The eagerness with which Monsignore ——— urged upon us the curiosity and beauty of these various holy spectacles struck me as very strange. I find it difficult to imagine that frame of mind which rejoices in the unsympathising presence of crowds of strangers at the sacred services of one's religion; and it is always a marvel to me that the Catholic clergy, and even the people themselves, do not object to the careless show which foreigners make of their places of worship and religious ceremonies. To be sure foreigners are a very considerable item of profit to the Roman people and Catholic places of worship, and so the thing resolves itself into its natural elements.'—vol. i. p. 253.

The curate dresses his salad with the oil offered to the Madonna's lamp. Accordingly, during the Holy Week, when desecration keeps pace with varied attraction, all the priests, we  
are

are told, 'like rival showmen or managers,' deceive all the foreigners who ask for information, always making out that whatever is best worth seeing or hearing is to be at their own chapel. Orders are given for the dress-circles, and the crowd renders the Vatican 'a perfect bear-garden.' The many is but a mob, whether in the drawing-rooms of St. James's, the galleries of Covent-Garden, or the marble aisles of St. Peter's. Although accustomed, as we all know, to overflowing houses, she tells us (vol. i. p. 239) that she never witnessed anything more disgusting than the conduct of her own sex, and principally Englishwomen—Abigails probably—their crushing, their indecent curiosity, their total forgetfulness of the character of the place, their coarse levity and comments, and their flirtations mingled with the devotions of the benighted Papists whose sanctuary they were invading. Eventually our censor is 'hustled out by these ladies,'—as is a poor priest who retires to pray in some distant and unfashionable church. Here, as elsewhere, the professional never escapes her Kemble eye or lash. The canonical kisses of peace consisted 'of a series of embraces between the priests that marvellously resembled similar performances on the stage; the hands resting on each other's shoulders, and the head turned discreetly away, so as to ensure the least possible cordiality and reality in the affectionate demonstration.' The robed choristers sang divinely; but 'all had an air of as perfect indifference as the provoking disinterestedness of the chorus in a pathetic opera; some were taking snuff with each other, while some were rapidly and mechanically crossing themselves; they talked, laughed, pushed, and jostled each other during the whole chant.' The properties are not always better observed than propriety. She detects under satin robes the same dirty boots and trowser-legs which 'in an indifferent theatrical spectacle obtrude below the costume of some Roman senator's red-striped toga.' Nay, she winds up her critiques by quarrelling with the Pope himself—and in Rome, the wise proverb to the contrary notwithstanding:—

'When they set him down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss, and bow, and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll, can I refrain from a feeling of disgust and displeasure?'—vol. i. p. 128.

'Upon the whole,' she says, 'these church spectacles are very unsatisfactory to me:—and so they must be to all who come without a prompter or book of the play, to strange representations in an unknown tongue: sounds and gestures, which seem meaningless and mummery to the stranger, appeal at once to the senses and souls of the natives, who comprehend the forms under which substance is shrouded; a Protestant freshwoman at Rome smiles

at



at what she deems pantomime, just as the neatest Italian Mon-signore, in a city of the Moslems, eschews their Prophet's ablutions as works of supererogation. The Pope, on these occasions, is a symbol—the visible impersonation of the church and its priesthood, its attributes and offices; every action of his is typical, every article of his dress allegorical. In him—be he a doll, big or little, precious or not—is the question and the whole question, *urbi et orbi*, to the eternal city and the world; and to its cost did Rome discover at no remote period the difference between the iron crown and the jewelled tiara. In the Pope is fixed and embodied the grand cause of spiritual domination and dictation *versus* civil supremacy and private judgment. There can be no compromise: one of the two must be exterminated; and ecclesiastics may exist who, while waging war to the knife against a pope in Rome, would tender the olive-branch to his principle—power—if translated to their own dioceses, or even parishes.

Our favourite describes the death of the late Pope and the election of his successor. Curses loud and deep pealed the one out; vivas, no less noisy than shallow, welcomed the other in; ere the close of the funeral pomp—which, by the way, reminded her, from its 'pasteboard decorations, of the tomb of Ninus in the Semiramide—only vastly less impressive,' letters were directed to 'Gregory XVI., in *Hell*;' epistles, we trust, duly since returned to the dead letter office in Rome, endorsed by the proper authorities 'not known here.' We confess to a liking for the deceased: we had long years ago marked and mused over his half-monastic, half-anile ways—his horror at the heresy novelty, his desire to let well alone, and leave posterity a something to do. We sympathized with his love for snuff—the least disreputable consolation of celibacy. We respected his hatred for thin potations, and adopted his infallible invention of Marsala mixed with Orvieto—not a drop of allaying Tiber in't—a better pontifical half-and-half than heretical bishop. Alas! that the poor old gentleman should have been starved to death by the brother of his barber (vol. ii. p. 63). Peace to his ashes! he was a pope—aye, every inch a pope—and had the good sense to comprehend the incompatibility of his finality with progress—to scout the *belle alliance* of the tiara with the tricolor—and pronounce against himself no verdict of *felo de se*. The amiable and accomplished Pius IX., it would seem, in his early inexperience of power and misconception of position—possibly influenced a good deal by having, in younger days, mixed with Radicals in a revolutionized colony—promised more than he has been able or even willing to perform. At this moment, while we write, his edict hint of 'prudent gradation in amelioration' has chilled the popular enthusiasm and stilled its bravos. Auditors of  
public

public accounts, barristers-of-three-years'-standing, are not enough; steam and rail concessions will not now satisfy—nay, by increasing foreign influx, they will stimulate the craving for foreign civil and religious liberty. Strange gifts from a hand which forges fetters for soul and mind! The position of Pius IX. is painfully difficult: treason foreign and domestic, the Austrian bayonet, the Jesuit's 'boccone,' the ghost of Clement XIV., menace him if he proceeds—Italian exaltation and exasperation if he stands still. We may expect to hear of many vacillations—plots—reactions—and resumptions. The acclamations which hailed his accession grieved our Corinna's ear, as 'demanding impossibilities and foretelling disappointments;' yet she cheers him on to a gulf deeper than that into which the self-devoting Curtius plunged.

'It may be that the stone which thou art heaving  
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;  
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee  
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing  
In God's great future, thou dost set it free!  
Yet heave it, heave it heaven high, nor fear  
To be o'erwhelm'd in the first wild career  
Of those long-prison'd tides of liberty!

'That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart  
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee  
A glorious monument, such as no art  
E'er piled above a mortal memory:  
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb  
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome!'—vol. ii. p. 218.

Her melodramatic tendencies were enlisted by the prologue of his pontificate; she was enchanted with 'the nocturnal expeditions of his Holiness, disguised as an abbat' *à la* Haroon Alraschid, his manifestations of the power of the keys *à la* Normanby, his throwing purses to paupers *à la* Tekeli. There was much small jealous interference with nobodies about nothings in the administration of old Gregorio;—but surely that might have been got rid of tacitly—at all events, without constant protrusion of the new Infallible *in propria personâ*. To our sober notions, the time of the Head of Church and State is ill wasted even on petty pities, which may better be entrusted to subordinate relieving officers—and we greatly fear on the whole, that at the centre of hierocratic Rome as at that of siderocratic Brandenburg, a step has been taken which can neither be retracted nor persisted in without serious danger to far more than the initiator. But let us hope if we can. In both cases we have *the main motive*; and

'Prudens futuræ  
Caliginosâ nocte

The



The transition to Art is easy in Rome, where, twin-sister of Religion, she has long divided the allegiance of strangers. Her earliest and best patron has been the Church, who has dearly paid for her whistle. The necessity of replenishing a treasury exhausted from the erection of St. Peter's, roused, by the abuse of spiritual traffic, a Luther to shake its foundations. Leo X., by his idol-worship of the classical, drove Christian art from the temple and desecrated its altars with pagan beauty; and insulted Religion avenged herself by the iconoclastic Reformation.

We submit (now Mr. Segquier is dead) the following sensible observations to the trustees of the National Gallery:—

‘There is nothing of which the impression has become deeper in my mind than the necessity of an absolute education for anything like a due appreciation of that which is most beautiful in art. In those alone possessed of the intuitive perceptions and exceptional organisation of genius, the process of appreciation may be rapid; to the majority it must be like all their accomplishments—most gradual. There is something absolutely piteous in watching the procession of thronging sight-seers who visit these wonderful shrines, and knowing how little pleasure, and less profit, they bear away from their cursory and yet laborious pilgrimages. It is the work of years, to one not especially gifted, to learn to discriminate (in all art, but in painting, I should say, especially) bad from good, and good from what is best. Perfect senses, vivid sensibilities, imagination for the ideal, judgment for the real, knowledge of what is technical in the execution, critical competency to apprehend the merits and the claims of that which is purely intellectual, the conception; knowledge to furnish comparisons with what is prescriptive in art—reflection to suggest that which is paramount in nature—long habits of observation exercised on various and numerous works—and that which most hardly preserves itself through all this, and yet without which all this makes but a commonplace perceiver of faults and beauties—freshness of mind and depth of feeling, from which alone (combined with the rest) can spring the faculties of an *appreciator*—these, it appears to me, are the absolutely indispensable qualifications for those who would not only see but comprehend art.’—vol. ii. p. 268.

Few, we fear, of our countrymen pass the Alps provided with one tithe of our fair countrywoman's indispensables; and however glibly many may talk of their Raphael, Correggio, and stuff, established fine things are generally taken for granted, and raptures regulated per notes of admiration in the ‘Murray.’ Smatterers shrink from hints of dissent or disappointment: to praise Pietro Perugino is always safe at Rome. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; misplaced erudition worse. Woe to the carpenter critics who measure St. Peter's with a foot-rule! Woe to such as geologize the Venus de' Medicis, and speculate on the Moses of Michael Angelo just as Murchison does on  
boulders

boulder of the Baltic! The poetry is not more surely thus discharged out of Art, than it is from History by the Niebuhr school—all immeasurably colder and harder than their master—peering pedants without romance or music in their souls, who send tourists back to their parishes like vagrant paupers, dry as remainder biscuit. ‘Gardez-vous,’ exclaims Voltaire, ‘des gens durs, qui se disent solides, des esprits sombres, qui prétendent au jugement parcequ’ils sont dépourvus d’imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable.’

The fine arts, be they properly understood and enjoyed or not, are endemic and epidemic as the malaria; all catch the generous infection. Our citizens abandon gastronomics—our country gentlemen bucolics—to dabble in dilettanteism. A German thirst for sight-seeing torments all—*Christiani ad leones!* resounds again in the Coliseum. Usually the lions are taken by localities, not analogies; from convenient visiting distances like country society, and not from congenialities. Thus Rome is regularly ‘done,’ and a useless kaleidoscope, a pasticcio of pillar and post, impressed on the mind’s eye. All, moreover, are in the art-buying vein; Rome is sacked and ransacked for original copies, modern antiques, Francesco da Imolas, and rubbish, as if Wardour Street did not exist. Happily, the disease is local. Sweet home is the sure specific, where, once safely back, the most frantic taste is put away with the passport and courier.

Liberal in everything but admiration of Yankees, our heroine exercises her private judgment on pictures as on popes. The Last Judgment of the Sistine ‘horrifies her.’ Perhaps it was not easy to make the subject attractive, and Michael’s object was to awe. At all events he here emancipated art from its swaddling clothes, shattering the timid and conventional with colossal power. We have less quarrel with her criticism on the face of the Fornarina, which is, says she, ‘without feeling—that of a stupid, staring, handsome, yet unlovely creature.’ This transcript of a vulgar peasant, ripe and brown as an apricot, is stamped with an absence of purity and ideality, and a presence of the she-tiger, that one would have thought must have ‘horrified’ the gentle Raphael, unless piquant contrast motived his caprice. To us it lacks the Juno-like quality of beauty, so characteristic of the lower classes of Roman women—that severity which scorns to coquet or captivate, and resents the passing admiration of a male Goth or Celt—misplaced, indeed, according to our sharp-eyed judge, who in her stern summing-up pronounces ‘their persons clumsy, their feet and ankles extremely thick and ill-shaped, their divinity coming out more than their shoulders.’ If this be true, which we are unalike to these divinities are best seen in kitcat size, and



and in distant balcony like the charmers of Beppo, nor would nearer attractions be diminished, were 'forget me not' inscribed on their ablutionary appurtenances.

Select parties to visit the Coliseum in the glimpses of the moon are said to form the sweetest morsel of the night at Rome—for mothers who have many daughters to marry.\* Hymen, however, has ceased to expect homage even from the imagination of Fanny Kemble who (*Love's Labour Lost*) lights her torch in the cold statue-peopled Vatican. Gentlemen of an æsthetic turn may like to hear the effect produced by the Apollo on a lady student. She thus makes her confession:—

'I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself my eyes swam in tears, and my knees knocked together, and I could hardly hold my breath while I stood before it;—I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life. Angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly; and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it!'—vol. ii. p. 11.

Poetical, pagan, and passionate this. Colder-blooded men, Germans and others, have criticised the Apollo's form as effeminate. We omit their learned speculations. Certainly its elegant proportions are heightened by the contrasts and odious comparisons afforded by the desiccated New Yorkers and duck-legged Bavarians that come to see it, to say nothing of the Roman Custodes who, being fearfully made, pantaloons and all, are, we suppose, placed there by his Holiness on principle, as permanent foils. Many again of the modern artists who look on, and would fain copy, disfigure the human form, originally not over-divine, by superfluous hairs, negation of soap, and bandit costume. From their numbers and constant residence these are chartered libertines at Rome; the 'season' once over, they rule in the city and out of it. Safe from robbers, even in inns, they, like our commercial travellers, exact the best accommodations for the worst prices. Nor does mine host dare refuse: once placed under their ban, he is ruined. Poor their customers must be, as the market is overstocked; yet poverty degrades none, whom art ennobles, second-rate as it is; for amid the thousands of great bearded aspirants, few at Rome attain mediocrity. Met

\* Botany can bore as badly as geology. Woe to the professor (whose name is Italian) who discovered that the *Flora Colisea* exhibits 'sixty species of plants—whereof one-fourth are *Papilionaceæ*, while make up a large proportion of the remainder.'—*Handbook of C-* Perhaps the Manualist who made the quotation was sly.

live among each other in jolly freemasonry, unincumbered with the cares of three per cents, dressing-cases, or etiquette. Some of their saturnalia are singular. That at Cervera (vol. ii. p. 24) is described, like the Carnival at Rome (vol. i. p. 151), with far more words than wit, which, say the best authorities, should be brief, keen, and polished as a razor. The quality of our tourist's is not first-rate. Drolleries and comicalities which 'kill her' read flat and savourless in her telling. The body figures more than the mind in her merriment. At the first squeaking of the wry-necked fife, she clambers to the casement to gaze on fools with varnished faces, which mock the stern dignity of Rome; then motley is hers and the only wear. The tomb of Cæsar and the shrine of St. Peter re-echo the squeak of conventional nonsense, the roars of school-boy rapture in middle-aged multitudes; and our desolate mother having played her part with the noisiest, returns happy home, jaded and pelted to her heart's content with sugar-plums, which 'fill stays and bosoms, getting down backs, and all over us.' These are matters of taste; to ours the pith and marrow of her book consists in her record of more lucid intervals, when divorced from things and persons which, as she sometimes confesses, render Rome a bear-garden.

Her summer is passed in *villeggiatura* at Frascati, and this subject, rarely touched on, is brought before us with all the grace of a genuine and worthy enthusiasm. *O! si sic omnia!*

'Oh! how lovely it was! A happy company of friends gathered together under one roof, from whose national and individual dissimilarities no element of discord arose, but one variety of harmony—hearts bound in golden link of friendly fellowship. How charming the life was, too, with its monotony and variety like that of beautiful nature itself! The early morning walk through dewy vineyards, where I forestalled my breakfast, picking from the purple and amber bunches, like a greedy bird, the finest grapes, all bathed in bloom and freshness, or breaking from the branches over my head the heavy-hanging luscious figs, while my eyes slowly wandered from the Sabine hills to the Alban mountain, and from the shining glorious Campagna to the glittering Mediterranean. Then the noon-day plunge in the cool fountain, with those beautiful children, their round rosy limbs shining through the clear water, and their bead-like glancing eyes bright with delight. Then the readings, and the music; that exquisite voice, and learned lovely art, enchanting the hours with the songs of every land; the earnest, silent, *begrimed*, absorbed drawing hours; the quiet enthusiasm of our artist friend; the infinite anecdote, varied learning, marvellous memory, and eloquent outpourings of our traveller; the graceful universal accomplishment and unobtrusive benevolence of our dear Excellency. How many pleasures and of happiness were there! How perfectly united and tempered and attuned! The evening began to withdraw his potent presence; the merry meeting



meeting of the numerous cavalcade, in front of the fine mansion; the salutations from balcony and terrace from those who stayed, alas! behind, to those who, blessed with health and strength, went forth to increase them both by pleasure. The sober procession at starting up the broad ilex avenue, the unfailing exclamations of delight and admiration as we stood on the royal terrace of the Dragon's mount, and then the sweeping gallops over the wide Campagna to the Lake Regillus, Gabii, Pentana, Lunghezza, or through the chestnut woods below Rocca di Papa, and at the base of Monte Cavo, or along the smooth verdant sward (smoother and greener in the spring and autumn than green Ireland ever saw) of the long Latin valley, and then the return, by rosy sunset or pearly moonlight, through the filbert woods of Tusculum, by the Camadoli, and down the fragrant, warm, mysterious cypress-avenue. It was a perfect life, and to have led it for several months was a miracle.'—vol. ii. p. 3.

The age of miracles, fortunately for true believers, flourishes in primitive force throughout the Patrimony of St. Peter, and this wondrous *Villeggiatura* comes to pass every summer as regularly as figs ripen; then July suns hatch Roman society, which emerges from the torpid hybernation of the eternal city, where native hospitality—your banker excepted—consists in accepting foreigners' invitations; anon smoke wreaths gracefully curling from country-house kitchen-chimneys, enliven the landscape, and suggest leaving town on a tour. The local welcome, always hearty, is open-armed on those solemn occasions, when the compassionate church, acting on the attractive principle of making holy days and holidays synonymous, mitigates the severities of her ordinances with wine, wassail, fiddling, and Roman candles. Mr. Lear assisted at a grand festivity, which came off at Tagliacozzo, the time-honoured birth-place of the learned Taliacotius, who fabricated human 'noses supplemental,' after processes vouched for by erudite Carsignani and immortal Hudibras. Mr. Lear's lively and painter-like report will give our readers some notion of these national assemblages. It also affords us some pleasing glimpses of country-house style in the Italian interior—date, August, 1843: for he is the guest of Don Filippo Mastroddi, the lord of the town, who does its honours to the Intendente, or Governor, and all the other congregated dignitaries of the Province.

'Suppose yourself in the Casa Mastroddi at sunrise: a cup of coffee is brought to you in your own room (a biscuit, if you ask for it, though the natives do not indulge in anything so like breakfast), or you go to seek your *café* in the room of Donna Caterina, the step-mother of the two brothers Mastroddi, who continually labours to fill little cups, which are dispersed by the domestics all over the mansion. Then you wander into the large room, and into the great *loggia*, where you find the ladies and officers walking about in parties, or listening to the bands of *incessa*

incessantly performing below the window. The *Piazza* is like a scene in a theatre, all hung with crimson and gold draperies and tapestry from window to door, and crowded with people; the constant hum of the multitudes filling up the pauses between the music. About eleven, a stir takes place among the magnates of the house; everybody comes forth full dressed, and the Prince Intendente (with his staff in full uniform), and all the company following, walk through lines of military to the chapel, where the Bishop of Sulmona officiates at high mass. A friar having preached a Latin sermon of most painful duration, the Prince and the Mastroddi party return to the palace in the same order and state; the gay colours and the brilliant light of the summer over the whole procession making it a very sparkling scene; nor should I omit that the dress of a Neapolitan bishop—a bright green satin hat, amethyst-coloured silk robes, lined with scarlet, gold chain and cross, with lilac stockings—is in itself a world of glitter.—*Lear*, vol. i. p. 64.

This gaudy foreground, although portions may savour to drab-loving eyes of the crimson lady of Babylon, is both orthodox, artistic, and in perfect keeping with the rest of the picture, which the all-gilding sun renders surpassingly glorious; chilly lawn sleeves and hoar-frosty wigs, which admirably suit cathedrals sobered down by Wyat's nankeen washes, would be auto-de-feed in the Abruzzi by priests and painters, as heretical and anti-æsthetic. In the interval between the church and dinner-service the whole party went to make a call of ceremony on some grandees of the town, or attended the Bishop and Governor to the foundation-school, 'where they earnestly inspected samples of artificial flowers made by the prettiest set of little girls possible, the Bishop noticing all with a kindness of manner that showed the old gentleman's heart was full of good feelings.' In all these visitings, as they passed along, the people kneeled without intermission for their worthy Bishop's benediction. 'To one whose greatest horror is noise (says Mr. Lear), this sort of life was not a little wearying; but having been informed that to leave the house during the three days' *festa* would be considered as the greatest insult to the family, I felt obliged to remain, and resigned me to my *fête* accordingly.' Next came the dinner.

'The company in the Palazzo Mastroddi now amounted to above sixty persons, not including servants; and I confess to being somewhat surprised, much as I had heard of Abruzzo hospitality, at the scale on which these entertainments were conducted. A gay scene it was; and I always had the pleasure of getting a place by some one of the ladies of the company; a piece of good fortune I owed to being the only foreigner present; for a dark mass of my superiors in rals, judges, &c.—were obliged to lights of creation. Immediately were thronged by con-em. A novel picture was



was that festive *piazza*, alive with thousands of loiterers (there were said to be more than ten thousand visitors, besides the townspeople), listening to the Chieti and Tagliacozzo bands, playing alternately. By this time the sun was sinking, and everybody sallied forth to the promenade outside the town, where platforms were erected to observe the horse-races, which shortly took place, and about which great interest was shown. The winning-horse was taken up to the chapel of the Madonna dell' Oriente, and led to the steps of the altar, by way, I suppose, of expressing that a spirit of thankfulness may be graceful and proper upon all occasions. After the race a fire-balloon should have ascended; but somehow or other there was a reigning destiny adverse to balloons, for the first caught fire and blazed away before it left earth; the second stuck in a tree, where it shared the same fate; and the third ran erroneously among chimney-pots and was consumed on the house-tops, to the great disgust of the Tagliacozzesi. Now followed an invitation from Madame Marcini, or some one else possessed of a house in the *piazza*, in order to see the fire-works; so away we went, the Governor leading the way, and ate ices in the draped galleries overlooking the square. This was about Ave Maria: the dense crowd of people, some four or five thousand, were at once on their knees, and burst forth as if one voice were singing the evening chant to the Virgin; the echoes of which rang back from the black rocks of the Pass, with a solemnity of deep melody, the most soothingly beautiful after the hours of hubbub.—*Ibid.*, p. 65.

This tender sentiment and spectacle, which affect Protestants deeply—'Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!'—is lost upon too many callous Romanists, with whom it is an every night's form; the spiritual is merged in the mechanical, and the Tagliacotians comply, indeed, but vote it sheer loss of time, as aldermen do the saying grace before mayors' dinners. Accordingly, ere the last echoes of prayer die away in the mellow distance—

'Crack—bounce—whizz!—the scene was changed in a twinkling by the flash and explosion of all kinds of fireworks; rockets flying hither and thither; serpents rushing and fizzing all round the colonnades; and that which should have been a fountain blazing away in streams of fire.

'Again a movement—and the point of interest is changed; a long line of people is bending towards the theatre, and threading with difficulty the groups of peasants already composing themselves to sleep. As soon as our party arrived the performance began; and great fun we had between the acts of the opera in laughing at the strange dresses of some of the personages from neighbouring towns, who displayed fashions of the week, said the Tagliacozzesi, since the last century's *fiesta*. One lady, with a rose-coloured satin bonnet at least four feet with a blue and yellow fan to match, was the delight of the audience.—It was past midnight ere we returned by bright through the quiet *piazza*, thronged with the same multitudes who had been unable to find shelter in the overfilled accommodation of the town *Locande* and *Osterie*, and now lay in the groups of mothers and families, with

on them through the Gothic arches of the little temple, were picturesque and touching beyond description. To all these events, add a very merry supper, and a late going to repose: and such was the routine of three days—the varieties of processions, visits to adjacent villas, &c., excepted. Annoyed as I had been with the prospect of such waste of time, I confess to having been pretty well reconciled to it by the kindness and amiable disposition of every one with whom I was brought in contact, and the unbroken cheerfulness with which every moment was filled up.—*Ibid.*, p. 66.

Not an unpleasant life this, in the Abruzzi, which the Mrs. Ratcliffe school peoples with bears and bandits. It must be admitted, that accommodations for man and beast at the public inn fall short of these private hospitalities; they are fitter for the aforesaid bipeds and quadrupeds than Christian Englishmen, whose habits and wants are accordingly set down to mental unsoundness by the compassionating natives. Compare the Casa Mastroddi with the hostelry of Isola:—

‘An old woman, Donna Lionora (who, like many I had observed in the course of the day, was a *goîtreuse*), cooked me some beans and a roast fowl; but the habitation was so dirty and wretched that one had need to have had a long journey to provoke any appetite. While I was sitting near the chimney (it had the additional charm of being a very smoky one), I was startled by the entrance of several large pigs, who passed, very much at their ease, through the kitchen, if so it were called, and walked into the apartment beyond, destined for my sleeping-room. *Sapete che ci sono entrati i porchi?*—Do you know that the pigs have got in? said I to the amiable Lionora. *Ci vanno a dormire*—They are going to bed, quoth she, nowise moved at the intelligence. They sha’n’t sleep there while I am in the house, thought I; so I routed them out with small ceremony, and thereby gave great cause for amazement to the whole of the family. *E matto* (he is mad), suggested some of the villagers *sotto voce*:—*Lo sono tutti, tutti, tutti*—(so they are all, all, all) responded an old man, with an air of wisdom—*Tutti gli Inglesi sono matti*—an assertion he proved on the ground that the only Englishman who had ever been known to visit Isola (several years previously) had committed four frightful extravagancies, any one of which was sufficient to deprive him of all claim to rationality—viz. he frequently drank water instead of wine; he more than once paid more money for an article than it was worth; he persisted in walking, even when he had hired a horse; and he always washed himself—*si, anche due volte la giornata*—(yes, even twice a-day:)—the relation of which climax of absurdity was received with looks of incredulity and pity by his audience.—*Ibid.*, p. 109.

Mr. Lear soon washes his hands of these pigs and peasants. Doleful inconveniences of bad fare and strange bed-fellows have plagued tourists in these parts since the days of Horace, and, we dare swear, long before; the remedy continuing also un-



changed; and all prudent wayfarers will, like him, request some Muræna to furnish lodgings and some Capito a cook. Such was, after a little experience, the wrinkle adopted by Mr. Lear. He had plenty of letters with him, and whenever the great man of a place was at home, he seems to have been courteously received and very decently dieted. To be sure, it was not often that he found the *cuisine* so entirely to his mind as he did at Antrodoco. There, frightened by the larderless *locanda*, and 'that speckly appearance of the walls, which denotes to the initiated certain entomological visitors, politely called B flats and F sharps,' he plucked up courage to send some credentials to no less a personage than the Intendente of the Abruzzo Secondo Ulteriore himself, whose palace overlooked the dirty town; and the result was an invitation to supper from the said governor—to wit, Prince Giardinelli, 'a lively little man of friendly manners, who spoke English:—

'Near him was a sweet little girl, his only child, about ten years of age; and about the room were various *uffiziali* attached to his suite, and sundry *personaggi* of the town, who were paying their evening devoirs. These by degrees subsided, and we were left with the Governor and Donna Caterina, who, after a long hour, in which I was more than half asleep, took us into a room, where there was a table, plate, and covers; and what did we see when those covers were removed!—a positive plain English-looking roast leg of mutton, in all its simplicity and good odour; and two dishes, one of simple mealy boiled potatoes and the other ditto baked; add to this a bottle of excellent champagne, and imagine our feelings. The secret of these amazing luxuries was that the prince and his cook had both been in England. Nor, when all this was discussed, had we anything more to do with the vile inn; our *roba* had been taken to the comfortable private house of a Don Luigi Mozzetti, whither we proceeded to sleep.'—vol. i. p. 49.

Noctes cœnæque deûm! Such blissful nights, such suppers, sweet in simplicity as 3 per cents., are fleshly comforts unknown to those who stay at home, racked on too easy couch and sated with saddles of mutton; they, to be relished, must be earned, as in cognate Spain, by long rides over hungry hills, where the plagues of Egypt are fixtures in beds, and war perpetual is proclaimed at boards against knives and forks; where the evil one either denies meats, or sends Canidias to blast them with saffron, red peppers, garlic, and condiments from his own satanic cruets. The peasantry of these regions seem to be diametrically opposed in their notions of luxury to friend Paddy, who prefers a potato to a pork-chop, not to mention cormorant soup; and rather than eat turbot in a famine, sees them carted out by the hundred for manure to the fields. In the immediate neighbourhood of Prince Giardinelli's laudable *ménage*, Mr. Lear encountered a rustic

rustic carrying a dead fox. 'It is delightful food,' said he, '*cibo squisito*, either boiled or roast.' Said Lear, 'I wish you joy.' The travelled prince's new inventions puzzle the vulpicides, who, ever since the establishment of an iron foundry and a mill for obtaining sugar from 'the tuber,' invariably put this question to every stranger—'Are you one of those who extract sugar from iron, or iron from potatoes?' Much of this confusion of ideas, chemical and culinary, is attributable, we fear, to his deceased Holiness, who prohibited in his own States, and elsewhere discountenanced, rails, journals, and periodical meetings of peripatetic philosophers. The natives, fine raw material for naturalists, if duly encouraged, would doubtless produce papers, worthy to be read, not merely after plain mutton and mashed potatoes, but as a *chasse* to the turtle and punch by which our great British Association are so regularly inspired. In proof of such capabilities, the important discovery of a friend of Mrs. Fanny's may be cited. This rising zoologist 'caught a number of tarantulas, and confined them in a tumbler together; their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying forth, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity devoured each other—the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass one huge hideous creature, the universal conqueror, whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies as fast as he demolished them.'—(*F. Kemble*, vol. i. p. 50.) Amiable animalculæ; and henceforward to be classed by our Broderips among the genera Robespierre and Buonaparte, not Terpsichore.

The contrast in bearing and forbearing between Mr. Lear, a real invalid, and our rude-healthed Fanny, is remarkable: his temper flows unruffled, even by the 'small deer';—where she is petulant and put out with everything and everybody, he takes men, women, gentle and simple, as they come, making the best of the worst, and just doing in Rome and out of Rome as the Romans do. It must be added that his travelling 'indispensables,' artistic as well as social, were undeniable; he could discourse eloquent Italian, sing Scotch songs, strum Spanish guitars, and, what is better, had an English heart in its right place. He could and would listen to landed proprietors' yarns, without yawns, although the Thames Tunnel were *passim* the twice-told tale of the Abruzzi squirearchy; and considering the sums of public money which have been buried never to fructify in that colossal boring, it surprised us much that it should be productive of the smallest interest of any kind anywhere.



Furnished with such powers of face, Mr. Lear needed no costly passport of Downing-street; which, as we shall presently see, does not always answer. Welcome everywhere as rent, and admitted behind the curtain, his eye has been quick to mark, and his hand busy to realize strange scenes of nature and society. Thanks to him, we are at home among places and people which, although within a few days' journey of Rome and Naples, were scarcely better known than the country and best resident families near Timbuctoo. An unaffected modesty beams out, whether he draws or writes. There is no attempt at elaborate pictures with the pen; a few pithy expressions suffice to let off his artistic enthusiasm; but on them is the smell of the field, not of Cheapside gas. He will probably think it a doubtful compliment when we say that we have sometimes been inclined to like him even better as an author than as an artist. Prepared by annual experience of the stereotyped stuff of illustrated books, we began by only looking at his engravings; but by and bye, from an accidental glance at a sentence or two, we found ourselves tempted on—and so on until we read the entire letter-press—to be well repaid by much new observation, nice marking of manners, genuine relish for nature, and quiet dramatic humour. On the whole we are left with a conviction that, in spite of all Mrs. Fanny's sweeping charges, the domestic affections are in a very healthy state;—perhaps, indeed, English people may see cause to blush slightly at some of the incidental traits—of filial and fraternal cordiality and liberality especially. A most delightful octavo for any well-cushioned boudoir or britchka might be extracted from these bulky tomes, were all the extraneous matter cut out, that has cost author and us the most pains, and on which he sets the highest estimation; for, ignorant of the value of his own diamond, he has overlaid its sparkle with husks, historical, topographical, and so forth, quoted from older and outlandish folios, with the best-meant motive of disarming learned critics like ourselves, who are supposed by the unlearned to doat on books of whose dullness worms die. Two mortal pages are filled with the names and titles only of the Dry-as-dust compilers thus forced on the unthankful.

Deferential to Dunciad authors, Mr. Lear has better appreciated his own attainments as an artist; and we regret that we cannot make any specimens of his pencil speak, like the literary extracts, for themselves. There is no mistake in their originality, or in the lively interest which the impressions of individual mind and local identity must ever convey. With the Abruzzi he makes us feel ourselves as familiar as if we had paced every step with his mule—and here we have no help to his pencil but from his own pen. As to Rome, his eye is fully impregnated with the  
emphatic

emphatic points of the city and its environs, where everything is so suggestive—where every field has its Livian battle, every hill its Horatian ode, every fountain its Egeria, into which we heartily wish every Niebuhr thrown. He has treated with clever but conscientious drawing the leading characteristics of the scenery, giving us well-selected specimens of each variety;—but, without disparagement to the artist's letterpress, his fair colleague's poetical descriptions are, on the whole, his best *Roman* commentary. She revels in the luxuriant theme—and happily do her skill and his combine to set before us the forlorn Grand Campagna, where Melancholy broods, and the Eternal City sits, its queen and centre, moated by the silvery Mediterranean, and guarded by walls of purple mountain—fit frame for such a picture. Mr. Lear has well effected the delineation of far-stretching space and flatness by an infinite series of horizontal lines: in his engravings we behold the Campagna spread out like a tawny sea, and feel its solemn sentiment of antiquity, its uncultivated, uninhabited air, dreamy tranquillity, and Claude-like atmosphere of heat and haze. Cleverly his crayon carries us through ravines choked with vegetation, where creepers festoon crumbling temples whose creeds are extinct, and hide the wrinkles of time with the repairs of tender spring. Now we climb slopes spread with a cloak of flowers, and chequered with lights and shadows, as the sun and clouds play at hide-and-seek; while long-horned cattle drink with patient eye from some fountain that drops its diamonds in the bright day-beam. Anon we wander through gullies and gorges, from whose rocks vines suck nectar, while emerald swards wind like rivers between. On every sunlit hillock its time-coloured tomb or ruined tower cuts the blue sky, a landmark and sentinel, where, like meaner insects in deserted shells, shaggy peasants, of coal-black eye and hair, bask and beg. Turning a leaf, we penetrate through spicy groves of ilex, umbrella-headed pines, and dark solid cypresses,

‘Which pierce with graceful spire the limpid air,’  
into leafy retreats of the cool Algidus, where Dian's sandals might shine and her quiver rustle, where water supplants fire, and volcanic craters furnish lakes, clear and deep-set as Albano maiden's eye, baths and looking-glasses for Naiads. High above, on peaks and pinnacles, are bandit-looking hamlets, which nestle and crouch about feudal castles, whose frowning Poussinesque masses contrast with the light and colour around. Gaze on, but enter not these sketcher's—shades of sloth and pauperism. Into what the pure love of nature entices—revealed to the educated upon the herd,



herd, the power of drawing enables him to seize and fix for ever! But descriptions of pictures are almost as unsatisfactory as the catalogues of auctioneers or Royal Academicians. Only one word more on parting with Mr. Lear's charming portfolio. We could wish that he were more resolute in colour, and less afraid of light. His effects are sometimes too flat and dun for the skies of Italy—fitter for children of the mist than those of the sun; his lights, scanty as they are, seem frequently spotty, and his touch timid, wanting in masculine force and daring—we might say too gentleman-like.

It is impossible to close his volumes without being struck with the close parallel presented by life and manners in the Abruzzi and in Spain, whose dominion this Italian Eden enjoyed or endured during many centuries, and whose moral impression, stamped on a country cognate in latitude and religion, is deep and lasting. We confess to having been constantly transported from the Apennines to the Alpujarras; in perusing his journal of methodless, roadless rambles, we retravelled the *dehesas y despo-blados*, the unpeopled wastes of Estremadura and Andalucia. Heaven and earth, man, his ways and works are alike; the same 'lapis lazuli curtain' hangs over warm fertile valleys, hemmed in by cold barren sierras where the goat is way-warden, and bridgeless watercourses, which, when torrents, stop all traffic—when dry, are the makeshifts for roads. The same mechanical and agricultural antediluvianism—the same wretched, scratching, childish cultivation, confined to the vicinity of musty villages, into which the peasants, far from what they call their labour, herd for mutual protection; the same leagues of fat lands abandoned to aromatic underwood, the home of wild birds and beasts—at best the appanage of wandering sheep—a system fatal to good husbandry. Every high place has its saint, image, miracle, pilgrimage. No less analogous are the hamlets and cities; their common character is silence, the worst sign a town can have. Bore unspeakable reigns the genius loci; there is the same look of being in Chancery—the same ghost of departed disproportionate magnificence in church and palace mocking present poverty. Pass the threshold of the hovel, and every sense becomes an inlet of pain—everything is wanting to elevate man above the condition of his *porchi*. Sad enough it is to witness, in a land where Nature would fain be so lavish of her kindness, such a wilderness of weeds, the rank growth of nothing but bad government. But climate is great in the chapter of compensation; the blessed sun gilds misery, and, where people live out of doors, furnishes fire, raiment, and lodging, stimulates the system and banishes blue-devils. Enter the vasty mansions of the great—

great—we find the same dull, weary impress of a cumbrous, obsolete existence, amid faded tapestries, flapping portraits, and dry-rot; the same lack of life, business, and employment—the same utter absence of books and all other signs and symptoms of intellectual occupation. Nor is the analogy of the all-plundering, all-destroying, invading Gaul wanting; that European pest has in both fair lands left the mark of the beast on temple and tower—everywhere, from shattered roofless tenements, the bright light gleams through empty windows, as through sockets of ghastly skulls. Mix with the inmates in both countries—they are all dons or donnas—formal, punctilious, ceremonious—joying in pompous titles and puny decorations—local in loves and hatreds—leading a life of routine made up of mass and siesta, sauntering and twaddle—a dozing immemorial vegetation—the worship excepted of the great goddess of the south, *Dolce far niente*—the much-calumniated Idleness of work-loving Britons. As one wanders through these kindred realms, and sees about the most magnificent regions of the globe abandoned to such helpless indolence, it requires some little effort to realize the fact that we tread on what have been the scenes of exalted heroism, energetic administration, refined civilization, and successful industry.

Among the endless coincidences—mendicancy not the least—which space prevents our detailing, a fear and suspicion of foreigners marks the official mind. The odious French machinery of passports, permits, and gendarmerie, is all in full vigour. The petty despotisms of the two cognate peninsulas alike tremble at the fear of change, and see in every curious stranger a spy, an apostle of reform and revolution; and the Dogberries rarely deviate into common sense. Mr. Lear recounts an adventure from which the melodious title of our *nuper idoneus* Foreign Secretary appears to be synonymous even in the wild Apennines with protocols of hot water—battle, murder, and sudden death. The anecdote may be quoted as a companion-picture to the effect produced by the magic name of *Balmerson*, when exhibited by Mr. Borrow to the ragged and liberal National Guard of Estremadura:—

‘Nothing particular happened in the walk, except being wet through by storms of rain; but at *Civita Ducale* a three-parts drunken *cara-biniere* prevented my entering, insisting on knowing my name, which I not only told him, but politely showed him my passport, which was one from the Foreign-Office, with  
PALMERSTON printed thereon  
in large letters, *Lear* being  
complete lie), said  
*Voi non siete*  
Palmerstoni.)  
official was no  
of these worthies,

*Niente vero* (a complete lie), said  
—be able to cavil.  
Lear, you are  
irascible  
power  
might  
be.



be. *Quel ch' e scritto, scritto e—dunque ecco qua scritto Palmerstoni—dunque siete Palmerstoni voi!*—(What is written is written; here Palmerstoni is written, and therefore Palmerstoni you are.) You great fool, I thought; but I made two bows, and said placidly, Take me to the *Sott'intendente*, my dear Sir, as he knows me very well. *Peggio!*—said the angry man, *tu! incomodare l' eccellente Signor Sott'intendente!*—*vien, vien, subito ti tiro in carcere!*—(Worse still!—thou, forsooth!—worry the excellent Lord Under-governor for thee!—come, come; I shall instantly take thee to prison.) Some have greatness thrust upon them; in spite of all expostulation, Viscount Palmerston it was settled I should be. There was nothing to be done: so I was trotted ignominiously all down the High-street, the carabinieri shouting out to everybody at door and window, *Ho preso Palmerstoni!*—(I have bagged Palmerstoni.) Luckily the Sub-governor was taking a walk, and met us; whereupon followed a scene of apologies to me, and snubbing for the military, who retreated discomfited. So I reached Rieti by dark, instead of going to prison.—*Lear*, vol. i. p. 127.

Arch-Spanish this; but in spite of ventas and garlic, passports and Palmerstoni, there is bird-lime in these racy regions, which are quitted with regret and recollected with delight. Touching is Mr. Lear's farewell to scenes made for the painter, and peopled after all by the kind and hospitable; nor less graceful are the adieus of his pleasing but difficult-to-please colleague. The day before Mrs. Fanny departed, December 7th, was dark and gloomy—the rain incessant;—yet she knelt at the fountain of Trevi, and drank of its sweet waters—for those who so drink return, she had been told, to Rome—and she would carry that hope with her. May it be gratified—when the mind is more at ease, and the fascinating lady's temper less mutinous.

ART. VI.—1. *Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H.M.S. 'Fly,' commanded by Capt. F. P. Blackwood, R.N., in Torres Strait, New Guinea, and other Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, during the Years 1842—1846, together with an Excursion into the Interior of the Eastern part of Java.* By J. Beeta Jukes, M.A., F.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1847.

2. *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs, being the first part of the Geology of the Voyage of the 'Beagle,' under the command of Capt. Fitzroy, during the Years 1832—1836.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. London, 1842.

THE volumes we have placed at the head of this article form the narrative of one of those expeditions of maritime survey in a distant region of the globe, by which the credit and interests of England, as the great maritime and colonial power of the world,

world, are maintained and enlarged. What we have hitherto accomplished of such research, though perhaps adequate to, does not exceed, the demand that may fairly be made from a nation circumstanced as we are as to territory, commerce, and the arts and improvements of social life. In this matter there is an obligation distinctly due to ourselves, to other nations, and to posterity; and while deprecating, as we do, all narrow and parsimonious views in dealing with an obligation thus incurred, we may add our belief that no public expenditure can be more profitably made—no public services more beneficially applied—than in forwarding those large researches and surveys by which, while nurturing officers and seamen of the highest class, we open new channels, and give fresh vigour and greater security to the undertakings of commerce over the globe.

In this age, indeed, we can no longer send adventurers forth to achieve the discovery of new lands, or shores vaguely shadowed out by the imagination of antiquity. With the exception of the ice-bound tracts which circumscribe the poles, and into which the disciplined boldness of our navigators has of late deeply penetrated—and with the further exception of those large islands which form the south-eastern boundary of the Indian Archipelago—all the great outlines of the globe may be said to have been drawn and defined. No Atlantis now remains to be sought for in the Western Ocean; nor is there space or spot anywhere left for those romantic wonders of the traveller, so pleasantly pictured by Ariosto:—

‘Che narrandogli poi non segli crede,  
E stimato bugiardo ne rimane.’

The human tails of Lord Monboddo's theory are no longer considered hopeful subjects for research; and even if the modern story of a tribe of pigmies to the south of Abyssinia were better accredited than it is likely to be, yet would this afford poor compensation for the loss of the gigantic Patagonians, whom recent voyagers have reduced to little more than the ordinary level of the species. The new animals and plants fetched from remote lands have each their *analogues*, already named and registered, in our cabinets and museums; while the huge bones and vestiges of extinct life, which in all parts of the world have perplexed curiosity and startled ignorance, are now submitted to technical description, and brought under the same strict laws of classification as the living forms that surround us.

The romance of voyage and travel is at an end, nor is it likely anything shall be gained by it. Utility, in all public undertakings, is all that is sought after—what can be gained.



tion, or to commerce and the conveniences of life. The construction of more accurate charts—the correct fixing of latitudes and longitudes—the discovery of new harbours and rivers fitted for navigation—the sounding of seas, from depths which barely float a ship, to the profound abysses of ocean where fathom-line of five miles will hardly touch the ground—the determination of tides and currents—observations on winds and storms—tables of magnetic variation, now so important to the exact science of navigation:—these, and other matters more purely scientific, we find appended, in one shape or other, to all relations of modern voyages, as the documents of highest interest and value. And rightly indeed so esteemed, looking to the actual condition and future prospects of the world; in which certain eminent and favoured races, foremost in civilization, are rapidly diffusing themselves, with growing numbers, over regions tenanted before by savage or half-civilized tribes, the fractional remnants of an earlier peopling of the globe. The race to which we belong stands indisputably first among those thus favoured, and is spreading itself with greatest vigour and energy of purpose over the face of the earth. In preparing the high roads for such migration, and giving scheme, order, and good governance to the colonies thus widely disseminated, ‘England must never forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live.’ It is, as we have already said, a debt which we owe to the existing world and to the generations coming after us.

The shores of the great southern continent of Australia have recently given ample scope and object to these expeditions of maritime survey. Our national interests are now indeed so deeply concerned in this vast and most singular country, and in the rapid progress our colonies there are making in population, agriculture, mining, commerce, and all that constitutes the germ of important communities, that there could be no excuse for indifference or inertness as to researches thus directed. In former articles we have sought to draw the attention of our readers to this subject, and to do justice to the labours of the zealous and adventurous men who have braved toil, and every shape and excess of physical privation, in the prosecution of discovery along the coasts and in the interior of New Holland.\* Since the date of the last of these articles, an expedition under the conduct of Dr. Leichardt, long hidden in the solitudes of North-East Australia, and of the safety of which all hope had been well-nigh abandoned, suddenly emerged from the interior at Port Essington on the northern coast, having accomplished a longer and deeper section of the continent than had been attained by any previous effort—through a region wholly

\* Quarterly Review, Nos. CXXXV. and CLII.

unexplored before, and yielding, in many parts, the fairest promise to future explorers. The details of this remarkable journey are yet only partially known to us here, but we trust no long time may elapse before they are brought forward in fuller and more satisfactory form. It is a direction of discovery which is sure to be speedily followed by other adventurers, and probably with colonization soon treading after, in the tracks thus recently disclosed by these intrepid pioneers.

The voyage of Captain Blackwood, narrated in the volumes before us, was undertaken by direction of the Board of Admiralty, and extended over a period of more than four years—the principal part of this time occupied in a silent, laborious, and oftentimes dangerous survey of one of the most singular channels of navigation in the world. The quarter to which his operations were directed is the north-east coast of New Holland, of which the line of discovery pursued by Leichardt may be said to form the interior chord. These two expeditions therefore have been in some sort supplemental to each other, and to the survey of the Gulf of Carpentaria by Captain Stokes in the years immediately preceding. But the more definite object assigned to Captain Blackwood was the completion of the survey of the channel or channels before mentioned, through which a hardy and prosperous traffic is already beginning to flow, and which are likely hereafter to become one of the great passages for the commerce of the Indian Archipelago and Southern hemisphere. We have every reason to infer from these volumes, as well as from other information which has reached us, that this officer fulfilled excellently the arduous duties intrusted to him, proving himself a worthy successor of Flinders, Bligh, King, Stokes, and other eminent navigators who have laboured in the work of discovery on the same shores.

It will be seen from the title of the volumes that Captain Blackwood is not the historian of his own voyages. Though there have been some cases where we could not regret this transference of the task, yet, generally speaking, we prefer a narrative coming from the hands of the commander himself, as having more of natural vigour and earnestness, and a more determined appreciation of the objects of inquiry, than we usually meet with in subordinate officers, even though perchance more largely provided with scientific knowledge. In the instance before us, Captain Blackwood waived his right of publication in favour of Mr. Jukes, naturalist to the expedition, who, in a modest prefatory letter, acknowledges this kindness, and apologizes for the deficiencies of his work. It is doing no wrong to Mr. Jukes to say that he ranks in a very different class of writers from Mr. Darwin, to whose eminent merits,

as



as the scientific narrator of Captain Fitzroy's voyage in the *Beagle*, we sought to render justice in a former Number of this Review.\* Exclusively of other causes of inferiority, we must admit that the subject-matter here is of narrower scope and inferior interest; and perplexing to the narrator as well as the reader, by the details of a survey, carried on in successive steps at different periods of time, on the same shores and amidst the same group of coral reefs. The second volume, indeed, carries us over Torres Strait to the southern coast of New Guinea, and the eastern parts of Java and the neighbouring isles; but, as a whole, the work wants salient points of interest; and the real and permanent value of the voyage must not be looked for in this narrative, but in the charts and other aids it has afforded to the navigation of these remote seas; and in certain documents, connected with the natural history and languages of the Australian continent, to which we shall have occasion afterwards to refer.

Mr. Jukes shows himself aware of some of the difficulties and deficiencies we have stated. Had he been more of an artist in narrative—one of those who 'work by a sort of felicity, and not by rule'—he might to some extent have obviated them, without any departure from the truth of relation, or affectation of fine writing. By better selection and grouping of his materials he might have done more to aid the imagination of the reader; and to furnish him with livelier pictures, not only of the scenery of shore and reef, but of the acts and events of a maritime life, thus peculiar in kind. The operations of surveying and sounding on new coasts must often be tedious enough to those concerned in them; but they call into action all the higher qualities of seamanship—the zeal, steadiness, intelligence, and boldness of this noble service;—and, continued thus over a period of months, or even years, it is impossible that they should have been wanting in incidents to excite and gratify curiosity among those ignorant of such operations, and desirous to obtain information. Much more too of personal interest might have been given to the narrative. It is not enough to know that H.M. ship *Fly* and the *Bramble* cutter were employed on the expedition; or to be told in the Preface that 'the officers were uniformly kind, and the ships' companies well conducted.' These covenanted courtesies are all proper and pleasing; but, as readers, we desire to know somewhat more of those whom we thus accompany through their labours on the sea—both the '*fortem Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*,' who walk the quarter-deck, and the gallant men underneath them, who toiled for years together in this arduous service of surveying. And we should gladly have been ma-

\* Quarterly Review, Vol. LXV., p. 194.

more familiar with the vessels themselves—their tonnage, equipment, sailing qualities, and other similar details, which impart life to the story, and interest to events otherwise barren. It may be that such particularities as these, well befitting the history of an American whaler or a Californian trader from Boston, are not considered seemly as applied to Her Majesty's ships of war. Nevertheless, we are sure that, without any breach of professional etiquette, much might have been done to take off an air of baldness from the book, and to vivify it into a more popular and instructive form. Were it not rather an untoward comparison for a book of travels, we might liken it in this matter to a novel or play, where the interest in events and places mainly depends on the feeling we have already acquired in the persons who act, prosper, or suffer in the progress of the story.

We have especially to complain that Mr. Jukes has not prefixed to his narrative some distinct statement of the objects of the voyage, nor even adverted to the place in his volumes where such might be found. The reader is left to infer these objects from detached passages, very imperfectly designating the motives and peculiarities of the survey, until near the close of the first volume, where there is introduced a valuable chapter on the structure and extent of the Great Barrier Reef, and its relation to the navigation of these seas.

In the Appendix, moreover, we find a copy of the Admiralty orders under which Captain Blackwood sailed; a perspicuous document, and excellent not only in the explicit nature of the naval instructions, but also in its humane and judicious inculcation of rules for intercourse with the natives. We quote what may suffice to show the main purposes of the expedition:—

‘Whereas a large proportion of the vessels trading to the South Sea and to Australia are obliged to return to Europe or proceed to India by way of Torres Strait—many of which vessels, when weak-handed, in order to avoid the frequent anchorage necessary in the in-shore passage by which is called King's Rout, stand out to sea till an opportunity offers for making one of the narrow gaps in the Barrier Reefs, through which they steer for the Strait—and whereas several vessels have thus been lost, there being no other guide to these openings than the casual observation of latitude, which is often incorrect, there being no land to be seen till entangled within the reefs, and no chart on which the dangers are correctly placed:

‘We have therefore thought fit, for the above reasons, to have the Great Barrier Reef explored, and these gaps surveyed, in order that some means may be devised for so marking the most eligible of these openings that they may be recognised in due time, and passed through in (

ular vessels to the service, and  
directing



directing that they should be refitted, provisions recruited, and all possible information as to the Barrier Reef obtained at Sydney, the principal instructions given under these Orders are the following:—

The survey of the exterior or eastern edge of that vast chain of reefs, which extend almost continuously from Break-sea Spit to the shore of New Guinea.

The thorough examination of all the channels through the barrier chain, with detailed plans of those which offer a secure passage, and the device of some practical means of marking them by beacons of wood, stone, or iron.

The ascertainment of the safest channels by which vessels coming from the eastward may pass through the intricate reefs and islands occupying the mouth of Torres Strait; and, in particular, a complete survey, including tides, soundings, and sailing directions, of the passage called Endeavour Strait: these being regarded as among the most important objects of the expedition.

Authority also is given to examine certain parts of the coastline of New Holland, as well as the southern shore of New Guinea, and the adjacent islands; the following salutary injunction being added, which is applicable to many other cases in life as well as to the circumstances of a maritime survey:—

‘But, wherever you go, we expect you to produce full and faithful surveys of the places you visit. And we especially desire you not to waste your time and means in what are called *running surveys*, in which much work is apparently executed, but no accurate knowledge obtained, useful either to the mariner or geographer. *Whatever you do is to be done effectually.*’

We must carry our readers somewhat further into the description of this Great Barrier Reef, not merely as forming the main object of the present expedition, but from its being marked as the most singular and gigantic example of its kind on the surface of the globe. Among the various phenomena of physical geography, few in truth are more extraordinary than those great coral formations, which, under different shapes and designations, meet the navigator in his passage through the tropical seas; rarely passing far beyond these limits of latitude, but, within the wide belt of ocean thus included, rising up from unknown depths, in stranger forms than imagination could devise, and alike perplexing to the naturalist from their multitudinous occurrence in some tracts of sea, and their absence in others. Here we find the circular lagoon islets (or *atolls*, as they are now termed, by adoption of a native word), circles of coral rock, often barely emerging from the wilderness of waters around; yet resisting the heaviest storms, and  
sheltering

sheltering small central lakes, the placid surface of whose blue water strangely contrasts with the tumult of waves without. Elsewhere, as in various parts of the Indian, Pacific, and Atlantic oceans, we see these coral islands occurring in closer groups, with innumerable channels between, covering often a wide area of sea, and so numerous as almost to defy all reckoning and survey. England, which plants its flag on every various surface of the earth, possesses in the Bermudas one of these coral clusters, further remarkable as the most distant point from the equator at which coral rocks are known to occur. Elsewhere, again, we find these extraordinary creations of the deep forming barrier reefs to islands or portions of continent; encircling some, bordering or fringing others, through lines of enormous extent; and in certain places, as between the north-eastern coast of Australia and New Caledonia, so largely developed in the form of detached reefs as to have obtained from Flinders the name of the Coral Sea.

To almost all our readers it must be known that these vast works, as fitly they may be called, are due to the labours of certain species of zoophytes; ranking among the most minute and slightly organized forms of animal life, yet having a common instinct of existence which renders them the artificers of mineral masses and new lands amidst the ocean, fitted eventually to become the abode of man. The soft pulp of the coral animal secretes, or otherwise forms, a stony nucleus; the aggregation of which matter, by the conjoint working of myriads of these little creatures, and the accumulated and superimposed labours of different species and successive generations, produces these wonderful results:—*'admiranda levium spectacula rerum,'* as they may well be termed, looking at the relation between the agent and the magnitude of the work accomplished.

In a later part of this article we shall have to refer again to this topic, as connected with the theory of coral formations and their relation to other great physical phenomena of the globe. Meanwhile we will merely remark that the whole course of modern science tends to disclose facts analogous to those just mentioned, and to show the influence of living organic causes in forming the material and determining the structure of many of the great masses which compose the crust of the earth, as also in producing other phenomena, apparently the most alien from such origin. Where formerly brute matter alone was suspected, the eye of the microscope now shows the relics of living beings, the artificers of the ma-  
tombs them. The flint nodules of chalk rock:  
slate, even certain varieties of the noble opa-



wholly, or in part, of the silicious cases of fossil infusoria. The sand which sometimes falls on ships far distant from the coast—the mud which lies in the estuaries of rivers—even the layers of ashes and pumice which cover the edifices of Pompeii—give the same remarkable result. We look backwards through ages of organic life on the surface of the earth; and in the very minuteness of form and species we find reason why they should have been easily aggregated into large and dense masses, masking to common observation the vitality which once pervaded the whole. Looking forwards, we see the earth and seas still teeming with the same profusion of life in its simpler forms, and cannot but infer that these may hereafter undergo the same changes and minister to the same great results.\* Science stands here, as in so many other instances, between the past and future time; casting upon the latter the light, more or less distinct, which it derives from reflection of the former.

Recurring to the subject more immediately before us, we would beg the reader to take up the map of New Holland, and to fix his eye on Sandy Cape, in S. lat.  $24^{\circ} 30'$ , about 600 miles north of Sydney, and the most salient point on the eastern coast of the Australian continent. From Break-sea Spit, a narrow sand-bank which runs twenty miles northwards from this Cape, begins the Great Barrier Reef; the gigantic dimensions of which will be understood by carrying the eye northwards along the Australian coast to Torres Strait and the shores of New Guinea, and learning that this coral reef forms a *continuous* barrier, separating an inner and shallow coast channel from the deep sea without, and stretching throughout the whole length of the line just described. A mere inspection of degrees of latitude will show that this length exceeds 1200 miles; and the term *continuous* is justified by the fact that, except towards the southern extremity of the line, it is broken only by narrow channels or gaps. Still, in strictness, the chain must be considered as a series of individual coral banks, of greater or less extent, assuming this definite

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\* We may mention, as it is not generally known, that Ehrenberg has actually succeeded in producing Tripoli and polishing slate from living infusoria. We may farther add that he found in a peaty argillaceous deposit, twenty feet below the pavement of Berlin, masses of infusoria still living, and in some places deposits of ova reaching to much greater depth. In the public gardens at Berlin workmen were occupied many days in removing masses wholly composed of fossil infusoria. In the moors of Leinburg there occur similar accumulations twenty-eight feet in thickness. Observation probably is alone wanting to multiply indefinitely facts of similar kind; and the inferences which these, and other wonders of the fossil world, have already furnished to exact science may well justify the old sentence of Aristotle, *Διὰ γὰρ το θαυμάζειν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, καὶ νυν καὶ τὸ πρῶτον, ἤρξαντο φιλοσοφεῖν*—*Metaph.*, i. cap. 2.

rectilinear

rectilinear direction parallel to the line of coast; the channel between the barrier thus formed and the mainland containing some scattered reefs;—the outer, or ocean side, dipping down precipitously to depths yet unfathomed, and leaving a clear sea to the east of from 60 to 100 miles in width; beyond which, in the direction of New Caledonia, coral islands or reefs again appear, in unknown number and variety of form, scattered over what we have already noticed under the name of the Coral Sea.

Our author, in the chapter of his volume before alluded to, well describes the general aspect and character of this vast boundary-reef:—

‘The Great Barrier reefs are thus found to form a long submarine buttress, or curtain, along the N. E. coast of Australia; rising in general precipitously from a very great depth, but resting towards the north on the shoaler ground of Torres Strait, and towards the south on the bank stretching off from Sandy Cape. If it were to be laid dry, this great barrier would be found to have a considerable resemblance to a gigantic and irregular fortification—a steep glacis crowned with a broken parapet-wall, and carried from one rising ground to another. The tower-like bastions of projecting and detached reefs would increase this resemblance. From examination of our charts it would appear that the normal condition of this long mass of reefs is that the outer barrier should be narrow, rising precipitously from a great depth, and running more or less nearly in a straight line; and that inside this outer barrier there should be a clear space about twenty fathoms deep and several miles wide, between which space and the land should be another body of reefs.’—vol. i. p. 332.

Thus there may be said to be two channels, or routes, as they are termed, connected with the Great Barrier reef—the Inner one having an average width of about thirty miles, though narrowed by subordinate reefs on the land side—the navigable passage varying in depth from ten to thirty fathoms for the greater part of its extent, and safe in being thoroughly sheltered from the storms of the ocean without, and affording good anchorage wherever the channel is narrow or intricate. The Outer passage, on the other hand, to the east of the barrier reef, though giving a wider route for navigation, has a profound depth of sea without the possibility of anchorage; so that under no circumstances in which a vessel is placed can refuge be had, unless she is able to make her way through one of the openings in the Great Barrier, and thus to find access to the sheltered sea within. In this description will be seen the objects and value of the survey now completed; which, by ascertaining the openings of easiest access, and of width and depth best suited to navigation, and fixing beacons to mark and distinguish them, gives great increase of safety and facility to ships traversing these seas. The pre



number of these openings or transverse channels we do not find anywhere denoted. In truth, it would be difficult to enumerate them, seeing that they vary from mere fissures in the reef to passages several miles in width. The good ship-channels alone have value, and these seem to be comparatively rare.

But the objects of this survey would not have been fully attained, without a thorough examination also of that northern portion of the Great Barrier reef which stretches well-nigh across Torres Strait, and intercepts, though in a more complex and irregular manner, the free passage from the Southern Pacific to the seas of the Indian Archipelago. A moment's inspection of the map will show the singular importance of this Strait to the direct intercourse between our great Australian colonies and India, China, and Europe; and the value of an accurate survey of its complicated and difficult channels, so strongly enjoined in the Admiralty instructions for Captain Blackwood. It is, indeed, a strange and uncouth passage—a labyrinth of coral reefs, volcanic rocks, islets, and shoals—yet destined nevertheless to yield that free channel which man requires for his commerce, and which the zeal and boldness of those seeking for it are sure eventually to obtain. We shall have occasion afterwards to revert to this point in the survey.

The width of the Great Barrier reef near the surface, as we apprehend the meaning of our author, varies from two hundred yards to a mile; but there is some indistinctness in this matter, and probably often difficulty from the grouping of reefs together on the inner side of the barrier. On the outer side, the precipitous fall into unfathomed depths seldom leaves any ambiguity. We willingly quote Mr. Jukes's description of a portion of coral reef in its ordinary aspect, as aiding the conception of our readers, though, perchance, somewhat lowering the anticipations of beauty of form and colouring derived from the name:—

‘To get an idea of the nature and structure of an individual coral reef, let the reader fancy to himself a great submarine mound of rock, composed of the fragments and detritus of corals and shells, compacted together into a soft, spongy sort of stone. The greater part of the surface of this mound is quite flat, and near the level of low water. At its edges it commonly slopes gradually down to a depth of two, three, or four fathoms, and then pitches suddenly with a very rapid slope into deep water, twenty or two hundred fathoms, as the case may be. The surface of the reef, when exposed, looks like a great flat of sandstone, with a few loose slabs lying about, or here and there an accumulation of dead broken coral-branches, or a bank of dazzling white sand. It is, however, chequered with holes and hollows more or less deep, in which small living corals are growing, or has, perhaps, a large portion always covered by two or three feet of water; and here are fields of corals, either

either clumps of branching madrepores, or round stools and blocks of *mæandrina* and *astræa*, both dead and living. Proceeding from this central flat towards the edge, living corals become more and more abundant; as we get towards the windward side, we encounter the surf of the breakers long before we can reach the extreme verge of the reef; and among these breakers we see immense blocks, often two or three yards, or more, in diameter, lying loose upon the reef. \* \* \*

If we approach the lee edge of the reef, we find it covered with living corals, commonly *mæandrina*, *astræa*, and madrepora, in about equal abundance, all glowing with rich colours, bristling with branches, or studded with great knobs and blocks. Where the slope is gentle, the great groups of living corals and intervening spaces of white sand can be still discerned through the clear water to a depth of 40 or 50 feet, beyond which the water recovers its usual deep blue. A coral reef, therefore, is a mass of brute matter, living only at its outer surface, and chiefly on its lateral slopes.

Having dwelt thus fully on the local circumstances of reef, channels, and sea, which formed the object and guided the direction of Captain Blackwood's survey, we need not pursue the track of his voyages in any minute detail. The actual survey was begun at the end of the year 1842, eight months after his departure from England, and his labours were continued until June, 1845—with intervening periods of repair and repose, at different ports of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. His starting-point was Sandy Cape, which we have mentioned as the southern extremity of the Barrier reef. For the first 200 miles, proceeding northwards, the barrier is irregular and imperfectly continuous, including the vast masses called Swain's Reefs, which reach to a breadth of about 90 miles. Of this portion of the survey accurate charts have been constructed. The second section of the barrier, stretching from lat. 22° northwards for a distance of nearly 200 miles, had already been surveyed by Captain Flinders, and was therefore passed over by this expedition. It is a continuous chain of strong massive reefs, in which no gap whatever was found, until reaching lat. 18° 30', where Flinders discovered a wide opening, through which he passed from the inner channel to the outer sea. Here his examination of the coast ceased—and we have, from some cause which we do not clearly apprehend, an *hiatus* of 120 miles in the survey, the form and condition of the barrier in this interval being yet unknown. Captain Blackwood's labours began again in lat. 16° 40', and were thence extended with great minuteness to lat. 9° 20', the northern extremity of the Great Reef, a distance of nearly 500 miles. This, including the examination of the eastern part of Torres Strait, and the channels amidst its reefs, is the most valuable part of the work accomplished; and the charts, as reduced



from the survey, will remain as lasting records of it, unless some of those gradual changes on the crust of the globe which geology has to record—or other more violent and sudden convulsion, such as have been frequent among the Indian islands—should disturb the coral flooring of these seas, and alter the soundings and channels that have now been explored.

In a part of this great barrier, between lat.  $11^{\circ} 20'$  and  $12^{\circ} 20'$ , the line of reefs, instead of being straight, or gently curving, is sharply deflected into convolutions, forming deep bays, with detached reefs outside. In one of these bights, having an entrance 6 miles wide, and stretching 8 miles inwards, such is the depth that no bottom was reached except close to the reefs, though a line of nearly 300 fathoms was thrown out.

This extraordinary spot was called Wreck Bay, and with melancholy fitness of name, as Captain Blackwood found lying on the reef near it the wrecks of two large vessels, the *Ferguson* and *Martha Ridgway*, lost here in 1840 and 1841; the former having part of the 50th regiment on board. Happily the presence of another vessel in company prevented in this case any loss of life. Mr. Jukes gives an interesting description of these wrecks, and of a night he passed on board that of the *Martha Ridgway*, after considerable danger in reaching it. We have pleasure in quoting two or three striking passages from this portion of his narrative. The first describes the view seaward from the reef on which the wrecks lay—a mere ridge, some hundred yards wide, rising to the water's level from the profound ocean underneath:—

‘The water was perfectly clear, and of almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope, or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean-swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. There was a simple grandeur and display of power and beauty in this scene, as viewed from the fore-castle of the wreck, about 30 feet above the water, that rose even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell first fell on the outer edge of the reef, was almost deafening, yet so deep-toned as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound, or to oblige us to raise our voices in the least. Both the sound and sight were such as to impress the spectator with the consciousness of standing in the presence of an overwhelming majesty and power; while his senses were delighted by the contrast of beautiful colours in the deep blue of the ocean, the dazzling white of the surf, and the bright green of the shoal water on the reef.’—vol. i. p. 121.

A little further we find a good picture of the scene, as night was closing in upon them in this situation:—

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‘As I was walking on the poop of the wreck, I could not help being struck with the wildness and singular nature of the scene. A bright fire was blazing cheerfully in the galley forward, lighting up the spectral-looking foremast, with its bleached and broken rigging, and the fragments of spars lying about it. A few of our men were crouched in their flannel jackets under the weather-bulwarks, as a protection from the spray which every now and then flew over us. The wind was blowing strongly, drifting dark clouds occasionally over the star-lit sky, and howling round the wreck with a shrill tone, that made itself heard above the dull continuous roar of the surf. Just a-head of us was the broad white band of foam, which stretched away on either hand into the dark horizon. Now and then some higher wave would burst against the bows of the wreck, shaking all her timbers, sending a spout over the fore-castle, and travelling along her sides, would lash the rudder backwards and forwards with a slow creaking groan, as if the old ship complained of the protracted agony she endured. She had been wrecked since we had ourselves left home and entered the southern hemisphere; and there mingled perhaps some speculations as to our chance of leaving the old *Fly* in some similar situation, with the feelings which the character of the scene sufficed to impress upon the mind.’—vol. i. p. 123.

Another passage, describing one of the coral reefs in this vicinity, will in some sort redeem the less picturesque impression of such scenery derived from a general description before quoted:—

‘In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of *mæandrina* and *astræa* were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of *explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of branching *madrepore* and *seriatopore*; some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colours were unrivalled—vivid greens contrasted with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue; bright red, yellow, and peach-coloured *nullipore* clothed the masses that were dead, mingled with pearly flakes of *eschara* and *retepora*, the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and a quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form or brilliancy and harmony of colouring.’—vol. i. p. 117.

Happily for a spot which has acquired a melancholy notoriety by these and other wrecks, the discovery was made w short distance of an excellent channel traversi



reefs; and the erection of a lofty beacon on Raine's Islet, at the edge of this passage, may be cited as one of the main objects fulfilled by the expedition. The work was begun in June, 1844, and completed in less than four months. Twenty convict masons and quarrymen were brought from Sydney; a quarry was opened in the coral rock; lime was got by burning sea-shells; wood for burning was brought from islands near the mainland; water procured from other islands, 25 miles distant; timber for the building was obtained from the wreck of the *Martha Ridgway*. Having no anchorage nearer, the *Fly* had to lie 12 miles off within the reefs of the barrier, the smaller vessels and boats running to and fro with the various provisions and materials needful for the workmen. Under all these difficulties a strong circular stone tower was erected, 40 feet high, and 30 feet in diameter at its base, raised 30 feet higher by a framework of wood, at the top covered with painted canvas. Mr. Jukes describes the little islet which gave foundation to the work—a spot not two miles in circumference, and scarcely 20 feet above high-water mark—and pictures it well in a plate; but he barely notices the erection of the beacon, and ill supplies this deficiency by a short sketch in the appendix. Seeing the singularity of the situation, and the peculiarity of the work, we cannot but believe that it might have furnished some striking or amusing incidents to a narrative which is mainly deficient in these points. The truth is, that the time was one of monotonous inaction to those not directly engaged in the erection, and that they looked upon it with weariness and distaste.

Accordingly we find our author, with another naturalist and the artist who accompanied the expedition, starting in the *Bramble*, when the beacon was half completed, for Cape York—the vast promontory which abuts on Torres Strait, forming the N.E. point of the Australian continent. At this and subsequent periods of the voyage surveys were made of this Strait and the channels traversing its isles and reefs, the singular number and complexity of which we have before noticed, rendering this one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most important passages on the globe. The examination of Endeavour Strait, that channel which winds immediately round Cape York, was made with all the exactness enjoined by the Admiralty, and justified by its peculiar importance. The line of steam navigation now loudly invoked for these seas, in connexion with those great lines which already unite India, China, and Europe, cannot long be delayed, seeing the extent, rapid growth, and high commercial activity of the colonies which call for such communication. The channel of Endeavour Strait will in all likelihood be that taken, when such scheme is carried into effect; and every sounding, or observation of wind, tide,

tide, or current, now made, must bear upon the security and welfare of this future navigation.

These circumstances, and a regard to the remarkable position of Cape York—commanding, as it may fairly be said, this great highway between the Pacific and Indian oceans—lead our author to discuss a question, which has for some time been before both home and colonial authorities, viz., the relative value of Cape York and Port Essington, as a post and settlement for aid to the navigation of these seas. The latter place, 600 miles to the west of Cape York, and on the other side of the great Gulf of Carpentaria, has been for several years occupied by an officer and small body of marines, but without any attempt at colonization; and with little encouragement to that, either from fertility of the soil, healthiness of the spot, or the character of the natives in its vicinity. Repeated visits to both places have given Mr. Jukes a very decided preference for Cape York; and in his reasons for this preference we fully concur. Its position is a main point in its favour. It is in the vicinity of danger and affords a place of easy refuge. In war it would command security to a passage where a single enemy's ship might inflict incalculable mischief. Its distance from Sydney, 1700 miles, would make it an admirable depôt for coal in the steam navigation towards India. Though without a harbour, this is little needed, where the reefs themselves, which create the danger of the strait, protect the sea from all heavy swells and render anchorage secure. At Evans's Bay, which is suggested as a site for the settlement, there are dry rocky places for building, pools of fresh water, and a considerable surface of fertile land; frequent rains, fresh breezes, and a healthy vegetation. All these advantages, according to our author, are absent at Port Essington, and though possessing a fine harbour, the value of this is annulled by situation and difficulty of access. Putting the matter on a personal footing, Mr. Jukes declares that if condemned to either, he would rather live at Cape York for five years than at Port Essington for two—an odd numerical formula of preference, but sufficiently intelligible.

The right manner of solving the question we believe to be, that Cape York should be adopted as a new settlement, and Port Essington not given up. Mistress of Gibraltar, Aden, and Singapore, and cognizant of the value of such positions for commerce and power, England can hardly choose but plant her flag on a promontory which commands the passage between two oceans. But the whole shores of the continent, of which it is one extremity, are becoming hers by discovery and colonization; and Port Essington is a point on the line of coast or relations to the Indian Archipelago, which



though offering little present benefit or promise. The active spirit which at this time pervades the world, working with new means and appliances of every kind, will vivify in the end what is barren now; and no expenditure or labour can be better bestowed than in aiding by anticipation the progress which commerce and colonization are making on these distant shores.

While upon this subject, we must indulge ourselves with a short parenthesis as to that extraordinary line of steam communication between England and her Eastern possessions (somewhat oddly called the *Overland* journey), of which Australia and New Zealand will hereafter form the extreme branches. The creation of the last twelve years, this communication has already acquired a sort of maturity of speed and exactness, notwithstanding the enormous distances traversed, and the changes necessary in transit from sea to sea. The Anglo-Indian mail, in its two sections, and including passengers and correspondence, possesses a sort of individuality as the greatest and most singular line of intercourse on the globe. Two of the first nations of Europe, France and Austria, struggle for the privilege of carrying this mail across their territories. Traversing the length of the Mediterranean, it is received on the waters of the ancient Nile—Cairo and the Pyramids are passed in its onward course—the Desert is traversed with a speed which mocks the old cavalcades of camels and loitering Arabs—it is re-embarked on the Red Sea near a spot sacred in Scriptural history—the promontory projecting from the heights of Mount Sinai, the shores of Mecca and Medina, are passed in its rapid course down this great gulf—it emerges through the Straits of Babelmandel into the Indian seas—to be distributed thence by different lines to all the great centres of Indian government and commerce, as well as to our more remote dependencies in the Straits of Malacca and the Chinese seas. There is a certain majesty in the simple outline of a route like this, traversing the most ancient seats of empire, and what we are taught to regard as among the earliest abodes of man,—and now ministering to the connexion of England with that great sovereignty she has conquered, or created, in the East; more wonderful, with one exception, than any of the empires of antiquity; and perchance also more important to the general destinies of mankind.

With respect to the still unexecuted part of this great scheme of communication, embracing the Australian colonies, we may remark that steam-vessels, after passing Cape York, will probably in most cases proceed southwards by the inner channel, within the Great Barrier Reef. Though affording smooth water, however, this passage will not be without its difficulties and delays. The first three nights after leaving Cape York must probably be  
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passed at anchor; and even in the daytime a slow rate of progress will often be required, to avoid the numerous detached coral reefs; especially when the sun is near the meridian, and the glare on the water such as to confuse the view of the intricate passages between. Experience and multiplied beacons will lessen these difficulties, but cannot wholly remove them.

Though a subordinate object of the expedition, yet under the authority of his instructions Captain Blackwood surveyed also a line of the Australian mainland, beginning at lat. 22°, and proceeding 110 miles northwards. Previous reports had afforded the presumption of superior soil and larger native population in this region; and such was found to be the case. A belt of undulating land, running backwards from the coast to a parallel chain of hills, presents a surface covered with abundant and fine grass, and large timber. Inlets on the coast are numerous, and boat navigation is aided by tides rising from 20 to 30 feet. If colonization be extended to the north of the actual settlements of New South Wales, this would appear the best locality for it; and Mr. Jukes, after twice circumnavigating Australia, affirms that he has seen no part of this continent, near the sea, of equal fertility, or combining so many natural advantages. But penal settlements can hardly be attempted beyond the latitude of Sandy Cape; such are the facilities for escape afforded by the coral reefs and islands which stretch multitudinously along this coast.

The deficiency of navigable rivers in Australia, one of the many strange peculiarities of that country, gives great value to every discovery of this kind. Though no new river was found on the part of the coast now described, a further examination was made of one previously discovered by Captain Wickham of the *Beagle*, and bearing his name. Our author, with a party, after a difficult passage through the mangrove bushes and breakers at its mouth, ascended seven or eight miles of its course; the boats being then compelled to return from increasing shallowness of water. As this stream must have its sources in the mountain-chain which forms a sort of backbone to Australia, running parallel and near to the eastern coast, little can be expected from it in facilitating ingress to the interior, except as regards the supply of fresh water—an advantage, it must be admitted, of no small import in a country so destitute of this great necessary of life.

During the examination of this line of coast there was frequent communication with native tribes, which Mr. Jukes relates in some detail. Though certain peculiarities of usage are noticed, we find nothing in these relations which would much interest our readers, or which differs materially from the description so familiar to us in the narratives of former travellers of their intercourse with  
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this people. They appear, as seen here, to be a tall and athletic race, active and bold in their demeanour and habits, with an occasional fierceness of temper, of which a melancholy proof occurred in the death of one of the seamen of the *Bramble*, struck by a native spear. Our author, who was one of the landing party when this happened, gives no statement of any provocation or quarrel leading to it. The spear, projected by aid of the *womerah*, or 'throwing-stick,' which gives it wonderful increase of force, penetrated  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches into the back, shattering the spine and ribs, and passing nearly through the left lobe of the lungs. It was with difficulty drawn out, leaving the point, made of bone, in the body. The poor fellow—an excellent sailor and beloved by his messmates—lingered to the third day in suffering, and then died.

In describing the feelings excited by this event among the others of the party—making them reluctant to leave the coast without some opportunity of revenging their comrade's death—Mr. Jukes explains the source of many of these unhappy atrocities, which even yet occasionally deface our intercourse with the native Australians, despite the higher and better views which now govern our principles and habits of colonization. On the outskirts of the settlements such occurrences have been, and always will be, more frequent—from obvious causes in the character and habits both of the white and native border population;—and we are led to fear that the spread of colonization in the N.E. portion of Australia, certain eventually to occur, may involve yet more of such calamities, seeing the bold and masculine character of many of the native tribes on this part of the coast. Time will in the end put a stop to all these things; but it can only happen through that extinction of the native population, which, by a strange and sad destiny—the *ineluctabile fatum* of what we call savage life—seems always to occur sooner or later, where Europeans have trodden upon new lands.

In the latter part of Mr. Jukes's first volume we find narrated the proceedings of the expedition on Murray's Islands, at the eastern entrance of Torres Strait, and on the southern coast of New Guinea; which coast, with its widely spread banks of shoal-soundings, was surveyed for a length of 140 miles—a small section of the shores of this vast island, but important as the northern boundary of the strait, and further interesting as some slight index to a country less known perhaps than any other of equal size in the habitable world. Notwithstanding its great extent, equal to that of Great Britain and France conjointly—its remarkable position in the Eastern Archipelago—its proximity to islands long visited or colonized, and to channels of great and increasing commerce—

merce—the outline of Papua, or New Guinea, still remains to be completed in our maps; and we have no certain assurance whether it be a single island or several. Of its interior we are wholly ignorant—discovery having never advanced more than a few miles from the coast; and this more as the casualty of adventure than on any deliberate plan of survey. Yet enough has been seen or learnt through indirect channels to indicate a country of luxuriant vegetation, profuse in its forms of animal life, abounding in water, large rivers, and mountain-chains—a striking contrast in all physical conditions to the adjacent continent of Australia; and in these circumstances, under such a latitude, giving promise of a rich exuberance of harvest to the naturalists who may hereafter find access to the Fauna and Flora of this unknown land, the native seat of the bird of paradise.

A small fortified post, established by the Dutch twenty years ago, at Ooroo, on its western coast, is the sole spot yet occupied by Europeans—a feeble attestation of the claim which Holland extends to New Guinea, in common with so many other islands of the Indian Archipelago.\* The jealous and ferocious character of the natives is usually cited as the reason why neither through this, nor other direct channel, has European commerce reached these shores. But in truth our ignorance is the same of the people as of the country. Our voyagers see occasionally the Papuas, or Oriental negroes, of the coast; and hear more vaguely of the other race, the Alfoërs or Haraforas, inhabiting the interior. We can hardly consider New Guinea as inaccessible to future commerce, when seeing the hardy and extensive traffic which the Chinese and people of the Molucca Islands carry on with this country; bringing away in their junks the edible bird-nests, tortoise-shell, pearls, masay bark, birds of paradise, nutmegs, and trepang; and carrying thither cotton goods, cloth, iron tools, &c. All this sounds well to the mercantile ear; and time will achieve what has hitherto, from ignorance, accident, or jealousy, been unaccomplished.

Of this portion of the New Guinea coast, surveyed by Captain Blackwood, the character is more peculiar than interesting, except under the supposition of its indicating some great river, of which this is the delta. We quote Mr. Jukes's description:—

‘From the large opening, or river mouth, in S. lat.  $8^{\circ} 45'$ , E. long.  $143^{\circ} 35'$ , to the furthest point examined in the boats in lat.  $7^{\circ} 40'$  and long.  $144^{\circ} 30'$ , and for an unknown distance beyond, the coast had everywhere the same features. It was low, flat, muddy, covered with

\* We owe to Dutch writers, Kolff and Modena, the most recent accounts of this western portion of the New Guinea coast. Forrest, Delano, Lesson, &c., are further authorities as to this singular country and people, but all scanty in the information they are able to afford.



jungle and impenetrable forests, and intersected by a complete network of fresh-water canals—of all sizes and depths from a mere muddy ditch to a width of five miles and a depth of 20 to 30 feet. This coast was fronted by immense mudbanks, stretching from 10 to 20 miles out to sea, having at low-water a general depth of about 12 feet, with a few deeper places, and some sand-banks much shoaler or quite dry. These mud-flats gradually deepened towards their outer edge to 3 and 4 fathoms, and then more rapidly to 6, 10, and 20 fathoms. Now this is precisely the formation of the delta of a great river; and the only difficulty in the present case is the supposing a river, large enough to produce such a delta, to exist on an island like New Guinea.'—vol. i. p. 289.

This objection to an opinion otherwise highly probable may be lessened, if not obviated, by the following considerations. First, assuming such river to have its sources in the mountainous region which we know to exist in the north-western part of New Guinea, it might, taking a direction to the south-east, find space enough, in a country 1200 miles in length, to become an ample and powerful stream. Further, it would appear that the climate is one of heavy periodical rains, and probably of much general moisture from the dense forests and jungles. And yet further, as there seems to be little current in these channels near the coast, it is probable that the delta formed here may be disproportionately large to the body of water coming down from the interior. We need not dwell upon these points, as they are sure to be speedily solved. Captain Blackwood's boats ascended one of the channels nearly 30 miles; and Mr. Jukes reasonably conjectures that, with the aid of a small steamer, it might be possible from this side to make a deep inroad into the island.

The communication with the native Papuans of the coast, several of whose villages were hastily visited, was difficult, and not without collision, and in one case, fatal result. We are bound to state that Mr. Jukes does not give a clear explanation of these circumstances; and we look upon them with more suspicion, from finding the admission of sundry acts of aggression; one of which—the abstraction of two pigs and some native implements—is allowed by our author to be an act of theft, though, by a convenient oblivion, not thought of as such till the pigs were eaten. The whole matter is treated too jocously for our taste; nor are we reconciled to it by the name of Pigville, given to the place, and figuring in the chart annexed to this volume. The name is not unbefitting the deed, and somewhat too much, moreover, in the style of Transatlantic nomenclature. We shall be glad, on every account, to see its erasure from future maps.

The channel of Torres Strait, remarkable in so many ways, is not least so in the sudden line of demarcation it draws between

two

two kinds of vegetation, two groups of lower animals, and two varieties of the human race. Those strange anomalies which designate all that belongs to Australian landscape and life, extend even to the isles bordering this continent within the Strait. In the isles and land of New Guinea, scarcely 50 miles distant, a miraculous change comes over the scene, both as respects vegetable and animal life; extending even to the shells and echinodermata which lie upon the shores. We quote a passage, well describing the different aspect of the vegetable world on the opposite shores:—

‘The dull and sombre vegetation of Australia spreads all over Cape York and the adjacent islands. Wide forests of large but ragged-stemmed gum-trees, with their almost leafless and quite shadeless branches, constitute the characteristic of this vegetation. Here and there are gullies, with jungles of more umbrageous foliage, and some palms; but the mass of the woods are arid, hot, and dusty, and the leaves not only small but dry and brittle. On the islands of the northern side of Torres Strait, not a gum-tree is to be seen; the woods are close, lofty, and afford the deepest and most refreshing shade; often matted into impenetrable thickets by creepers and undergrowth; but adorned with various foliage—the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the bamboo, and other plants not only beautiful but useful to man. On the New Guinea coast the vegetation is of the rankest and most luxuriant kind, even for the tropics. One vast dark jungle spreads over its shores, abounding in immense forest-trees, whose trunks are hidden by groves of sago-palms, and myriads of other heat and moisture-loving plants.’—vol. i. p. 298.

We cannot quit the subject of New Guinea without adverting, which we do with great interest, to the expedition of discovery and survey, under the command of Captain Stanley, now on its voyage to these shores. The character which that officer has acquired for professional ability and energy, scientific attainments, and experience gained in all parts of the world, well justified the Board of Admiralty in selecting him for this service; and give entire assurance that all will be done which these qualities can effect, aided as they are by excellent appointments in every subordinate part of the expedition.\*

A considerable part of Mr. Jukes’s second volume is occupied by the narrative of an excursion into the eastern portion of Java; with sketches, sufficiently lively, both of the scenery of this magnificent island, and of the habits of the population, as well colonial as native. Our author pictures landscape better than he indicates

\* We may mention that Mr. Macgillivray, a naturalist sent out by Lord Derby, and who accompanied Capt. Blackwood in the voyages we are reviewing, has again gone out in the Rattlesnake with Capt. Stanley as naturalist to the expedition—a very valuable accession to it.



*damental unity* of the great groups of the Malayan, Papua, and Australian, in opposition to the opinion of their separate character and origin, and of the isolation of the Australian languages in particular. We doubt not his being right in his view, that in this question, as in many analogous cases, grammatical differences are valued too highly—glossarial affinities too low; the relative value of the two tests not being constant, but varying for different languages. This, however, is a topic too copious, and too curious also, to be dealt with as a mere offset from other subjects.

In the foregoing part of this article we have drawn somewhat largely upon our readers' attention—perchance also a little on their patience—by the various facts connected with the coral ridges and reefs forming the vast and prolonged line of barrier on the Australian coast. We recur for a short while to the subject; not, however, in relation to particular localities, but to the general history and theory of these coral formations, as one of the great physical phenomena of the earth's surface: impressive, not merely from the enormous magnitude of these animal creations of the ocean, but also from the index and evidence they afford of past and progressive changes in the level of the solid crust of the globe. We have already referred to a former article in this Review, on the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, in which we noticed the remarkable researches on these coral formations contained in Mr. Darwin's journal of the latter voyage. This gentleman has since published a separate volume, '*On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*,' which we have taken as one of the heads of the present article; wishing to complete the view of the subject, and seeing that to Mr. Darwin we owe not only the most extensive and exact observations upon it, but also certain general conclusions which are now in progress of adoption by men of science in every country. From this volume, which possesses the charm of a simple and perspicuous style, conjoined with great reasoning powers, we shall briefly extract some of these conclusions, as well as the more important facts from which they are deduced.

We have already noticed generally the three classes of atoll, barrier, and fringing reefs, including all the most characteristic varieties of coral formation on the globe. These varieties, however, owing to local or other conditions, are so multiplied in detail, that it would be almost as difficult to give a clear description of them, as to explain the circumstances in which they respectively originate. Without attempting to follow Mr. Darwin in his more ample survey, we may state that, as instances of the lagoon islands, or atolls, he selects Keeling Island, in the Indian Ocean, the  
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vast group of the Maldives, and the extraordinary submerged atoll called the Great Chagos Bank. The first is a single but characteristic specimen of its class. The Maldivian Islands form an archipelago of coral atolls, 470 miles in length and about 50 miles in breadth; the atolls ranged in a double line, and some of them of great size—as that of Suadiva, 44 miles by 34, with an included expanse of water nearly 300 feet deep, and not fewer than 42 channels through which a ship may enter this central lagoon. The Chagos Bank, in the centre of the Indian Ocean, rising abruptly from unfathomable depths to a level near the surface, its longest axis of 90 miles, its breadth from 50 to 70, is well described by Captain Moresby as ‘a half-drowned atoll;’ a view confirmed as well by soundings, as by the many similar reefs and atolls rising to the surface around it. To this officer we owe admirable surveys both of the Maldivian and Chagos groups, which have done much to illustrate the subject.

Of the ‘Barrier reef’ the most conspicuous instances selected are that great one, fronting the eastern coast of Australia, with which our readers are now acquainted, and a similar but shorter one on the western coast of New Caledonia. The term, however, has been fitly extended by Mr. Darwin to those reefs encircling smaller islands, which are so numerous in the Pacific, and familiar to us in the narratives of voyages in this ocean—coral walls, in fact, with a deep moat within, girding round islands of every various dimension and height—some little raised above the sea—others, like Tahiti, having an elevation of many thousand feet.

‘Fringing or Shore reefs,’ whether encircling islands or portions of continents, differ from those just described in being less massive, in having no interior deep-water channel, and in sloping downwards into the sea upon the natural declivity of the shores. The reefs of the Mauritius furnish a well-marked insular example of them. The coasts of Brazil and Arabia afford instances, among many that might be quoted, of such coral fringes to continental lands.

Mr. Darwin has done much to simplify the view of the several coral formations just noted, by showing that they graduate into one another, and that the atolls, barriers, and encircling reefs are but modifications, deviating much in the extreme cases, of a common principle and manner of operation. A perfect series, in fact, can be traced from the simple linear or normal state of the reef, to the long linear lagoon, and thence to the oval or circular form of the encircling reef or the atoll. barrier reefs encircling small islands w (a legitimate speculation, as will be them to an almost complete ident



that the formation of coral is still actively proceeding in numerous places over the globe, and find no reason to doubt that the atolls and reefs rising precipitously from the deep ocean around, whatever of increment they may receive to their growth from other sources, are mainly, as we see them, the creation of successive generations and species of these zoophytes. In the whole range of physical causes we find, in truth, none but this strange and instinctive workmanship—this antagonism and superiority of organic vital forces to the inanimate powers of nature—which can explain such phenomena as those of the Maldivé group; or the simple fact of the small circular coral islet rising up to the surface of the Pacific from unfathomed depths around it; or other singularities of these formations which we have no room to detail, but which are fully described by Mr. Darwin.

These considerations bring us nearer to the actual theory of coral rocks, but with the intervention still of another question—of great moment, as we shall see, to any general conclusions—viz., the depth of sea at which the reef-building corals can live and work? This, it will be obvious, is a question distinct from that of the gross thickness or depth of coralline masses, and somewhat easier of solution, yet not without its appropriate difficulties. From a large collation of facts Mr. Darwin is led to conclude that, in ordinary cases, the corals which build reefs do not flourish at greater depths than from 20 to 30 fathoms, and that the greatest activity of their existence is on the surface and outer edges of reefs. Other observers have limited their range of operation still more closely to the surface; but take what estimate we may, it seems certain that no increment can take place to coral growth below a comparatively small depth—none whatsoever above the surface washed by the spray of the sea. Whence, then, the vast masses and lofty coral pinnacles which the sounding-line follows downwards to the depth of several hundred fathoms, with evidences of the same structure and origin, and leaving it uncertain whether they may not descend deeper still? If these zoophytes work only thus near to the surface, how are we to explain the origin and actual position of all that lies beneath this level? This is the problem most interesting in the theory of coral formations, and the solution of which, whatever it be, associates them most closely with the great geological phenomena of the globe. In the article before alluded to we have given an outline of the question and of Mr. Darwin's views upon it. In the short space now remaining to us we shall put before our readers a summary of the discussion as it at present stands, with such few remarks as we think most especially conclusive on the argument.

The hypotheses by which alone we can seek to solve the problem just stated are few in number. Either the corals constructing the lower parts of the reefs must be wholly distinct in species and habits from those which work near the surface;—or the reefs, atolls, and islets we see must be mere superficial coverings or cappings of points and ridges of land underneath; or there must have occurred such subsidence downwards of the land encircled by or supporting coral formations, as to leave the coral summits solely on the surface of the waters—with means of increment, where the subsidence further continues, by the superimposition of fresh layers, under the conditions of depth favourable to the living actions producing them. We are unable to find any other suppositions than these which will apply to the solution of the problem before us.

The first of them is negatived in great part by the improbability that there should be species of corals differing so widely as to one of the most important conditions and necessities of their existence; and further, by the negative fact that no examination of the dead coral taken up from great depths has disclosed such varieties.

The second hypothesis is of a more plausible kind, and was at one time adopted by Mr. Lyell, in common with many other naturalists; but subsequently relinquished by this eminent observer in favour of the last of the opinions just stated. It was, in truth, a natural and easy conception that the coral formations incrusting the upper surface might follow and depicture the outline of the submarine bottom, and the peaks and ridges rising from it. And this argument became more specious when considering the coral islets, with their circular and often deep lagoons within, as representing the cones and craters of ancient submarine volcanoes, their crests overgrown by the work of these zoophytes, which retained the form while altering the material of the surface exposed. On the other hand, the great superficial extent of some of the atolls and of their contained lagoons, remove from them all character of volcanic cones; and their close and peculiar arrangement in groups, like that of the Maldives, still more contradicted the resemblance. The difficulty of explaining why such numerous detached summits should rise so closely to the same level near the surface, formed another obvious objection to the theory; and a more cogent one arose when it was discovered that the reef-building corals worked only to a limited depth, and could not, below this level, have formed the coralline covering to the theory supposed.

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the third solution of the question; viz., that the areas, greater or smaller, on which the coral reefs rest as a foundation—the flooring, in fact, of the seas—must have undergone progressive subsidence, such as utterly to withdraw islands or large tracts of land below the surface of the ocean, leaving the coral reefs which encircled or fringed their shores still on the water's level, and therefore under circumstances fitted to sustain their growth and position, even where the sinking of the foundation beneath them further continued. We must admit this hypothesis to be a bold and startling one, and such it appeared in the outset even to the most hardy of our geologists; yet it has rapidly gained ground, not merely as the only one fulfilling the conditions required, but further because it well illustrates the different modifications and peculiarities of the coral reefs, and accords at the same time with certain remarkable discoveries which have distinguished the progress of modern geology. Mr. Darwin's application of his views in detail is characterised by great ability; but we can afford room only for a summary of the few leading points.

Taking the theory first in its application to the *atoll*, or simple coral islet with its interior lagoon—instead of making this lagoon to represent a pre-existing cavity of the same form, as in the volcanic hypothesis, Mr. Darwin considers that it designates the place once occupied by a point of land more or less elevated, which has subsided downwards into the sea, leaving the coral reef circling round the centre, growing over its surface, and rising upwards by new constructions, where the subsidence has still continued. Let a mountain peak, like Tahiti, girt round with a coral-reef, sink downwards, from subsidence of the submarine area or other cause, and we should have the conditions just described taking place; and representing, by the various aspects of these islands, the stages of change from the lofty mountain to a few low points of land in the lagoon, and then to the simple coral islet, barely rising out of the sea. Let the subsidence elsewhere be sudden, instead of gradual—and we should find submerged atolls, like the Chagos Bank; the power of replacement upwards being lost by the depth to which the surface has sunk below the sea.

Next, as to the linear reefs, such as the great barrier fronting the N. E. Australian continent. We have already alluded to the intimate relation of these to the reefs encircling islands; and we shall find the conditions of the theory applying to both in the same manner, and with equal probability. Suppose a prolonged line of reef to be built up on the shelf of the coast, as it declines into the sea, leaving a narrow channel of water between. If the continental land gradually sinks, the line of coast will recede inwards, leaving

leaving a wider channel between it and the reef—the latter retaining its position, and being continually replaced upwards by fresh coral, as the lower portions of the mass subside. Sectional sketches would better illustrate these points; but even without such aid, we think there will be no difficulty in conceiving them; or in further applying the same views to the other peculiarities of these formations—the precipitous descent to vast depths of the outer side of the reef—the isles within the channel, seen as residual points of the old continent—the fringing reefs—the openings into the channels or lagoons, &c.

We have spoken of this as a bold hypothesis; and it will not appear less so when we look at the magnitudes, both of space and time, which are involved in such interpretation of the facts. The extent it is needful to assign to some of the areas of subsidence may well alarm an imagination not accustomed to deal with these subjects. Spaces of many hundred thousand square miles exist in the ocean, occupied by coral isles of such description as to admit of no other valid explanation than the sinking of the bottom of the sea over this extent. The length of the Australian barrier reef, 1200 miles, proves that at least an equivalent line of coast has been subsiding since its formation began. The same inference extends to the great island of New Caledonia, in relation to the reef half encircling it. Mr. Darwin has delineated these several areas, as far as at present known, in a map prefixed to his work; adding to its value by designating also the areas of upheaval in the same oceans; and the sites of active volcanoes, which, it may be, interpret some of the actions concerned in these phenomena. For both these great events, of subsidence and upheaval of the solid crust of the globe, are familiar to the speculations of modern geology, and variously attested in different parts of the globe by facts which, though recent in discovery, are unequivocal in the inferences they afford. The magnitude of these movements and changes may seem inconsistent with our ephemeral experience; but here, as in so many other cases, we are compelled to adopt new measures of time and space, when dealing with the physical conditions of the globe before man became a tenant of its surface.

If there be areas of upheaval as well as of subsidence in these coral seas, we may expect to find coral islands raised in places above the level at which these zoophytes effect their works. Accordingly, we have instances furnished by Captain Beechey, Mr. Jukes, and others, of coral masses some hundred feet above the sea; with the same assurance of their having been raised from below, that we possess in the case of any tertiary stratum containing sea-shells. In connexion with this topic, however, we must notice one objection to Mr. Darwin's views, which may seem to have some force, viz.,  
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that if masses of coral of such enormous thickness exist under the sea, we might fully expect to discover them in some situation or other among the great strata of the globe; knowing, as we do, how large a portion of these have been submarine in origin, and raised afterwards into their present position.—Admitting the weight of the objection, that no such coral masses are found on our continents, we may qualify it by remarking, first, that we are not assured as to the relative period in the records of creation when the reef-building corals began their work in the seas; secondly, that it is not impossible that some of the great oolitic, cretaceous, or other calcareous formations may actually represent coral deposits—formed as these are by the agglutination of various materials, and exposed for ages to physical conditions of which we can scarcely appreciate all the effect; and thirdly, that the geological character of the lands in the coral oceans is still very imperfectly known, and we may yet discover such masses at greater elevation than any yet found, and exhibiting perchance gradations yet unsuspected into the character of the older calcareous rocks.

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ART. VII.—*English Etymologies*. By H. Fox Talbot, Esq. 8vo. London, 1846.

WITHOUT venturing to say of Etymology what South said of the study of the Apocalypse, that ‘it found a man mad or made him so,’ we may say there is no walk of literature in which there have been exhibited more portentous aberrations from common sense. With whatever respect or wonder we may regard the labours of the modern Germans, who, as our readers are aware, have pushed their researches and theories more widely, as well as more systematically, than either the French or English Etymologists, we do not see that, as regards Europe, even they have added much to our stock of useful information. They have shown, no doubt, more extensive coincidences between the Northern and the Southern, and between them and certain Eastern languages, than had before been developed; but the earlier Etymologists proceeded generally on the same principle, though they had not worked it out in the same detail; and we must confess that we cannot concur in some of the theories built on this development, nor if we did, should we estimate their value so highly as young students are apt to do. However brilliant or startling, as we admit they sometimes are, they seem to us to lead to no practical conclusion; nay, to leave the origin of nations and their dialects in greater perplexity, if possible, than they were before;

before; they show us so many lights that we know not which points to the safe channel. Take, for instance, the Essay of Jäkel, briefly reviewed in our 92nd Number, in which he maintains that to the Teutonic race and tongue must be referred *the* origin of the Roman people and language. His facts, if admitted, could only prove *some* relationship, and afford no more reason to conclude that the Romans borrowed from the Teutons than the Teutons from the Romans. That there are strong affinities, and many striking analogies between languages, ancient and modern, that have at first glance scarce a point of connexion, is indisputable—and the Germans have worked that mine with great assiduity, and perhaps as much success as is attainable;—but *which* dialect approaches nearest the original source, where and what that source was, how the streams came to be separated or how and in what proportions mingled, are questions that will probably never be solved till the great mystery of Babel shall be elucidated. The further the theory of the identity of languages is carried, the greater, in fact, becomes the difficulty of understanding the separation. All, we suspect, that can now be reasonably looked for are corroborations of the theory of a primitive tongue meandering into different dialects, which exhibit, even when apparently remote, indications more or less strong—more or less frequent—of their descent from a common but unascertainable source.

When Dr. Johnson, in the Isle of Skye, called language 'the pedigree of nations' (*Bos.*, ii. 448), he meant it of their broad and distinctive characteristics:—'If you find the same language in distant countries, you may be sure that the inhabitants of each have been the same people; that is to say, a good deal of it the same; for a word here and there being the same will not do;'—and he went on to ridicule the bringing distant nations together—the Lydians, for instance, and Highlanders—the Patagonians and the Welsh—by the identity or consonance of particular words. It would, in truth, have puzzled the Doctor to point out anything more generally perplexing and unsatisfactory than the soberest labours of the etymologists, or anything more absurd than, we may almost say, the majority of their proflusions. The fault is not altogether with the authors—it is in a considerable degree inherent in the nature of such inquiries. The variety of inflections that the human tongue has indubitably given to sounds originally the same, opened a wide door to rational conjecture:—*journal* from *dies*, *alms* from *elemosyna*, *bishop* from *episcopus*, *hatchment* from *achever*, and the like, are examples which encourage even cautious inquirers—baits by which more sanguine guessers may be induced to swallow anything; and the pleasantries of deriving *cucumber* from *Jeremiah King* is scarcely more  
extravagant



extravagant than instances that could be produced from word-dissectors of the gravest pretensions. Any one who takes the trouble to inquire after their elementary rules or what are called *principles*, will see that from the '*Discours sur la Science de l'Etymologie*' by Father Besnier, prefixed to Menage, down to the modern prefaces of Thomson and Whiter, they all, through a heap of bold facts and a cloud of obscure dissertation, arrive at this simple postulate and axiom of their science—that every vowel may be, for etymological purposes and under certain circumstances, counter-changed with any other vowel and almost every consonant with any other consonant in the alphabet. '*Vocales omnes in omnibus linguis facile invicem commutantur. Consonantes fere omnes inter se in hac aut in illâ linguâ aliquando cedunt*'—says old Skinner (Proleg. xlvii.). And this capricious canon really holds true to a very surprising degree, for there are to be found in all languages (as in the examples we have just quoted) very extraordinary yet very indubitable transmutations of letters in the mouths of men: but we need not remark the wild latitude that such a principle opens to the fanciful etymologist—and what etymologist is not fanciful? But even this latitude does not satisfy them all. Mr. Whiter, who published some twenty or thirty years ago an Etymological Essay in two quarto volumes,\* goes a step further; he totally rejects the vowels as 'altogether useless and indeed hurtful to the art of the etymologist,' who must, he says, only look to the consonants—and not to all consonants, but only to

'cognate consonants. He should acquire the habit of viewing words in their *abstract state* freed from those circumstances [*i. e.* the different forms of letters] by which their difference of appearance is produced, and under which *disguise* their mutual affinity has been hitherto concealed.'—*Whiter*, vol. i. p. 9.

This mode of abstraction reminds us of Crambe's mode of arriving at the *abstract idea* of a Lord Mayor, by depriving him not merely 'of his gold chain and furred gown, but of stature, feature, colour, hands, feet, or even body.' Mr. Whiter's plan, we have no doubt, would be equally successful—for if you take any two words and deprive them of all the vowels and of all the consonants that do not seem to the *artist* to be *cognate* with his object, the *residua*, we suppose, will not be very distinguishable from each other, and *fire* and *frost*, *black* and *white*, *Patagonia* and *Gla-*

\* '*Etymologicon Universale, or Universal Etymological Dictionary, on a new plan, in which it is shown that Consonants are alone to be regarded in discovering the Affinities of Words, and that the Vowels are to be wholly rejected; that Languages contain the same fundamental idea; and that they are derived from the Earth, &c. &c.*

*morganshire,*

*morganshire, Whig and Tory*, would be easily reduced to the same elementary particles.

These, it may be said, are the abuses of etymology. No doubt; but who has not abused it? We admit that it has been a valuable auxiliary not only to philology but to some important historical and philosophical questions; and even now, when, as respects the European department at least, the elementary materials seem to be pretty well exhausted—that is to say, since we have attained nearly all the positive knowledge that we shall probably ever have of the cultivated dialects of mankind—it is still, even in that department, an amusing and interesting though no longer perhaps a very useful pursuit. One virtuoso may as innocently divert himself with playing on words as another does by playing on the flute—and with (to himself at least) a more satisfactory result, for the latter is at best considered as a trifle, while the former is called ‘the ingenious and learned,’ or peradventure ‘the able and erudite,’ and shines through some hundreds of quarto or octavo pages (folios they have not latterly attempted), well besprinkled with crooked Greek, clumsy Gothic, or venerable Hebrew—of which some of these English dilettanti know, we have some reason to suspect, little more than the typical forms.

One merit, however, the most fantastic of the school might hitherto claim—they all affected some kind of order, if not of system; and if we did not always understand the result, we at least could trace something of the process. Most etymologists adopt the Dictionary form, which has such obvious advantages as to seem almost indispensable, and some of our readers will be surprised to learn that two or three of the recent doctors have adopted a different scheme. Mr. Whiter proceeds on a theory that all language has some relation to the element EARTH, and follows his view of that theory in a way which we confess we cannot comprehend, but which, we are to suppose, presented to his own more gifted mind something like the idea of a system. Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary, again, professes to consider words ‘in the order of their natural affinity, independent of alphabetical arrangement.’ Thus he treats of man—woman—marriage—masculine—feminine—male—female—baron—feme, &c. This process is awkward and desultory, but goes on an intelligible principle, and has some advantages; not enough, however, to compensate the want of the simple, manageable, alphabetical form.

But in Mr. Fox Talbot's work now before us, the first feature that strikes one is that he discards all order or system—he disdains alike alphabetical and etymological connexion. He seems (i) to



have made from time to time in the course of his *reading* (we cannot venture to say *study*) short notes on separate scraps of paper—without any reference to each other—extracts—conjectures—repetitions—contradictions—and to have thrown them all higgledy-piggledy into a basket—whence, as they were thrown in, so have they been drawn out and sent to the press and printed in this goodly octavo, with an absolute defiance of any order of either letters or ideas, or any other guidance than chance-medley. His printer's devils, like the Blue-coat lottery-boys of old, have drawn at random what came to hand; but this new lottery is even more disappointing than the old one, for there are at least 100 blanks to a prize, and the prizes are of the smallest possible amount—never indeed, we think, the price of the ticket.

Why this confusion—a confusion so easily remedied? His scraps might have been sorted alphabetically in two hours or less by the man who made his index. Why was this natural and obvious advantage—to himself apparently and to his reader certainly—denied us? We cannot tell. We hardly suspect Mr. Talbot of so much self-appreciation; but if he had felt the lack of novelty in his work, and the inanity of whatever it has that can be called new, and wished to puzzle and confound his reader on these points, he could not have taken a more effectual course. We as reviewers have been forced to scramble through and endeavour to arrange and catalogue the matter, but any one who takes up the book in the usual fashion of mankind, must (we should guess) soon find himself bewildered in such a preposterous chaos, and when he has done will prefer believing that he has been reading something, to the labour of inquiring, *what*.

The next most prominent feature of the work is its claim to originality. Mr. Talbot sets out by saying—

‘I think that a large proportion of the observations contained in this work will be found to be new; for *I have seldom given any well-known etymologies* except with the intention of illustrating either a preceding or a subsequent article.’—*Preface*.

Even without this statement the very fact of publishing a new work on such a subject is a virtual promise that the author is not going to tramp over again the common-places of this most beaten path. But after the foregoing formal announcement and several incidental assertions of originality scattered through the volume, the reader will participate in our surprise at its extensive and unacknowledged coincidence with its predecessors. The book is put together in so confused a way that it is not easy to classify Mr. Talbot's proceedings, but we have endeavoured to bring together  
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some striking specimens of his *singular* originality—of his abstinence from ‘any well-known etymologies:’—

‘HAVOCK—I derive from the Anglo-Sax. *hafoc* (a hawk). The destruction caused by that bird *was*, by a bold and just metaphor, transferred to all other kinds of calamity and ruin.’—p. 32.

He it is—Mr. Fox Talbot himself—who derives, by this ‘bold and just’ process, *havoc* from *hawk*. Now mark what we find, not in recondite treatises which might have escaped his notice, but in the commonest etymological dictionaries:—

‘HAVOCK—strages, cædes, ruina—sic dicitur à crudeli illâ et rapaci ave quæ, Ang.-Sax. *hafoc*; nobis *hawk*, i. e. accipiter dicitur.’—*Skinner, Etymolog. Dict.*

‘HAWK—accipiter, Ang.-Sax. *hafoc*, devastamentum—unde adhuc remansit Anglorum to make *havoc*—vastare.’—*Junius, Etymologicon.*

‘HAWK—Saxon, *hafoc*. Havock — indiscriminate massacre.’—*Booth's Analyt. Dict.*, xxxii. cl.

Again:—

‘MARQUIS. The usual derivation is from *mark-graf*—literally Count of the marches or frontiers—to defend the frontier;—but *I would suggest* that this can hardly have been the origin . . . which, however, is easily explained if the following etymology be admitted. In Bretagne any gentleman may be called a *marchek*, i. e. *chevalier*, from *march*, *cheval*.’—p. 25.

‘*I would suggest.*’ Now, let us see what others have, not ‘suggested,’ but, stated.

‘MARCHIS, or MARQUIS, vient de ce qu'ils estaient establis pour garder les frontieres du royaume; ou—selon Fauchet (Origines des Dignités et Magistrats de France)—de *mark*, cheval.’—*Borel, Antiquités Gauloises, voce.*

‘Alciat, dans le Livre des Duels, dérive MARCHIO du mot antique *marche*—et Cujas—tit. *Marchio*—scio antiquâ Gallix linguâ equum militarem *march* appellari.’—*Menage, voc. Marche.*

‘Ils se trompent tous,’ adds Menage, who adhered to the old derivation from *march*, ‘boundary;’ but is it not wonderful that Mr. Talbot should fancy that he was *suggesting* something as new, which we find quoted and discussed in so common a text-book as Menage?

Take a third specimen—

‘SCORN.—The origin of this word has, *I think, escaped all* who have written on the English language, and it *really deserves some explanation*. *Scorn* is nothing else than the Danish word *skarn*, meaning dirt, ordure,’ &c.—p. 311.

True, and it would, indeed, have been wonderful if so obvious a derivation had ‘*escaped all former writers,*’ and that it had been  
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left to Mr. Fox Talbot to afford that explanation '*which it really deserves.*' But how is the fact?

'SCORN, illudere. Origo videtur peti posse ex Ang.-Sax. *scearn*, fimus. Danis item *skarn* est stercus.'—Lye, *apud Junium*.

Mr. Talbot proceeds to state in a separate note:—

'*This suggests* the probable etym of the Greek verb *σκαρβαλλειν*, to insult. It is *σκαρβαλλειν*, to throw dirt.'—*Ib.*

We cannot tell why Mr. Talbot dreams that it first suggested itself to *his* mind to connect the Greek *σκαρ* with the Anglo-Saxon *scearn*, for we find in the same articles of Skinner and Junius—

'SCORN.—Mer. Casaubon deducit à Gr. *σκαρ*.'—*Skinner*.

'SCORN.—Ipsium verò *skearn* videri potest asferre Gr. *σκαρ*, stercus.'—*Junius*.

And Lemon adds—

'Casaubon and Junius have derived *scorn* from *σκαρ*, stercus, to treat any person like dirt;—or, as it were, to throw dirt at him.'—*Lemon, voce*.

The following is nearly as curious:—

'COARSE.—As no etym has been found for this word, I would suggest that it is nothing else than another form for *gross*.'—p. 23.

Mr. Talbot did not look very close after this word, for an etymon had been found for it, and no other than the very one which he fancies he has discovered. Skinner and Junius happen in their antiquated way to spell it *course*; but both consider it as a mere form of *gross*, as Mr. Talbot does; and Lemon, whose work Mr. Talbot sometimes quotes, has the word in its usual orthography:—

'COARSE,—*crassus*—*gross*. Skinner writes it *cours*—perhaps it should have been *coars*. Junius writes *course cloth*, but adds "*rectius derivatur à crassus aut grossus.*"'

These examples would perhaps afford a sufficient measure of Mr. Talbot's originality; but we subjoin a list (which we believe we might treble or quadruple, if we had room or patience) of cases in which his etymologies are *identical* with those of the commonest books; and when our readers recollect that Minshew, Skinner, and Junius are all of the seventeenth century, and still the standard English works, as Menage is in French, on this subject, we think they will be surprised to see such instances of unacknowledged coincidence in one who professes to trade on his own stock. We have placed the specimens alphabetically (which the author never does), and to avoid the suspicion of any partial selection, we have taken a couple from under each letter.

In

In several of the cases, we may add, the old authors appear to us to have only led the new *suggester* into absurdity.

ADDLED EGG—A. S. <i>Adl</i> , <i>morbus</i> , p. 38.	The same in Skinner and Junius.
ARROW—Lat. <i>arundo</i> , p. 325 . . .	Minshew and Lemon.
BOARD—Germ. <i>Bret</i> , p. 23 . . .	Minshew, Skinner.
BUSY—A. S. <i>byseg</i> ; Fr. <i>besogne</i> ; It. <i>bisogne</i> , p. 17	All in Minshew and Skinner.
CASSOCK—Sp. <i>casuca</i> , p. 21 . . .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
COCK—Gr. <i>κοκκύω</i> , p. 11 . . .	Minshew, Skinner.
DAFFODIL, <i>affodil</i> —Gr. <i>Ασφοδελος</i> , p. 101 .	Minshew, Junius, Ainsworth.
DRILL, a hole—Old Eng. <i>thrill</i> , p. 23 . . .	Johnson, 'thrill.'
EEL—A. S. <i>ael</i> , <i>ele</i> , <i>oil</i> , p. 334 . . .	Junius.
ERMINE— <i>Mus Ponticus</i> of Armenia, p. 10 .	Scaliger, Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
FAG—Fr. <i>fatigue</i> , p. 327 . . .	Johnson, 'fatigo.'
FAIRFAX—Sax. <i>fair-haired</i> . . .	Skinner, Junius.
GNAW—Gr. <i>κναυειν</i> ; A. S. <i>gnagan</i> , p. 171 .	Minshew, Skinner.
GROTTO—Gr. <i>κρυπη</i> ; It. <i>grotta</i> , p. 341 .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
HALTER—Germ. <i>hals</i> , the neck, p. 115 .	Minshew, Junius.
HARRY, to ravage—A. S. <i>herian</i> , <i>here-an</i> , army, p. 73	Skinner, Junius.
IMPS, shoots—A. S. <i>impan</i> , to engraft, p. 39 .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
ISSUE—Fr. <i>issir</i> ; It. <i>uscire</i> ; Lat. <i>exire</i> , p. 304	Minshew, Skinner, Menage.
JAVELIN—Sp. <i>javelina</i> , a boar-spear, p. 112 .	Junius.
JAW—Fr. <i>joue</i> , p. 69 . . .	Minshew, Skinner.
KERCHIEF— <i>ker</i> or <i>cur-chef</i> , covering for the head, p. 23	Minshew, Skinner.
KIDNAPER—Germ. <i>kind</i> , child; Swed. <i>nappa</i> , to catch, p. 239	Richardson, 'kinder,' children, and 'rab, nap, or nab,' to rob.
LARD—Lat. <i>lar</i> , <i>laridum</i> ; Gr. <i>λαρινος</i> , p. 163	Minshew, Skinner, Junius, Lemon.
LEMAN—A. S. <i>leaf-man</i> , p. 73 . . .	Junius, 'leaf-man.'
MELON—Gr. <i>μηλον</i> ; Lat. <i>pomum</i> , p. 207 .	Skinner—and, in fact, every Latin Lexicon under <i>melo</i> .
MELT—Germ. <i>schmelzen</i> ; Gr. <i>μελδειν</i> , p. 253	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
NETHER—Germ. <i>neider</i> ; Gr. <i>νειστος</i> , p. 259 .	Junius.
NOSTRILS— <i>neyse-thrills</i> , nose-holes, p. 23 .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius, Nares.*
OSIER—Gr. <i>οισνα</i> , p. 129 . . .	Minshew, Lemon.
OVEN—Germ. <i>ofen</i> ; Gr. <i>ιπνος</i> , p. 152 . .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
PAIN—Gr. <i>ποινη</i> <i>poros</i> ; Fr. <i>peine</i> , p. 324 .	Minshew, Skinner, Junius.
PORRINGER—from <i>porridge</i> and <i>pottage</i> ,† p. 13	Minshew, Skinner.
ROAN—a horse of Rouen, p. 122 . . .	Skinner.
RUSSET—Gr. <i>ρουσσιος</i> ; Lat. <i>russeus</i> ; It. <i>rosso</i> , p. 8	Skinner, Junius.
STRAWBERRY— <i>strawn</i> on the ground; Germ. <i>erd-berry</i> , p. 20	Minshew, Skinner, Lemon.
STYPTIC—Gr. <i>στυφειν</i> , p. 324 . . .	Lemon, Johnson, <i>στυπτικος</i> .
TANSEY—Gr. <i>Αθανασία</i> , p. 332 . . .	Minshew, Cotgrave, Lemon.
TWILIGHT—two lights, or rather dubious light, p. 72	Minshew, Skinner, 'duæ lucēs, lux dubia.'
URCHIN—Cr. <i>εχινος</i> , hedge-hog, p. 62 . .	Minshew, Lemon.
USHER—Fr. <i>huissier</i> , from <i>huis</i> , a door; It. <i>uscire</i> ; Lat. <i>Os-ostium</i> , p. 304	Menage, Junius, Lemon.

\* The word under which, by an odd coincidence, we quote this name may render it not unnecessary to say that we refer to *Archdeacon Nares'* Etymological Vocabulary—perhaps the most sensible work on English Etymology that has been published in recent days.

† We suspect that Mr. Talbot and Dr. Skinner may be both wrong in thus confounding these words—which seem to approach the same sound and meaning from different derivations: *porridge*, from *porro*, a leek; and *pottage*, from *pot*. Minshew has both *porringer* and *pottinger*.



VAUNT—from Fr. <i>avancer</i> , p. 28 . . .	All, from <i>avant</i> .
VIXEN—the feminine of <i>fox</i> , p. 59 . . .	Verstegan, Johnson— <i>everybody</i> .
WED—a pledge; <i>wedding</i> ; a pledging of troth, p. 30	Junius, Booth— <i>everybody</i> .
WHET—A. S. <i>awheltan</i> , to sharpen, p. 18 . . .	Minshew, Junius, Johnson, ‘ <i>wheeten</i> , Saxon.’
YAWN—Gr. <i>Xaiveiv</i> , p. 260 . . .	Minshew, Junius.
YEAST—A. S., Teut. <i>geist</i> ( <i>spiritus</i> ), p. 115 . . .	Minshew, Junius.

Setting the question of originality (which we should not have raised if he had not) out of the question, it seems to us, judging only from this work, that Mr. Talbot—whatever his abilities and acquirements may be in other departments—is singularly disqualified for etymological researches. He is, we must be allowed to hint, but scantily furnished with Greek—not at all with the Eastern languages—and not very critically with Latin. Of Celtic or Slavonic we see no reason to suppose that he knows anything; and we exceedingly doubt if he has much more than a dictionary and glossary knowledge of any even of the German or Scandinavian dialects. As to the history of language in general he seems altogether at sea, and quite unable to distinguish the main stream from bye-currents and eddies. He sets all chronology at defiance and all consistency also. Sometimes he derives Greek from Anglo-Saxon, sometimes Anglo-Saxon from Greek—Latin from German, and German from Latin—sometimes the Gothic is his fountain-head, sometimes the classical—the whole book is a medley of anachronism. He appears in general to exercise a very slight faculty of discrimination or analysis. He is frequently the dupe of superficial resemblances of both meanings and sounds; indeed the greater part of what can be called original in his work consists of mere mistakes into which he has fallen from a confusion of apparently, but not essentially, similar ideas, which he has not taken the trouble to disentangle, but which, if he had reduced his collections into anything of a systematic form, could hardly have escaped his revision.

It is our duty to support these remarks by sufficient examples.

We always supposed that if there was anything settled in the history of languages it was that the Greek was the first of European tongues that had arrived at any kind of perfection—that it had assumed nice grammatical forms, and even taken a written shape, centuries before anything of the sort can be imagined of what are called the Gothic tongues—and that Latin was probably the next—*longo sed intervallo*—in chronological order of refinement and completion. This we thought was almost an *axiom*; but under the very word *axiom* we find Mr. Talbot of a different opinion, and believing that Latin preceded Greek.

‘Although

\* Although it may appear a bold conjecture, I should not be surprised if the word AXIOM or AXIOMA, αξίωμα, were originally a corruption of maxim, *maximum*, pronounced *aximum*.'—272.

And again—

'Νόσος, *Novσος*, Morbus, is accounted a word of uncertain etymology. I think, however, that it is only the Latin *noxa*, pronounced *nossa*.'—p. 280.

But *Novσος* occurs in the first lines of Homer—*Novσον ανα στρατον ὤρσε κακον*—while we venture to believe that Mr. Talbot cannot produce one instance of the word *noxa* for 700 or 800 years later, nor of *nossa* at any time.

This, however, is not so strange as the numerous derivations of Greek and Latin from the Gothic jargons—for so we must venture to call, in contradistinction from the languages of the Iliad and the Æneid, the mere unwritten articulations of barbarous ages and nations:—

'ERA.—This word has perplexed etymologists a good deal. Perhaps it is a mere variation of the word *year*; in old English, yer or year. In a song of the time of Henry VI. the new year is called the New yeara. *Annus Domini*, the year of our Lord, may have been called the *yera* or *era* of our Lord.'—p. 72.

Prodigious! Does Mr. Talbot not know that the word *era* is Latin, and Latin of a good *era*—that it is in French *ère*, in Italian and Spanish *era*—in all which languages, however, the *year* is expressed by some form of the Latin *annus*; and he wholly disregards the more probable derivation from *ære*—brass coin marked with a date. As to the old song—*temp. Hen. VI.*—we can furnish him with a better specimen from that eminent antiquary, the gravedigger in Hamlet:—

'In youth when I did love, did love,  
Methought 'twas very sweet-a.'

'HALO—a luminous circle round the sun or moon—similar circles of lights or glories round the heads of saints. In French *aureole* has both meanings. Haluwe is a saint in old English, whence the verb "to halow," and a "*halo*," all from the Anglo-Sax. *halig*, holy.'—p. 42.

The word Halo—ἅλως—is pure Greek in the same sense, and with other corresponding meanings, such as *circle*, *crown*, &c. Why seek in Anglo-Saxon what we have already found in Aristotle?

'ΗΟΡΡΟΣ.—There can be little doubt that the Latin and Greek names of this bird, Lat. *upupa*, Greek *εποψ*, are derived from the old northern word *hupe*, a crest or tuft of feathers, French *houpe*, a tuft.'—p. 299.

Where is this old northern word to be found? Some writers suppose that it is found in the Hebrew (*Ephah*, usually considered 'a measure of capacity'—Zechariah, v. 6). We know it in



Italian, in Spanish, in French, and thence in English, and Minshew and Menage were content to derive it from the Latin, and not the Latin from it.

'From the Teutonic *Hus* or *Aus* (signifying *out*, and answering to the Latin *Ex*, Greek *Εξ*, and Persian *Ez*), written *os*, come the Latin words *ostium* a door, and *os* a mouth.'—p. 305.\*

Were pure Teutonic tongues, then, predominant in Italy before the Latins had found out a name for their *mouth*? Even if they were, why should *mouth* be derived from *out* rather than from *in*? and as the *Teutons* had a radical word for *mouth*, why did not the Latins adopt *it*, rather than either of the prepositions *in* or *out*?

'SATURNINE.—Johnson explains this word "gloomy, grave, &c., supposed to be born under the dominion of Saturn." But the name of Saturn sometimes conveys the very opposite ideas (happy, golden, &c.). Since then Saturnine, in the sense of gloomy, &c., appears not to be an ancient or classical word, it may perhaps not unreasonably be deemed the *coinage* of some *bel esprit* in the middle ages, who fancied the Anglo-Saxon adjective *styrn* (Eng. *stern*) was derived from Saturn, and therefore altered *styrn* into *Saturnine*. This, however, is mere conjecture. If the word be genuine, we owe it to the alchemists.'—p. 34.

We are not sorry to have Mr. Talbot's authority for questioning the etymological *fancies* of a too adventurous *bel esprit*; but we assure him that, in the matter of the *coinage* of this word, he is mistaken; for if he will only look to the Index Nominum at the end of any Latin dictionary, he will find several Roman worthies of the name of *Saturninus*. What shade of temper the name may have originally implied we are not so certain; but *Brutus*, *Flaccus*, *Corvinus*, *Catulus*, *Cicero*, attest the possibility of surnames becoming illustrious that originally might not have had a very complimentary meaning—any more than *Fox* or *Talbot*. But Mr. Fox Talbot's second thoughts are best: our *Saturnine* undoubtedly comes from the chemists, with whom *Saturn* means *lead* (Johnson), as it also does *black*, in *royal heraldry*.

'DITTY—from the *Teutonic* *dichte*, or *ge-dicht*, a song: *dichter*, a poet: old French *dit*, a tale.'—p. 384.

A more perverse straining after *Teutonic* can hardly be imagined: these words are obviously from the Latin *dictum*, as are also the French *dit*, *diton*—the Italian *ditto*—the Spanish *dito* and *dicho*—the English *dictum* and *ditty*—the Scotch *dittay*—of all which the English '*ditty*' alone has any relation to *poetry*. Even the

\* Here we beg leave to state, once for all, that many of Mr. Talbot's articles are so diffuse that we should not have room to extract them *in extenso*. We have therefore been forced in some instances to abridge them by the omission of portions that do not bear upon the point at issue—but we have always preserved his own words, and have taken care not to impair his meaning.

Teutonic verb *dichten* in all likelihood comes from the Latin *dictum*,—not itself a root, but an inflexion of *dico*. According to the candid admission of that illustrious Teutonic etymologist Dr. Conrad Schwenck himself (*Wörterbuch*, 140), it may be 'das Lat. *dictare* in's Deutsche übergegangen.'

We may conclude this class of observations with—

'DEVIL—a remarkably important and very difficult word.—Formerly it was believed to come from the Greek *διαβάλλειν*, to *calumniate*; but since sounder principles of etymology have prevailed, this opinion has been generally abandoned. . . . The most probable opinions derive the name of God from that of the *Good Spirit*, shortened by long use and habit into *the Good* or *Good*. . . . Now, in strong contrast to this holy name, I think that Satan was denominated *the Evil Spirit*, since shortened by long usage and custom into *the Evil*, or *Thevil*. The Teutonic article *De* shows this better, *De Evil*, *Devil*.'—p. 69.

Mr. Talbot, who is on many occasions very astute in deriving our vocables from Greek, Latin, &c., all of a sudden forgets that there are such languages in the world, and that long before our tongue took anything like its present form there existed the Greek *Διαβολος* and the Latin *Diabolus*, whence the French *Diable*, the Italian and Spanish *Diavolo*, and of course the English *Devil*. And if this obvious truth required any enforcement, we beg leave to remind him that the Scriptural idea and name of Satan, or the *Devil*, was first promulgated to the Saxons by those who spoke languages clearly and indisputably derived from classical antiquity. Mr. Talbot goes on to say,

'A strong argument in favour of this opinion is found in the fact that Satan is called in the New Testament simply *ὁ πονηρος*, *the Evil*, or the *Evil one*.'

The natural interpretation of these words would be, that Satan is never mentioned in the New Testament as the *Devil*, but simply as the *Evil* or *Wicked one*. But this, if Mr. Talbot has ever looked into the Greek Gospels, cannot be his meaning; for 'the fact' is that the Devil is called *passim* in the New Testament *Διαβολος* (witness in St. Matthew alone, iv. 1, iv. 5, iv. 8, xiii. 39, xxv. 41), and he is not generally called, but only occasionally described or designated as *ὁ πονηρος*, the *Evil* or *Wicked one*—a name being, in the question which we are now discussing, as different from a description as 'Fox Talbot' from 'bad Etymologist,' though they happen to belong to the same person; and in one of those cases in which Satan is so described, the verbal distinction is taken—for it is said that 'the tares are the children of the wicked one (*τοῦ πονηροῦ*), and the enemy that sowed them is the Devil (*ὁ Διαβολος*).'  
Matth. xiii. 38, 39. We may add that, after all, no illuminated modern is to be glorified for this nonsense about *the Devil*. We



have laughed at it in several works written long before Mr. Talbot was born.

‘**DRUID**—the etymology from *Drus*, an oak, is strongly supported.’

The fact is that the Greek *δρυς*, the British *derw*, the Irish *Derry*, and our English *dree* or *tree* are evidently the same word—slightly different forms of a primitive common, we believe, to all the ancient tongues of Europe; and that the Celtic priests of primitive Gaul and Britain took their name from the *Celtic* name of their sacred groves, is the opinion of every sane writer on these subjects. But hear Mr. Fox Talbot:—

‘Another etymology has occurred to me: from *Druthin*—the name of the Supreme Being in *ancient German*.’—p. 5.

Again—

‘**COUSIN**—a word of *doubtful* etymology. It is nearly related to the Greek *καὶς* and *καὶννητος*, which often signify a cousin. Another tolerable etym is *consanguineus*,’ &c. &c.—p. 128.

Doubtful and tolerable? Why, the ‘etym,’ or rather the abbreviation, from *consanguineus* is as certain as any derivation in the language. It is used every day in the royal writs and commissions to peers—‘*dilecto consanguineo nostro*’—always translated, ‘*to our well-beloved cousin*.’ It is even more certain than *uncle* from *avunculus*.

A *fair wind* seems pretty intelligible; but not so to Mr. Talbot, who is like the giant in Rabelais, who could swallow iron spits and spikes, but was choked with a pat of butter—

‘A **FAIR WIND**—from *Farh-wind*, from *fahren*, to carry or drive; because it carries or drives the ship rapidly onwards.’—p. 246.

So that when a ship is ‘rapidly carried or driven’ out of her course by an adverse gale, etymology, kinder than the elements, proves that she has a *fair wind*.

‘**TO TOW**, *TO TUG*. From the German *tau* a cable; Swed. *tog* or *tåg*. This comes from the Gothic *tuikan* (Anglo-Sax. *twhkian*) to pull or tug.’—p. 159.

Why from the *German*, the *Swedish*, or the *Gothic*, or the *Anglo-Saxon*?—the word, like thousands and thousands of others, is common to all. *Tow* is still in Scotland, and we believe in the north of England and Ireland, a *rope*, and the material of which ropes are made is called *tow* everywhere.

‘**BLAST**—from the old French word *flaistrir*, now *fletrir*.’—p. 42.

*Blast* is only the participle of the verb to blaze—*blazed*—blast—hence *blasted*—destroyed by the action of fire or lightning.

**BUTLER**, as everybody knows, is from the French *boi* the *botteler*—the servant in charge of the wine; but plain and clear for Mr. Talbot’s taste; he cannot, in

utterly the obvious derivation of the common English word from the common French one—but thinks that, by some unexplained process, two radically distinct terms have ‘long ago coalesced into one!’ He says:—

‘BUTLER appears to be the Anglo-Saxon *Botlwerd* (pronounced more shortly *Botlerd*), one who hath the care of a house: a house-steward. *Botl* signifies an abode or mansion.’—p. 287.

And in confirmation of this he quotes the passage of Scripture—‘Pharaoh went into his house;’ thus rendered in an Anglo-Saxon version—‘*Pharao eode (went) into his botl,*’ (287). Some future commentator will prove that the story of the *Bottle Conjurer* was a mere etymological mistake of *bottle* for *botl*, the play-house.

BROWN BREAD is not distinguished from *white* by its colour—that would be too vulgar and easy: no!—it ‘was called in the *middle ages*’ (p. 412) by its proper name ‘*bran-bread*.’

‘BISCUIT. It must be admitted that this word now signifies *twice baked*; but yet I think *bisket* or *basket* may have anciently meant *bread*, simply from a verb *bask*.’—p. 179.

And then follows a dissertation about *baskets* and *panniers*—the poet *Martial*, the historian *Herodotus*, and *Psammeticus* the shrewd king of Egypt, who, to ascertain the origin of languages, shut up two infants in a tower, and, finding that their first spontaneous articulation was *Bek-Bek*, which signified *bread* in Phrygian, assigned the palm of antiquity to that language:—very unjustly it now appears, for, on the strength of this new etymology for *Biscuit*, Mr. Fox Talbot hints at the claim of our own vernacular to that honour—we really think with almost as much good sense as he has shown in any other portion of his work.

‘GALLANT seems to be the same word with the Italian *valente*—valiant.

‘GAULS—GALATIANS—may have taken their names from thence; for the root is found in the Welsh and Armoric, *Gallu*, power, might. (Also a verb—to be able to have power, *valeo*.)

‘The *Galli* may have meant the mighty or *valiant*. What confirms this is, that the same word explains the other appellation by which they were known in ancient times, viz., the *Galatæ*—Validi (Galidi)—*Γαλαται*.

‘Or, more simply from what precedes, we may interpret *Galatæ* to mean “the *gallant*,” q. d., the nation of warriors.’—p. 88.

Even this is not new. Rowland Jones, a century ago, derives ‘*Galli*’ from *gallu*, a British or Phrygian word meaning ‘*valiant*.’ But it is not merely as a specimen of Mr. Talbot’s scholarship that we notice these very ‘simple’ attempts to derive the name of the great even the *Latin* but—the *Italian*! but also

to



to take the opportunity of recalling a fact, of which, important as it is, Mr. Fox Talbot appears to have caught no hint—we mean the striking indication of the progress of European conquest afforded by several still existent names derived from the GAEL. As more warlike races gradually advanced on the great Gaelic family which occupied central Europe, the latter naturally retired to the last recesses of their respective regions, and to these they seem to have in many instances bequeathed their peculiar name. Thus the corner of Spain most remote from Rome is called *Gallicia*. We find the *Galletes* or *Caletes* in the north-western extremity of France also, where *Calais* still preserves a trace of their name. The most remote angle of England (*Cornwall*) was the *Cornu Gallorum*. *Wales*, also, is only a corruption of *Gaul*, and is still called in French *Pays de Galles*; the western extremity of Ireland is called *Galway*; a remote western region of Scotland, where the names of the people are to this day Celtic, is *Galloway*; and the warriors of the still more distant Hebrides were called *Gallowglasses*. Neither is it difficult to explain why on the eastern boundary of the old Roman empire we find two other *Gallicias*—the one still so called, and *Wallachia* (*Gallachia*)\*. We may add that the vulgar German name for Italy, *Welshland*, seems to be most naturally accounted for by the fact that the part of Italy into which the first recorded Teutons made their way was that which the Latins themselves called *Cisalpine Gaul*.

We shall now exhibit a few specimens, selected and arranged out of the chaos of Mr. Talbot's work, of the very different views which, in different places, this etymologist takes of the same word, and which will exemplify in little the clearness, the consistency, and the decisive importance of his researches.

ARROW—Anglo-Sax. *earh*—flying.—p. 79.

ARROW—Latin *arundo*—a reed.—p. 325.

ARROW—Greek *αρον*, the name of the arrow-shaped *arum*-plant.—p. 49.

ARROW—Saxon *arod*,—p. 369.

BALL—from the Greek *βαλλειν*.—p. 241.

BALL—*Pila*, Latin, is a ball.—p. 241.

BALL—*Παλλα* is found in the Greek.—p. 9.

COCKCHAFFER—Germ. *Käfer*, a beetle, from Greek *καρθαρος*.—p. 61.

COCKCHAFFER—probably *clockchafer*, since beetles are sometimes called *clocks*.—p. 446.

COCKCHAFFER—*cock* may be the Latin *coccus*, an insect.—p. 446.

COCKCHAFFER—possibly an error for *cow chafer*.—p. 447.

\* There is in Asia Minor a *Galatia*, called by the ancients *Gallo-grecia*, and always stated to have been a Gallic colony.

*As merry as a grig* affords three or four different occasions for this laborious trifling which Mr. Talbot thinks '*philosophical etymology*':—

GRIG—a small eel of great vivacity.

GRIG—a *Greek*.—Johnson.

Both of these (of which the first is clearly right) are rejected, and instead of them Mr. Talbot produces three different and contradictory derivations—

GRIG—Anglo-Saxon *glig*, music.—p. 287.

GRIG—English *cricket*.—p. 297.

GRIG—Saxon *græg*, grey.—p. 412.

Anything, in short, but the right thing.

GRIST—some derive it from *grinding*.—p. 86.

Very naturally we think—but Mr. Talbot has two better '*etymys*':—

GRIST—German and Anglo-Saxon *gerst*, barley.—p. 86.

GRIST—Greek *κριθή*, barley.—p. 256.

As if there was no *grist* or *grinding* but *barley*; whereas barley was and is to a greater extent than any other grain exempt from '*grinding*'—being *malting* for making beer, the '*vinum hordeaceum*' of his favourite German tribes.

MOTE in the eye—Spanish; *mota*, slight defect.—p. 17.

MOTE—a speck, related to *mottled*.—p. 322.

MOTE—atom, from Middle Latin *molta*, dust.—p. 410.

PENNY—an ancient *Gaulish* coin.—p. 425.

PENNY—German *pfennig*; perhaps from Latin *pendere*.—p. 309.

PENNY—Welsh and Breton *pennig*, a little head, from *pen*, head.—p. 309.

PENNY—Saxon *peneg*, a *pound-weight*, a *Gaulish* coin.—p. 425.

PENNY—Bret. *wenneck* or *gwennek*, a *little white*, or small silver coin.—p. 425.

THING—a term derived from to think, as *any thing is any think*.—p. 13.

THING—German *ding*, a *word*, a *speech*; may be identical with old Latin *dingua*, for *lingua*.—p. 471.

If Mr. Fox Talbot had been—like most of his predecessors—compiling a vocabulary, he might be excused for noticing these *minima*, though he would have been, at least, expected to do so with something of order as to the words, and consistency as to the meaning; but coming forth with a spontaneous essay, unfettered by alphabetical or indeed any other trammels, and professing to inculcate 'sounder principles of etymology' worthy of this enlightened age, our readers, we think, will participate in our surprise at such a collection of antiquated, threadbare, and contradictory trifles as we have already laid before them.



Not less noticeable are the blunders into which he often falls from the feebleness of his resources in analysis and discrimination—when he has to deal with the nice distinctions that may exist between ideas which have some affinity—between words which have some similarity. For example—

‘**INTEREST OF MONEY.**—It surprises me very much that any one should consider this word the same as the last [*interest*, concern in an affair], for there is *no connexion between the ideas, nothing but a casual resemblance of sound*. I would suggest that *interest* is nothing else than a corruption of *inress* or *increase*, and that *our ancestors* borrowed money at such or such rate of *increase*.’—p. 74.

And in a second article he thinks he places this beyond doubt by a text or two of the Bible—‘He hath not received *usury* nor *increase*’ (Ezek. xvii. 8, 17). Mr. Talbot forgets that the French and Spaniards, who have no verb *inress* or *increase*, employ *intérêt*, *interès*, in the same sense as we do *interest*. He could not have fallen into this palpable mistake if he had sufficiently discriminated the strict meaning of the terms. The rent that one receives for money, like that received for a house or land, does not *increase* the original fund; it is simply the *quid pro quo*, the something useful and advantageous, the *revenue*, that one still has from the original property, though the actual possession be in other hands—in a word, our immediate ‘concern in the affair!’ So that it is more accurately called *interest* than *increase*.

So again:—

‘**PERSPECTIVE.**—The science of *perspective* is not correctly named: It ought to be *prospective*, being the art of delineating a prospect or view; and so it is called in Italian “prospettiva,” which shows the error we have fallen into.’—p. 35.

The only error is Mr. Talbot’s, who does not seem (strange to say of the inventor of the Kalotype or Talbotype, and a lawgiver in language) to understand either what the art of perspective consists in or the real value of the word itself. *Perspective* does not mean the seeing or delineating a *prospect*; but the seeing *through* space and estimating the relative positions of the different objects that may occur in space: a *prospect* presents to the eye a flat surface; *perspective* pierces, as it were, the surface, resolves it into its component parts, removes the objects to their relative distances, and evolves in fact the principles on which a *prospect* is formed. All this the common forms of the words distinguish; and all this Mr. Talbot’s emendation would confound.

And again:—

‘**EXTANT.**—*Extans* in Latin properly means *excellent*, *standing out*—prominent. *Ex stare*, to be apparent. But when we say the works  
of

of Virgil are *extant*, but the works of Varius *not extant*, is this the same word? and how comes it to have so very different a meaning? The Latin writers certainly seem to have accounted it the same word; but it may be doubted whether in doing so they took a philosophical view. A thing no longer *extant* means no longer *existent*. These two words have almost the same sense, and they may have been the same word originally. Let the Italian *esistente* be pronounced rapidly, and we have *existente*, *es'stente*, *estente*—*i. e.* *estant* or *extant*. *This is our word!*—p. 177.

All this jumble arises from Mr. Talbot's own confusion of ideas and his modest preference of his own '*philosophic views*' of the Latin language to those of the Latin writers. It seems strange to have to explain to a philosophical philologist that *existent* and *extant* have not the same meaning—*extant* means (as he himself admits) that which *appears*—*existent* that which *is*. The '*Republic*' of Cicero has in fact *existed* ever since he wrote it, but has only been *extant* since its discovery by Mai a few years ago; and nowhere have we ever met the word *extant* in the naked sense of *existent*. Indeed, it is hardly possible to imagine two words in which the distinction of meaning which may grow out of a common root is more neatly exemplified. But Mr. Talbot carries this theoretic blunder into a practical one, still more surprising. He supposes that our British ancestors not only spoke *Italian*, but spoke it so glibly, that *essistente* became in their familiar mouths '*es'stente*, *estente*, *estant*, *extant*.'

Here is another instance of confounding different meanings of the same sound.

'AIRS.—Proud persons are said to give themselves *great airs*. This is a very ancient phrase, for we find it in Augustine—"Vulgò magnos spiritus superbi habere dicuntur: et recte; quandoquidem spiritus etiam ventus vocatur. Quis verò nesciat superbos *inflatos* dici tanquam vento distentos?"'—92.

Mr. F. Talbot utterly mistakes both the English and the Latin. The exterior *air* or manner—whether *great* or *humble*, *grave* or *gay*—has no relation nor any resemblance to the *wind*, with which Augustine metaphorically supposes proud people to be *inflated*. They are as essentially different as the gas with which a balloon is filled, and the colour with which it is painted.

The following instances seem to combine, in a still more remarkable degree, an imperfect knowledge of the languages with a melancholy confusion of ideas.

'ANACHRONISM means a thing *contrary* to true chronology. Grammarians derive it from *ava* and *χρονος*, *time*; attributing to *ava* a certain signification of "*error*" which it bears in no other word. *Ava* frequently means just the reverse—*according to*, agreeable to. Since then



then "*contrary*" is not the meaning of *ava*, but is exactly that of the old preposition *αντα*, *I have no doubt* that the original term was *antachronism*.'—p. 50.

We might ask, where, when, of what language, was this an *original* term? But the whole is built on one of Mr. Talbot's usual mistakes; he gives a false meaning to the word, and then endeavours to defend it by these absurd devices. *Anachronism* does not exactly mean 'contrary to true chronology,' but, as he might have learned from Johnson, 'a misplacing of events with respect to one another;' just as—(in spite of Mr. Talbot's denial of one very familiar power of *ἀντα* in compounds)—just as *anagram* means a misplacing of *letters* from their proper order—and *anastrophe* is the rhetorical figure that uses a like freedom in the arrangement of *words*, &c. &c. &c.

'*ANTHEM*—generally derived from *antiphona*; but the change from *phon* into *hem* is rather considerable. In French it is *antienne*. Is it not *anti-hymnus*?'—p. 40.

First, the change is much less considerable than those that Mr. Talbot makes in every page. Next, an anthem is not an *anti-hymnus*—because there is no such word—and, if there were, it would mean something *opposite to a hymn*; whereas an anthem is a hymn sung antiphonetically—that is, in responses. In short, *anthem* is as certainly derived from *αντιφωνη* as another questioned word, *Church*, is from *κυριακη*, or *κυριου οίκος*, the Lord's House.

'*POSSESSED with devils or of devils*.—The Italians say *ossessi*. *Ossessi* means besieged, attacked, assaulted—in French *obsédé*—Latin *obsessus*, from *obsedere* to besiege. . . . It is worthy of consideration whether the Italian phrase *ossessi* be not the original one.'—p. 71.

Original of what? Does he mean that our translators originally wrote *ossessed*, and that it has been corrupted? If so, how, when, and by whom? We have heard of being *assessed*, and admit that it is sometimes a grievous affliction; but who before ever heard of one's being *ossessed*? The whole is founded on another of Mr. Talbot's confusion of ideas. The Italian *ossesso* and the French *obsédé* are mere metaphors for being annoyed, troubled, *besieged* as it were, as by an enemy from *without*, and have no relation to *possession* or disturbance by the enemy *within*—which is what our translators meant to express, and which, though not exactly warranted by the original Greek, which says only that the man *had* a devil, is much nearer the meaning than *ossesso*.

'*ΑΠΟΠΛΗΞΥ*—*αποπληξια* of the Greeks. The word *αποπληκτος* signifies thunderstruck, struck perfectly senseless and speechless.'—p. 179.

It has no such meaning as *thunderstruck*, nor the slightest relation

tion to *sense* or *speech*, but is thus exaggerated for a purpose we shall see presently.

‘Πληκτος is simply struck. I want to know why *απο* adds to it a meaning so singularly intensive. This preposition generally signifies nothing more than “*from*” or “*off*,” so that, *à priori*, we should expect that *αποπλησσειν* would signify to strike off or knock off, as *fruit from a tree*, or something of that kind.’—*ib.*

And that, in our opinion, is just what it does—it means to knock down as an apple from a tree. But Mr. Talbot wants a still more emphatic meaning, and from the French phrase *coup de soleil*, which he says is their term for apoplexy (though it is not so, any more than *hanging* is the English term for apoplexy), he discovers that the original combination must have been

‘Αποπληκτος, literally “Apollo-struck,” *frappé d’un coup de soleil*.’ But as even then Αποπληκτος is not Απολλοπληκτος, he proceeds to bring his new word into shape by this process:—

‘Απλυ or Απλο was the *Etruscan*, that is the old Italian name for Apollo.’

And what if it were? What has Etruscan or old Italian to do with a Greek combination? Does he believe that anything that can be called *Italian* generated the Greek of Homer and Hesiod? Then, to obviate this objection he adds

‘The Greeks themselves at Delphi called that deity Απello.’

This—which he omits to prove—does not advance him a step, for we then should have Απελλοπληξια—but he has still a resource—

‘The common people *certainly* called him Αplo.’

Here we confess that we pricked up our ears, very curious to learn ‘*certainly*’ not merely how the ‘*common people*’ of Delphi pronounced Greek, but how Mr. Fox Talbot came to know it; and lo! this is the proof—because

‘we read on a vase lately discovered the name of Applodorus, which in classical Greek is Apollodorus. But we are not considering here classical Greek, but that *spoken in rapid conversation* by ordinary persons—’

—he having just before quoted—not conversation either rapid or slow—but an *inscription*; and then he concludes—

‘Consequently, *there is no doubt* but that a *rapid speaker*, meaning to say that a man was struck by the sun, would say that he was Απλοπληκτος.’

But after all this mock erudition Απλο is not *απο*, nor apoplexy a stroke of the sun. We are in fine forced to conclude that, considering Mr. Fox Talbot’s long and celebrated conflicts with the great luminary, it seems more probable than any of his etymologies that he has been to a certain degree ‘*struck by the sun*,’ and reduced



reduced to the state—not of course of *apoplexy*—but of *aploplexy* which has tended to produce this luminous tractate.

But we find, further on, another symptom of this same *coup de soleil*, more extravagant than the former:—

‘SYNCOPE—in medicine a swoon, a fainting fit. But why this Greek word should have this peculiar meaning is not very evident, and *is a subject well worthy* the attention of the etymologist. In the article *Apoplexy* I have shown the true meaning of that remarkable word to be *coup de soleil*. *Coup de soleil* would be the likely phrase in hot weather, but if the weather be cold and the sun not to blame, then it is often called in France a *coup de sang*. Now I take it that in old Norman French, or one of the early Frankish dialects, this would have been written *sang-coup*.’—p. 366.

‘and thence,’ he adds, ‘corrupted into the Greek *συγκοπή*, *syncope*.’ To all this *fatras*, which runs to six pages, we need only answer that a *coup de sang* is not a *coup de soleil*—and that Mr. Talbot ought to have known that there is a Greek verb *συγκοπτειν*, to strike down—in its passive, to be stricken down, to fail, to faint—which is the precise medical meaning of *syncope*. And, never looking beyond his nose, he forgets that if we granted his absurd derivation, we should still have to go back—not to any ‘Frankish dialect,’ if we knew where to find it, but—to the Latin for *sang* and to the Greek for *coup*. Our readers may think we have wasted too much space on these *coups de sang* and *de soleil*—our excuse is that Mr. Talbot evidently considers them as his *coups de maître*. They are, we think, the longest articles of his book, extending over eight or nine pages, and are prominently advanced by him as being ‘*remarkable cases*—well worthy the attention of the etymologist.’ We fancy we have shown them to be pompous nonsense—and our readers will agree that, as Gil Blas said of his Archbishop’s sermon, our Etymologist’s Essay *sent furieusement l’apoplexie*.

The following matter seems at first sight more serious. He makes a long dissertation on the PASSOVER, of which this is the substance.

‘It is stated in Scripture (Exodus xii. 36) that the *passover* was so called because “*the Lord passed over the houses of the children of Israel*.” Now as *Moses did not write in English*, he could not have written the foregoing passage. In Hebrew the Passover is called Pascha, but although the allusion holds good in Hebrew, yet I think no one will contend that the English verb to *pass* is derived in any way from the Hebrew Pascha. *I do not think the English translators meant a play upon words*, but it came so naturally that they did not avoid it. The fact is that the oldest Teutonic name for this great sacrifice was not the Passover, but Passofer or Pasch-offer, that is to say, the Pascha-sacrifice, for the only word for a victim was *opfer* or *offer*.’—p. 397.

We

We confess we no more understand Mr. Talbot's difficulty than we admire his wit upon Moses or his sneer at the English translators. The puzzle, such as it is, is of his own making. The Hebrew word (which the Seventy did not translate, but exhibited as *pascha*) means to *pass over*; and where *pesah* or *pascha* is used in the Bible, our translators rendered it literally *pass over*—the coincidence of sound in the first syllable between the Greek and English translations being perhaps accidental, and certainly of no effect whatsoever. If Moses had written in Greek  $\mu\epsilon\tau\alpha\lambda\epsilon\iota\psi\epsilon\iota\upsilon$ —or in Latin *transire*—the English translation would have equally been *passover*. Mr. Talbot himself admits (p. 398), that 'the Hebrew word *pascha* meant *preterire*, or *transire*.' And as *preterire* and *transire* mean *passover*, this admission overturns his theory (whatever it is), nullifies his conjectures, and renders equally ludicrous his criticisms and his sneers. We may add that the fact of our having the vernacular name of *Passover* for what the continental nations continue to call by some form of *Pascha*, no doubt arises from our more general use of a vernacular translation. The *Vulgate* has—'Est enim *Phase* (i. e. *transitus*) Domini, et *transibo* per terram *Ægypti* nocte illâ.' If the *Vulgate* had omitted the expletive reference to the Hebrew, and used its own term *transitus* alone, it would have been in exact verbal accordance with our translation, and the Continental nations would probably have called the festival the *Transit*, or some such name.

From these graver *looking* matters—for they are in fact very futile affairs)—such of our readers (the minority, we fear) as may not have already had enough of Mr. Talbot will not be sorry to turn to some less complicated specimens of his ingenuity:—

'MAN OF WAR. Since a ship in England is always feminine, it is rather surprising that one of the largest class should be called a *man* of war. This anomaly may be explained. *Men of war*—*gens d'armes*—were heavy-armed soldiers—a ship full of them was called a *man-of-war-ship*—in process of time *ship* was left out, and there remained the phrase a *Man of War*.'—p. 90.

The anomaly and theory are alike destroyed by merely observing that a trading-ship is also called a *Merchantman*, an *Indiaman*, a *Greenlandman*, &c. &c. &c.

'FIGURES in arithmetic.—The ten figures we employ are called the ten *digits*, i. e. fingers. The adding or omitting the letter N before G or E is exceedingly common, so that the word *fingers* would be very easily corrupted into *figures* when the former term appeared strange or was grown obsolete. There is reason to believe that our ancestors, when speaking of arithmetic or numeration, did not say "the ten *figures*," but "the ten *fingers*."—p. 274.

Here we have again all Mr. Fox Talbot's process of



fusion of words, ideas, and facts. First, he confounds the *figures* with the *numbers* they represent. The *figures* are never, that we recollect, called digits, though the *numbers* sometimes have been; but in general *digit* is used, not with reference to *number*, but *measure*—as *digit* the *finger* is three-fourths of the *inch* or *thumb*, and one-sixteenth of the *foot*, and it has so little relation to decimal numeration, that in the only case in which it is now in use—viz. the division of the faces of the sun and moon—it means, not one-tenth, but one-twelfth part. So vanishes the base of his conjecture. But we beg leave further to ask him in what state or era of our language were these *figures* ever called *fingers*?—and when was it that the term ‘grew strange and obsolete?’—and how it happens that, being strange and obsolete, it was rendered less strange by being *corrupted*?—and how, after all, ‘the strange, obsolete term’ *fingers* should have survived even to this day with its *original* meaning? In short there is no end to the absurdities of this conjecture: but we must add one word more to show the very superficial view that Mr. Talbot takes of these matters. The Arabic *figures* of arithmetic are specially so called because they are really *figures*—arbitrary signs or shapes—in contradistinction to the Greek and Roman numerals, which were *letters*, or to the process of *spelling* the numbers at length.

‘GODFATHER AND GODMOTHER. *Con*-father and *com*-mother—for the *French*, *Spanish*, *Italian*, and *Middle Latin* all agree in denoting by these terms the *sponsors* at the baptismal font. *French*, *compère*, *commère*—*Italian* and *Spanish*, *compadre*, *comadre*—*Latin*, *compater*, *commater*. Now, since *Confather* seemed a word without meaning to our English ears, it was changed to *godfather*.’—p. 55.

A cluster of blunders! The words *compère* and *commère*, &c. are only used to express the relation of the parties, not as *sponsors* for the child, but towards each other—that is, as *gossips*. What we call godfather and godmother are in *French* *parrain* and *marraine*. *Compère* and *commère* and the *Spanish* and *Italian* cognates are merely *gossips*.

‘HARBINGER—derived by Johnson and others from *herberg*, a lodging, as if it meant a person who provides lodgings. It is very difficult to believe that this ancient and poetical word had such mean origin, and is sufficiently contradicted by the following examples from our greatest poets, in which there is not a vestige of any such meaning:—

“Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,  
Those clamorous *harbingers* of blood and death.”—*Shaks.*

——— “Misery,  
Death’s *harbinger*.”—*Milt.*

——— “Till the evening star,  
Love’s *harbinger*, appeared.”—(p. 223)

And

And then he discovers that the true word is *har*, a message, and *bringing*. Now, the meaning of the word *harbinger*—the person sent forward to provide and mark out lodgings—is as certain as any in the language. There has always been, and is to this day, an officer in the royal household with the title of *harbinger*, whose duty it was in old times to precede the court, and prepare and mark the lodgings of the several persons. The quotations in which Mr. Talbot sees not a vestige of this meaning, seem to us to prove its accuracy. None of them relate to any message, and all of them imply a precursor. But we will add one more, which places the matter beyond all doubt:—

‘Love’s harbinger has chalked upon my heart—

This house is wholly taken up for *Flavia*.’—*Albumazar*.

The silly objection that it would be degrading a poetical word is not worth answering: is the word *angel* degraded because it originally meant *messenger*?

‘MEALY-MOUTHED. This word has created great perplexity to the etymologists. Perhaps it is a term of Greek origin, viz., μελιμυθός (a person) of *honeyed speech*.’—p. 191.

But now, metaphor for metaphor, why is not *mealy-mouthed* as good as *honey-mouthed*?—and indeed Mr. Talbot himself, in his frequent fashion of having two strings to his bow, discovers on second thoughts that the true derivation is not from Attica, but from Iceland!

‘If it be a word of northern origin, I would remark that the Icelandic word for adulation is *fagur mæli*, from *fagur* (fair), and *mæli* (speech); and in Danish it is something similar. Therefore it is possible that the Danes may have introduced the terms *fair-mæly* and *fair-mæly-mouthed*, of which our adjective may be an abbreviation.’—*Id.*

A *toss up*—Hymettus or Hecla!

‘PUSS—the name indifferently of the *Cat* and the *Hare*. Why should animals so distinct have the same name? Two languages were fashionable in mediæval Britain—Latin and Norman French: many people spoke a little of both. A hare was called by those who spoke Latin, *Lepus*. It was not long, we may guess, before the first syllable, *le*, came to be mistaken for the French article, and *Lepus* became *Le pus*.’—p. 456.

This grave and valuable addition to etymological science is not equally meritorious in a logical point of view, for though it accounts so satisfactorily for the *hare* being called *Le puss*, it does not explain the original difficulty of why the *cat* was called by the same name!

Is it worth while to ask why this worshipper of the undiluted Teutons overlooks the important fact that *puss* for *cat* so far from being peculiar to the descendants of the universal from Rotterdam to Memel?



'QUIBBLE—perhaps from the Danish *tvivl*, a doubt, which is related to the German *zweifel*.'—p. 42.

We have great *tvivls* and *zweifels* about this derivation, and are quite satisfied with old Johnson's *quidlibet*.

'RANSOM—evidently shortened from *re-emption* [a buying back], for which we generally say *redemption*, inserting the letter D *for the sake of euphony*.'—p. 41.

'We generally insert the letter D *for the sake of euphony*. Indeed? Did Mr. Talbot never hear of the Latin verb *redimo*, to *redeem*, with *redemptio* and all its derivatives in all languages? We, forsooth!

'SAUCY. This is a word of very difficult etymology.'

One of the easiest in the language.

'Johnson would derive it from the Latin *salsus*, salted—that is to say, witty;—but in older writers it often means contemptuous, insolent, arrogant. I have a notion that saucy may be a corruption of the French *sourcil*, in Latin *supercilium*, an eyebrow, which has exactly this sense.'

Johnson is clearly right, and Mr. Talbot and his eyebrow ridiculously wrong. Saucy is neither *witty* nor *supercilious*, but simply sharp, flippant, piquant—and is, whether in the French and English or in the Italian or Spanish form, derived from the root which we see in the Latin *sel*—*salt*, the first seasoning or adventitious element of flavour to food. Horace uses the word *salsus* as we do *saucy* for *troublesome*, *impertinent* (1 Sat. ix. 65).

'To TEST the qualities of a thing, from the same root as to *taste*, and the French *tâter*, formerly *taster*.'—p. 466.

The Latin *testis*—a witness—a *test*—a *testifying* or *testimony*, is too clear and simple for Mr. Talbot's *taste*.

'ROMEO means, in Italian, a pilgrim, properly a *pilgrim to Rome*: but is it not connected with the Latin comic name Dromio? Juliet is properly the diminutive of Julia, but it has apparently united itself with another name, *Juliette* or *Joliette*, the diminutive of *Jolie*, pretty.'—p. 403.

We wish Mr. Talbot had told us how ROMEO comes to mean a *pilgrim to Rome*. Is it from to *roam*, by metaplasm *roma*—or *Romeo* quasi *Romam eo*? Seriously, can Mr. Talbot suppose his readers to be ignorant that this is an oldish as well as a foolish guess—and that *Romeo* is the familiar contraction of *Romualdo*, the famous Lombard name, which, though sometimes derived from the Teutonic, may perhaps have been a corruption of *Romulus*, but never could have meant a *pilgrim*? As to *Juliette*, we know not how nor why she should have united herself with any other name. *Giulietta* has as much to do with *jolie* as *Bessy* with *Bessarabia*.

'CATHERINE—

'CATHERINE—from the Irish *Kathleen*, which is a diminutive of *Kate*.'—p. 193.

Just as rational as if he had said, '*Patricius*—from the Irish *Paddy*, which is a diminutive of *Pat*.' A hundred pages later he discovers indeed that Catherine is '*perhaps* from the Greek *καθαρη*—pure, chaste' (p. 339); but luckily for the amusement of his readers, he has allowed his first conjecture to stand.

'PEGGY.—I do not think *Peggy* has any claims to be considered as the diminutive of Margaret. It is merely the Danish word for *girl*, viz. *Pige*.'—p. 299.

Why, then, are not all girls called Pigs or Pegs? Molly and Bessy should be equally Peggy. And thus he proceeds:—

'As also *Madge*, *Maggie*, *Meggie*, *Meg*, is nothing else than the German *magd*—a maid; and therefore easily confused with *Margaret*.'—p. 300.

Why, then, are not all maids called Madge? Molly and Bessy should be equally Madge; and after all, Madge (properly a contraction of Magdalene) having been thus 'confused' with Margaret, Mr. Talbot leaves us in doubt whether we should pin our faith to Danish *pige* or German *magd*.

'BOB.—Similarly I believe that *Bob* was not originally the diminutive of Robert, but *merely*'—as if that were an easier solution—'the Teutonic *bub*, or *bube*, meaning a *boy*.'—p. 300.

Why, then, are not all boys called Bobs?

We beg pardon for having given so much space to this incoherent and contradictory boobyism. We presume that Mr. Talbot's incapacity for anything like rational etymological inquiries must be evident to every reader, to whatever etymological school he may belong; whether he thinks the classic tongues accompanied the Roman arms and interspersed their roots amongst the Northern; or that, at some still earlier period, the Northern influenced the Classical tongues; or, finally, that the leading features of some aboriginal language mixed themselves in the variety of diverging dialects. We also appeal to the reader who may not have amused himself with these intricacies, and who judges of what is placed before him by the mere light of common sense, whether he has ever before seen such a parade of originality coupled with such a pertinacity in borrowing—such a labyrinth of ignorance and negligence, such a confusion of ideas, such a clumsiness of execution, and altogether such a nothingness of result, as in Mr. Fox Talbot's *English Etymologies*?



ART. VIII.—*The Macaulay Election of 1846, containing Comments on the Macaulay Rejection of 1847.* By John Robertson. Edinburgh, 1847.

IT is demanded, it seems, by a large section of the Liberal party that Parliament should, for the sake of admitting Jewish members, cease to declare itself a Christian assembly. It is comfortable to think that this demand is not made on any plea of expediency—the prevailing motive of modern statesmen—but on principle. There is nothing in the present aspect of the question to frighten Lord John Russell or even Sir Robert Peel. We are threatened with no danger to the commonwealth if it be not granted; no Jewish volunteers have taken up arms to enforce it; the lion of Judah is roaring in another direction; and although Mosaic gold has produced in the City a parallel to the Clare election, no Hebrew association denounces civil war as the penalty, if the doors of the House are not thrown open to the besieging Israelites. No; it is a 'great principle' which we are called upon to affirm—a principle long obscured (we are told) by bigotry and superstition, and now to triumph over this last fragment of prejudice, this last vestige of intolerance, which vanishes before the universal enlightenment of our happy age.

What, then, is this *principle* for whose final establishment our Liberals are so zealous? It shall be stated in the words of its cleverest advocate:—

'It is because men are not in the habit of considering what the end of government is, that Jewish disabilities have been suffered to exist so long. We hear of *essentially Protestant governments* and *essentially Christian governments*—words which mean just as much as *essentially Protestant cookery* or *essentially Christian horsemanship*. Government exists for the purpose of keeping the peace; for the purpose of compelling us to settle our disputes by arbitration instead of settling them by blows; for the purpose of compelling us to supply our wants by industry instead of supplying them by rapine. This is the only operation for which the machinery of government is peculiarly adapted—the only operation which wise governments ever propose to themselves as their chief object. If there is any class of people who are not interested, or who do not think themselves interested, in the security of property and the maintenance of order, that class ought to have no share of the powers which exist for the purpose of securing property and maintaining order; but why a man should be less fit to exercise those powers because he wears a beard, because he does not eat ham, because he goes to the synagogue on Saturdays instead of going to the church on Sundays, we cannot conceive.'—*Macaulay's Essays*, vol. i. p. 296.

The principle, then, which is to receive its final triumph and complete development in a Judaizing parliament, is that the end

of government has nothing to do with religion or morality; that 'an essentially Christian government' is a phrase meaning just as much as 'essentially Protestant cookery' or 'essentially Christian horsemanship'; that government exists solely for purposes of police—and that therefore—(to quote the words of Lord J. Russell himself the other day on the London hustings),—'a man's religious opinions ought not to affect his civil privileges.' But the misfortune is that the proposition involved in this great principle is both philosophically untenable and historically false. First, it is historically false; for since the world began no government ever existed which contemplated merely these physical ends,—the suppression of pickpockets by a good police, and of rioters by a constabulary force. Even the moralists of heathendom took far higher views of the purposes of government and the duties of legislators. Hear Persius:—

'Rem populi tractas? . . . :  
 Quo fretus? Dic hoc, magni pupille Pericli.  
 Scis etenim justum geminâ suspendere lance  
 Ancipitis libræ; rectum discernis, ubi inter  
 Curva subit, vel quum fallit pede regula varo:  
 Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere Theta.'—iv. 10.

And Aristotle still more strongly:—'Ἐπεὶ δὲ πολίτου καὶ ἀρχόντος τὴν αὐτὴν ἀρετὴν εἶναι φασκεν καὶ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἀνδρός, ταῦτ' ἂν εἴη τῶν νομοθετῶν πραγματευτέον, ὅπως ἀνδρες ἀγαθοὶ γίνωνται, καὶ διὰ τίνων ἐπιδευμάτων, καὶ τί τὸ τέλος τῆς ἀρίστης ζωῆς.—*Polit.* vii. c. 13.

To say that 'essentially Protestant governments' and 'essentially Christian governments' are phrases as unmeaning as 'Protestant cookery' or 'Christian horsemanship,' is nonsense—nonsense, too, not so successfully veiled with rhetorical artifices as might have been anticipated from this practised hand. What! was not Oliver Cromwell's—was not William III.'s a Protestant government? Have not all the monarchs who decorate themselves with the titles of *Most Catholic*, *Most Faithful*, *Most Christian*, administered essentially Roman Catholic governments? Have not all governments, of whatever form, within what all the world calls Christendom, been essentially Christian governments? Does not the very word *Christendom* mean *Christian government*? Had not Christianity made part and parcel of every system of government in the civilised world prior to the American and French revolutions?—Nay, do not even these two apparently exceptional cases tend to contradict Mr. Macaulay's doctrines and to establish ours, both in fact and principle? For is it not the fact that 'and atheists of France trampled on the that mankind could not be go religious tie, and



and therefore set up their Goddess of Reason, and their *Mère de Dieu*, and their Theophilanthropism, all affecting to inculcate the great moral truths which Christianity first taught? And as to America, will Mr. Macaulay say there is any country in the world in which Christianity has a more general influence than it has in the United States? We believe, that if Mr. Macaulay had been member for New York, and had ventured on his assimilation of Christianity and cookery, he would have been as certainly unseated as he was at Edinburgh. Say that the words imply what is wrong, if you like; but do not say, in the very teeth of all history, that they have no meaning.

But the proposition that government exists for physical and not for moral ends is false philosophically. 'Government exists,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'for the purpose of *compelling* us to settle our disputes by arbitration; for the purpose of *compelling* us to supply our wants by industry.' But whence did government get the right of using this compulsion? How comes government to have the right of interfering by force to restrain my natural liberty? If it has the right at all, must it not be a moral right? So that here we have government already contemplating moral ends, in order to justify its existing for physical ends. And if this is acknowledged, what is to limit the moral ends which shall be contemplated by government? Mr. Macaulay would confine them to the preservation of life and property; but why stop short here? On what consistent or intelligible principle? Are there not other things as dear to social man as life—more valuable than property? It is by no means a self-evident axiomatic truth that the institution of property itself is beneficial. Even Paley, in a famous passage of his *Moral Philosophy*, calls it 'an institution which, at first sight, is paradoxical and unnatural.' (book iii. chap. 2.) And many of the Chartist writers of the present day advocate a community of goods, or a return to the primitive system of scramble:

'For why? because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them,—the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.'

On what principle—we once more ask—is the State justified in using force to preserve property? Must not the answer be, that it is justified because the majority of those who wield the power of the State are of opinion that it is right to preserve property? So that the rights of government depend upon Opinion, after all. But (say all the Liberals, from Lord John Russell on the London hustings down to his allies in the *Daily News*) 'how shocking that a man's opinions should affect his civil privileges!' And this from parties who  
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dub themselves the 'leaders of the public mind?' Why, the whole of a man's civil rights and privileges, the whole fabric of civil society itself, exists by virtue of Opinion; and surely it is not very unreasonable, if Opinion is the support of the foundation, that it should be made of some account in the building. In fact, the propagators of this sentiment do not quite say all they mean. They say 'a man's privileges ought not to be affected by his opinions,' but they unconsciously add a proviso—'if *his* opinions do not materially differ from *ours*.' Indeed Mr. Macaulay himself, as we have just seen, declares that 'if there is a class of people who do not think themselves interested in the security of property, that class *ought* to have no share in the powers' of government. It is, by the way, well remarked in one of Dr. Whewell's Moral Treatises, that the involuntary use of the word *ought* by utilitarian writers is the best testimony against their doctrines.

After all, then, it would seem that the State's only right to preserve property, or to exercise any other power, is derived from the opinion of the governing portion of the people; the majority of this governing body being convinced that the preservation of property, and the exercise of other political powers, promote human happiness. But what if they are also convinced that the institution of Christianity promotes human happiness to a far greater degree than the institution of property? What if, being so convinced, they resolve to contemplate Christian ends in their government, as well as proprietary ends? Can it be even pretended that any different theory is involved in this extension of their views, or that they are exercising any further prerogative? And, if not, what becomes of the 'great principle,' that government is by its essential and inherent character interdicted from contemplating and incapable of accomplishing Christian ends?

But it is worth while, by way of illustration, to listen to some of the results deduced from this utilitarian theory of government. Hear once more Mr. Macaulay:—

'The points of difference between Christianity and Judaism have very much to do with a man's fitness to be a bishop or a rabbi; but they have no more to do with his fitness to be a magistrate, a legislator, or a minister of finance, than with his fitness to be a cobbler. Nobody has ever thought of compelling cobblers to make any declaration on the true faith of a Christian. Any man would rather have his shoes mended by an heretical cobbler than by a person who had subscribed all the Thirty-nine Articles, but had never handled an awl. Men act thus, not because they are indifferent to religion, but because they do not see what religion has to do with the mending of their shoes. Yet religion has as much to do with the mending of shoes as with the budget and the army estimates.'—*Essays* [1843], vol. i., p. 297.

So, then, Mr. Macaulay sees no difference



siness of a cobbler and the duties of a member of Parliament; and it must be confessed that several of the constituencies appear to have adopted his principle. The liberal Essayist, however, seems to have written in a prophetic spirit of deprecation. One would imagine that he had foreseen in 1843 the contest for Edinburgh in 1847, where and when he himself has been turned out on a question between religion and irreligion. In the same spirit, but in a more plain and business-like style, Mr. Cardwell is reported, in one of his recent speeches at Liverpool, to have said that 'he hoped to see the time when religion would no longer influence elections.' But it was the very contrary of the doctrine which he thus professed that accomplished his own object. The predominance of religious sentiment was so great in Liverpool, that classes of voters, differing on religious points, could not be brought to a common expression of their feeling (strong as it was) against Mr. Cardwell as a Peelite; he is certainly the most ungrateful man alive in complaining of the influence of religion in elections—because, though we admit that it had excluded him from an Anglican University, it was really the cause why, between two obstinate and unreasonable parties, Sir Robert Peel's ex-Secretary of Treasury was allowed to come in for a great English Emporium.

But let us examine the position without reference to the persons, and it naturally occurs to one to ask, if religion has nothing to do with public duties, what *has* it to do with? If Christianity is not to affect a man's conduct in the discharge of the most important duties of human life, what is it to affect? If it affords no principles to guide men in governing millions of their fellows, in making laws which are to influence the destiny of unborn generations through every country of the world, in apportioning penalties to all the various shades of crime, in wielding the supreme power over life and death; if it indeed has no rules of duty for such work as this, we may well conclude that it matters little whether parliament consists of Jews or Christians: but may we not conclude something farther too? May we not infer also that it matters very little whether the *nation* consists of Jews or Christians?—that it matters very little whether we are Jews or Christians ourselves?—very little whether the civilized world should or should not renounce Christianity altogether? And is this the inference which the champions of Judaism mean us to draw? It would really seem so, when Mr. Macaulay tells us, 'The points of difference between Christianity and Judaism have very much to do with a man's fitness to be a bishop or a rabbi; but they have no more to do with his fitness to be a magistrate, a legislator, or a minister of finance, than with his fitness to be a cobbler.' According to this view of the case, it appears that the difference

difference between Christianity and Judaism is simply that the high-priest of the one wears a mitre, and of the other a beard; and that religion has nothing to do upon earth, save to regulate ecclesiastical costume. For the sake of common sense, let us, if we think it so, say at once of Christianity—as Mr. Carlyle does of *the Church*—that it is an antiquated and obsolete sham; but do not let us affect to receive it as the divine rule of life, coextensive with man's whole existence, and yet exclude every public act and duty—those which affect society most directly—from its cognizance and control.

Without attributing a Baconian depth to Mr. Macaulay's philosophy, we cannot fancy him convinced by his own alliterative and antithetical trivialities of likening *Christianity to cobbling and cookery*; but, however that may be, he has co-operators as much below him in talent as they are beyond him in their views—the self-styled ‘philosophical Radicals.’ These are the men who are in earnest (where Mr. Macaulay was only an unwary electioneerer) in raising this cry against every vestige of national Christianity; and naturally so, for they reverence and worship nothing but the intellect of which they imagine themselves possessed—and to them every trace of religion stamped upon our laws or institutions seems a badge of slavery and superstition. This party is however too contemptible in numbers and in influence to be able by its own weight to carry any measure whatsoever. If the stamp of Christianity is to be effaced from our code, it will not be because those who really wish to efface it are powerful, but because, from a wide and lamentable variety of circumstances, the majority are passive. An utter distrust of public men has created a too general apathy as to public measures; but there are some particular causes which affect this case. Many who are most anxious that Christianity should be the rule of our national life, yet tell us that they do not much care whether Parliament calls itself Christian or not, because, as a matter of fact, every sect is already admitted within its walls, and they do not think any religious distinction worth preserving. This feeling is shared by those who wish for an exclusively Protestant Parliament, an exclusively Anglican Parliament, or an exclusively Roman Catholic Parliament, respectively, and who mourn severally over the Catholic Relief Bill, or the repeal of the Test Acts, or peradventure the quarrel between Henry VIII. and Pope Leo. But let us entreat all these different parties to ask themselves whether (even admitting that much is lost) there is not after all some bond of union between ‘all who profess and call themselves Christians,’—whether a common belief in the New Testament, as our *rule of life*, does not still give something like unity to

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Christian body. Is it not truly said—on a subject such as this a political journal need not hesitate to introduce an extract from a sermon—that

‘ In spite of all the want of unity among Christians, still, throughout the Christian world, there is agreement as to what constitutes right and wrong, as to what duty is, and what crime is. Wherever the name of Christ is named, by those nations who form the ruling power of the earth, and contain among them all its intellect and all its civilization, truths are confessed and agreed in, which before Christ came were unknown to philosophers and sages—truths which prophets and kings desired to look into. . . . Could we but take such a view of the Christian world as would be taken by an observer educated in some other faith, we should see clearly that it would be the resemblance between the Churches of Christendom, and not their differences, which would strike the mind. For in truth there is that likeness among them which must exist between the members of the same family of Christ. But, as in human families, while the eyes of strangers can see nothing but the similarity of form, and voice, and feature which prevails, this has been so long familiar to the children of the household that they see it not, and observe only the nicer shades of difference: so it is with Christians. The very universality of homage rendered to the grand characteristics of our faith, makes our points of agreement trite and unobserved. Yet, when our thoughts are called to this resemblance, we cannot but perceive it. We cannot but confess that if a Christian, of whatever church or country from Iceland to Abyssinia, does live up to his profession of that common Christianity wherein we alike believe, the result will be a character of like virtue and holiness.’ \*

It is hardly worth noticing that the case of the Unitarians may be said to form an exception to this statement. We fear, indeed, it is too true that there are some of them who do not really believe in the divine authority of the revelation which they profess to take for their rule of life. But yet it is no slight thing that they *profess* to receive it: they are all offended—to the best of our knowledge—if you deny them the generic title of Christians;—and so they fall within our category.

We ask, then, is it nothing that our legislature should renounce for ever this mass of truth which all Christians hold in common, which it has hitherto professed to receive as the rule of its government, the fountain of its laws? Is there no need of a standard of morality, by which to regulate the movements and direct the gigantic power of that stupendous machinery which we call the British government? And if we rob it of its Christianity—for *that* is the principle relied on—what other standard of morality have we to set up? When, indeed, we see the advent

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\* Conybeare's Whitehall Sermons, pp. 225 and 23.

of that new Messiah whom the Pantheists are always telling us to expect; when He shall have forbidden us to

‘Stamp the black Theta on the front of vice’—

when He shall have published that new religion which is to recognise virtue and vice as developments of human nature equally respectable—that moral code of which adultery and incest are to be the cardinal virtues, and marriage the unpardonable sin\*—when that glorious consummation is reached, we shall have something to substitute for the anile dogmas and outworn precepts of the Gospel. But till that happy epoch shall have dawned upon us, Christianity must remain, as it has remained for the last two thousand years, the only authentic moral standard to which we can defer. The moral instincts, indeed, to which it appeals as its witnesses, are universal, but they are half latent, in torpidity and darkness, till roused into action by its voice; and, while appealing to them, it awakens, enlightens, and guides them also. Without it, morality is but a matter of taste, and tastes will differ. It alone ‘speaks with authority, and not as the scribes.’

It may be said, and must be with shame confessed, that the practice of Christian governments has fallen infinitely below their principles; if it had not been so—if Christian States had not acted so often in a heathen spirit—the blessings of possessing a national Christianity would have been too strongly and universally felt to be now questioned. But yet, after all, it may be doubted whether the mass of Christian governments have not come nearer up to the level of their principles than the mass of Christian individuals. It would be a strange thing to advise a man, because his practice was below his principles, to adopt worse principles; and why is the advice better for a State than it would be for an individual?

Moreover, it must be remembered that in proportion as a renegade is worse than an unbeliever, so is it worse for a State to renounce Christianity once professed than never to have professed it at all.

\* See the writings *passim* of that great apostle of pantheism, the ‘semivir obscenus’ of France, George Sand, whose philosophy, after all, is nothing but Rousseau modernised, and she herself Jean Jacques, we were about to say, in petticoats, but we believe she most frequently discards those vulgar remnants of the ancient régime. If we are to believe the newspaper-advertisements, an attempt is now making by an English *editrix*, assisted among others by a beneficed clergyman of the English Church, to circulate these productions here in an English translation—omitting the obscenity. We denounce this scheme, not from any wish to widen the original flood of pollution—God forbid—but in the confidence that the public would not tolerate the undisguised poison, while the *modest* emendation is a smuggler’s attempt to conceal the real nature of his infamous cargo—the inevitable moral consequences of Madame Dudevant’s avowed creed. If there is really such a person as ‘the Rev. E. R. Larkin, Chaplain to Lord Monson, and Rector of Burton by Lincoln,’ the open connexion of his name with ‘The Works of George Sand’ appears to us a strange phenomenon.



And it may be added, that although a nominal Christianity may not (in some cases) be much to *have*, it still is a great deal to *give up*. There is a vast difference between silent dissatisfaction and flagrant rebellion—between passive disloyalty and armed defiance. If we consider any of the great laws of morality, it will be plain that an acknowledgment of them, though merely nominal, is better than a declared contempt. For instance, there have been states of society (as during part of last century in France) where the marriage vow has been almost universally disregarded in practice by the ruling class of a nation; but even then the national morality would have received a heavy blow if Louis XV. had forced the Parliament of Paris to legalise adultery, and held a Bed of Justice to register the repeal of the seventh commandment. In all such cases the homage of submission (even if hypocritical) to the laws of violated duty, holds out the hope of a return to more consistent obedience. To keep the light of truth under a bushel is better than to trample it down and extinguish it altogether; for while it is left unquenched, we know that even though eclipsed it is still within reach, ready at all times to shine forth again when intervening obstacles are removed.

We are prepared to be told by some easy men who do not willingly grapple with *principles*, 'Surely you overrate the importance of the change demanded; surely it cannot matter so very much whether a Jew or two, more or less, gain admittance into Parliament.' We know that many such persons will content themselves with the sophistry of Mr. Macaulay, who presses this strain with great vigour, insisting that in England wealth is political power—that, as we allow the Jews to amass the wealth, we have already conceded to them the power—and that this power would not be materially increased by a seat or two in Parliament. Much of this we should question; we believe that very little Hebrew wealth has been solidly realized in this country; but if it were all true—it would be entirely beside the point: for it is not the Jewish power we are afraid of, nor do we suppose that they are likely to obtain a majority in the House, nor to prohibit pork or enforce circumcision by parliamentary enactment. It is, first of all, the portentous change in the ancient principles of our Constitution and of Christendom, and next the *moral effect* of declaring the legislature no longer Christian—these are the things that we hold to be legitimate subjects of alarm, quite independently of any harm which can be done by one or two Jewish members, with whom, indeed, we believe most modern parliaments have been furnished under a very transparent veil of Christian conformity. A similar mistake is made as to the true nature of the question by  
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those who say that we have infidels in Parliament already in spite of all our tests, and that the Jewish members would only be a small addition to this number. For if it be true that any member of Parliament is an unbeliever, at all events it is a fact which he will for his own sake conceal. He has solemnly *sworn* to his belief in the Christian faith; his unbelief therefore cannot be professed, nor can he shock the national faith by open blasphemy; he is forced to pay the homage of concealment, and to acquiesce ostensibly in the truth which he secretly rejects. Thus his silent disbelief has no effect in weakening the faith of others, nor does it interfere with the assertion of those principles which should guide a Christian government.\* But far different would be the case if the very name of Christianity were discarded by Parliament. Then infidelity, no longer silent but blasphemous, might openly appeal to Mr. Speaker for protection; and 'Sir, this house knows nothing of Christianity,' would be an unanswerable reply to every Christian argument.

Can it be imagined that this would have no effect upon the minds of the people?—can we suppose that the legislature could thus ignore the religion which it has till now professed, without weakening the faith of individuals? No; we may depend upon it, if Parliament sets the example of treating Christianity as a matter of indifference, if it decides officially that an infidel will make just as good a legislator as a believer, if it deliberately and avowedly excludes religion from all influence in public affairs, it will not be long before the popular reverence for Christianity which now exists will be greatly lessened. Men in general will reach the same conclusion by way of inference, which Mr. Macaulay starts with by way of postulate, that the only difference between a Jew and a Christian is that the former wears a more ostentatious beard, and does not eat ham, and goes to the synagogue on Saturdays instead of going to the church on Sundays; and, of course, that the only points which distinguish the Atheist from either are rather in his favour than otherwise, namely, that he does not insist upon wearing a beard, that he has no objection to ham, and that, in order to avoid invidious distinctions, he abstains both from the synagogue on Saturdays and from the church on Sundays. If any one doubts that such would be the result, let him inquire into the extent of popular unbelief in France, since the State has declared all religions equal, and itself of none.

\* As a matter of fact, we observe that certain candidates popularly suspected of infidelity have shown some decent anxiety to repel the charge upon the hustings. One gentleman not long ago, on being charged by some of his constituents with unbelief, published a denial of the imputation, in which he described himself as 'a Protestant of the school of Hoadly':—not an ill-imagined euphemism for a Deist, we must confess.



Let him remember that even in Prussia, which has not gone so far in the same direction, a party in the Diet but yesterday proposed to appoint Jewish as well as Christian professors of theology in all the universities—nay, that the Liberals of Zürich a few years ago actually did elect the most noxious of living blasphemers to a chair of Divinity!

Moreover, while such would be the effect upon the majority, whose faith will always be rather negative than positive, the religion of the more earnest minority would suffer in another way. The spirit of sectarianism is now softened by feeling that the supreme authority of the state, the imperial legislature, recognises the possession of a common Christianity as conferring the highest rights of citizenship; but, this bond of union being removed, no outward pressure would remain to unite the various divisions of the Christian name; and little aggregates of the component atoms, around their different centres of attraction, would crystallise apart, presenting to one another that hard and angular aspect of mutual repulsion with which we are familiar in America.

Mr. Macaulay, *ad augendam invidiam*, applies to the defenders of the existing law the term of 'the persecutors.' The use of this language springs from a confusion between two very different things. If a penalty is imposed, whether in the shape of exclusion from office or otherwise, *for the sake of forcing upon a man a particular form of religious belief*, that may be persecution; but when certain inconveniences result to a man, as *the indirect effect of general laws*, which have been framed not against any sect or party or individual, but for the good of the majority, it is absurd to call him a victim of persecution. For example, all men below a certain height are excluded from serving in the army; but if they complained of this as persecution, the Adjutant-General would answer them that it was from no dislike to them that the regulation was enforced, still less from any wish to compel them to dislocate their limbs by straining after an additional foot, but that the law was enacted in order to maintain the efficiency of the service; and just in the same manner we assert that unbelievers are excluded from parliament, not as a *penalty* to force them into belief, but as the necessary result of our maintenance of a national Christianity. Mr. Macaulay has a gorgeous piece of declamation, supposed to be addressed by an intolerant legislator to the adherent of a proscribed faith. 'If you obstinately adhere to your faith,' he makes his incarnation of bigotry say, 'you shall be shut out from all situations in which you might exercise your talents with honour to yourself and advantage to the country. The House of Commons, the bench of ma

are not for such as you. You shall see younger men, your inferiors in station and talents, rise to the highest dignities and attract the gaze of nations, while you are doomed to neglect and obscurity. If you have a son of the highest promise, the development of his generous ambition shall be a torture to you.' And he concludes by asking, 'Is this to solicit, to persuade, to submit religion to the free choice of a man?' (*Essays*, ii. 465.) We answer, certainly not; but your question is nothing to the purpose, for we were not thinking of soliciting or persuading the man into religion at all. Our laws had quite a different object—namely, the good of the nation, not the conversion of the individual. It is obvious that the very same declamation might be addressed to the military ambition of the dwarf, as to the civil ambition of the Jew. 'If you obstinately adhere to your pigmy stature' (so might an intolerant Paymaster of the Forces be supposed to say), 'you shall be shut out from all situations in which you might exercise your tactics with honour to yourself and advantage to your country. The red riband, the Military Peerage, are not for such as you. You shall see younger men, your inferiors in the art of war, but your superiors in growth, rise to the highest dignities, while you are doomed to obscurity beneath the shoulders of the tall dunces. If you have a son of the highest promise, inheriting, as he doubtless will, your puny form, the development of his noble martial ardour shall be a torture to you.' And then we might ask indignantly, 'Is this to solicit, to persuade, to submit physical development to the free choice of a man?' No, certainly; but then that was not the object contemplated by the Paymaster of the Forces. We may add that, if legally to incapacitate a man from the enjoyment of a seat in the House of Commons be to persecute him, there are many more victims of persecution besides the Hebrews. Every man who has not an estate of 300*l.* a year is—unless he finds favour with some *Scotch* constituency—a victim of persecution; so is every clergyman, without exception; and every woman, whatever be her age or rank, fortune or talents, is subject to the like oppression—so are revenue-officers—so are all *aliens*.

But it is said that we are too late with our reclamations—that the Christianity of parliament is already destroyed, so far as the admission of Jews can destroy it—for that Jews are already allowed to be electors, and that those who elect must be in principle considered as qualified to be elected. This argument is a fallacy, although a plausible one. An example or two will show that it by no means follows because a man is allowed to select, nominate, or vote for a candidate for any particular office, that he is fully competent to fill the office. For at an election, but cannot himself be



be elected: the same may be said of any man whose property is below the legal qualification. Again, the Sultan, who is a Mahometan, nominates the Patriarch of Constantinople, the chief bishop of the whole Eastern Church; but does it follow that a Mahometan could be patriarch? So the Protestant king of Prussia selects the Roman Catholic archbishop of Cologne; but would the Chapter consider no new principle involved in the appointment of a Protestant primate?

This argument, therefore, is insufficient, even if the Jews were recognised by the Constitution as electors; but farther, we deny that they are so recognised. On the contrary, the Constitution assumes all English subjects to be Christians; though it does not require any test of their being so, except when they are called to do some political act. In 1752 a Bill was passed to permit the naturalization of Jews by other special acts. 'This Bill,' says Smollett, 'supported by petitions from merchants and manufacturers, who however appeared, on examination, to be Jews or *their dependants*, was *countenanced by the ministry*, who thought they foresaw in the consequences of such a naturalization a great accession to the monied interest, and a *considerable increase of their own influence* amongst individuals of that community.'—iii. 324. It was violently opposed by the *City of London* and by the great body of merchants and traders, and with much difficulty passed; but such alarm was by-and-by created in the public mind by great exaggerations of the immediate danger, that 'the Bill became an object of national horror and execration,' and the Ministers were obliged, at the opening of the ensuing session, to bring in a bill to repeal the former. We by no means partake of the fears that influenced the public at that day; we see little danger from the Jews themselves—though we do see infinite danger from the more extensive and in every way more important principle now proposed; but we allude to the proceedings of 1752-3 chiefly for the purpose of saying that we know of no legal immunities or privileges granted to the Jews since that period, when assuredly it cannot be pretended that they were either eligible to Parliament or electors, or indeed in any other way invested with direct political power. But the argument may be carried a step farther. It is clear that the law does exclude the Jews from being electors. Up to very recent times electors were subject to various oaths—for most of them we believe some form of *declaration* has been substituted—but we suppose the bribery oath *on the Holy Evangelists* is still applicable to every elector. If, therefore, any infidels exercise the elective franchise, it is not because the State has by any positive enactment permitted them to do so, but because it has neglected to establish any special tests against them—and that no individual chooses  
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to impede them by a vexatious imposition of the Bribery Oath. In consequence of a similar lapse, Jews may be churchwardens, and a Jew was actually churchwarden of a London parish some years ago; but it would be absurd to infer that our ecclesiastical Constitution contemplated the existence of Jewish churchwardens. In the same way a Jewish undergraduate was, not long ago, resident at one of the colleges of Cambridge. Not that the University recognises the existence of unbelieving students—it is only that she assumes them all, both by her theory and by her practice, without further inquiry to be Christians—but that no questions are asked, no tests imposed, until the time when she is about, by a degree, to confer upon them power and position in the academic commonwealth.

We trust that we have now fairly met all the arguments which have been urged in favour of the change demanded. To this change we are opposed because it would be a retrograde movement in the path of civilization—a return to the old heathen condition of religious indifference. We are opposed to it because we believe that the Christianizing of the State gives the greatest hope for the well-being of the people—because we believe that national Christianity is the source of national happiness, and identified with national goodness—because we believe that the more Christianity is blended with every act, whether public or private, of our earthly life, the nearer will our human nature be raised to the divine. We could not sum up our reasons against it better than in the words of Arnold:—

‘ True it is that the perfection of the Christian church is as yet far distant—true it is that the kingdoms of the world are not yet become wholly and in spirit the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; yet it is no less true that some steps have been made towards this perfection; that the kingdoms of this world are become, not wholly and really, but in name and profession, the kingdoms of Christ. And what can be the wisdom of undoing the work already accomplished, instead of endeavouring to complete it; to be so dissatisfied that the fabric is not finished, as to wish to pull down the courses of stone which are already built up, that so we may have the whole work, from the very foundation, to begin over again ?

‘ As marriage has been corrupted by polygamy and the licence of divorce, so has government been corrupted by tyranny or by lawlessness; but yet, like marriage, it has been still the source of some of the greatest blessings of humanity. Law is more or less the expression of man’s reason, as opposed to his interest and his passion. I do not say that it has ever been the expression of pure reason; it has not been so, for man’s best reason is not pure. Nor has it been often free from the influence of interest, nor always from that of passion; there have been unjust laws in abundance; cruel and vindictive laws have not been wanting. Law in short, like everything human,



human, has been greatly corrupted, but still it has never lost its character of good altogether : there never, I suppose, has been an age or country in which the laws, however bad, were not better than no law at all ; they have ever preserved something of their essential excellence—that they acknowledge the authority of right, and not of might. Again, law has, and must have, along with its inherent respect for right and justice, an immense power ; it is that which, in the last resort, controls human life. It is, on the one hand, the source of the highest honours and advantages which man can bestow on man ; it awards, on the other hand, the extremity of outward evil—poverty, dishonour, and death. Here, then, we have a mighty power, necessary by the very condition of our nature ; clearly good in its tendency, however corrupted, and therefore assuredly coming from God, and swaying the whole frame of human society with supreme dominion. Such is law in itself ; such is a kingdom of this world. Now, then, conceive this law to become instinct and inspired, as it were, by the spirit of Christ's Gospel, and it retains all its sovereign power, all its necessity, all its original and inherent virtue ; it does but lose its corruptions ; it is not only the pure expression of human reason, cleansed from interest and passion, but the expression of a purer reason than man's. *Law* in a Christian country, so far as that country is really Christian, *has*, indeed, to use the magnificent language of Hooker, *her seat in the bosom of God ; and her voice*, inasmuch as it breathes the spirit of divine truth, is indeed *the harmony of the world*.

‘It is then no slight thing that the law and government of our country shall be Christian ; shall be conducted, that is, on Christian principles, and to Christian objects ; putting down all injustice, evil ambition, ignorance, and ungodliness, and advancing all things just, true, good, and holy. It is our pledge that this nation shall be guided, in short, on those principles to which each one of us was pledged at his baptism ; the principles being one and the same which should direct a Christian man and a Christian people. And if we say that this pledge is often broken, that our government and laws have left good undone, and have done evil, is it not even in this same way that we each of us have often broken our pledges made in baptism ? And yet, is it not true, that whatever of good we have done in the whole course of our lives, has been done when we did not break those pledges, but fulfilled them ? And should we act the more wisely by renouncing those pledges altogether, because we many times break them ? or by amending our lives with all diligence, so that we may break them less and fulfil them more ? Even so should we cherish every pledge of our national Christianity ; not foolishly and wickedly renouncing it, to make our principles as bad as our practice, but clinging to it, and using it to reprove and shame our evil practice, if it may be that our practice may itself become better.’ \*

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\* Arnold's Sermons, vol. iv, p. 437, &c.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Parliamentary Companion. Fifteenth Year. New Parliament, 1847.* By Charles R. Dodd, Esq., Author of the 'Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage,' &c. London.
2. *Speeches of Lord J. Russell at the Election for the City of London.* 1847.
3. *Letter from Sir Robert Peel to the Electors for the Borough of Tamworth.*
4. *Speech of Lord George Bentinck in the House of Commons, on Sir Robert Peel's Letter to the Electors of Tamworth, July 20, 1847.*
5. *Letter to the Electors of King's Lynn.* By Lord George Bentinck. 1847.
6. *An Answer to Lord George Bentinck's Address.* By Plain Facts.

IT is possible that the new parliament may be assembled before our next periodical appearance; and, as there seems reason to apprehend that the session will open with one of a series of unconstitutional and anti-national measures with which we are not obscurely menaced, we think it our duty to invite, thus early and while there is time for reflection, our readers' particular attention to some of the more important questions raised at the late election, discussed in the works before us, and to be decided, we are told, by the approaching debates.

We shall begin with a slight view of the composition of the House of Commons, not taken with the least intention to excite undue confidence or unfounded alarm in the Conservative party, but simply—be the effect what it may—to arrive at the facts by the best and most impartial light which we have been able to obtain. We find, in the first place, from Mr. Dodd's useful, though not always strictly accurate manual, that there has been a vastly greater change in the persons of members than ever occurred before—except only after the passing of the Reform Bill, which, abolishing so many seats, and creating so many others of a different kind, necessarily produced an unprecedented alteration. There were 280 new members at that election, and we have 223 at this—which, under the circumstances, is a still more considerable change, and indicates, we think, a growing instability in the governing powers in this country. There seems also to be a good deal of alteration as to the classes of society from whom the members are drawn. It appears that there have been returned—

' A greater number of railway directors, engineers, and contractors.

' A greater number of barristers.

' A

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' A greater



- ' A greater number of political writers and lecturers.
- ' A smaller number of naval and military officers.
- ' A smaller number of persons connected with noble families.
- ' A smaller number of country gentlemen.'—*Dodd's Advert.*

It is foreign from our present purpose to speculate on the consequence of this new balance of classes in the legislature ; but for any reader who wishes to pursue that inquiry, we beg leave to recommend Mr. Burke's philosophical and prophetic analysis of the first National Assembly of France, in which he shows that the predominance of the same classes that have increased in our new parliament was the ominous precursor and immediate cause of the mischiefs and misfortunes of that Revolution. Let us hope, however, that the predominance is not yet so alarming. No doubt the tendency of the Reform Bill is to bring forward classes of persons whom we do not think likely to make the best legislators ; but upon the present occasion we believe the peculiar change in the character of the House has been chiefly produced by the distrust and disgust which so many recent instances of political inconsistency had spread throughout the country ; and that whatever superiority Lord John Russell's ministry may have obtained, they owe it mainly, indeed solely, to the disunion of the Conservative body. We cannot quite rely on Mr. Dodd's classification of the numbers supposed to belong to each party, but the calculation of those whom we consider the safest authority in such matters is as follows :—

Whigs, Radicals, Repealers, and Chartists	. 327
Peelites	. 80
Protectionists	. 236
Two double returns	. 2
Sudbury disfranchised	. 2
Undeclared and doubtful	. 11

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It would, we conceive, be very difficult to distribute, with any accuracy, the first item—327—into its component parts. The Whigs *proper* may perhaps be about two hundred ; but no one, we think, can as yet venture to guess in what proportions they could on various questions command the services of their undisciplined allies. We believe that if the ministers were to conduct their government on the ordinary principles of maintaining the constitution and institutions of the country, they could not stand a day without the help of the Conservatives ; but we fear it may be safely assumed for our present purpose, and looking only at the great lines of policy, that for any destructive measure, any pretended reform, but really vicious disturbance of the ancient influences and institutions of the monarchy which the ministers

ministers might venture upon, they would unite the whole 327. That would still be a minority of *two* of the whole House; even giving them half the doubtful and one of the double returns, they would have but a majority of 12; and this is a number which, composed of such heterogeneous materials, would be inadequate to carry on the Government, if there were any prospect of rallying the old Conservative party under one banner. But this is a flattering delusion in which we cannot indulge; for we see reason to anticipate that in most, if not all, of the dangerous propositions now afloat, they would have the support of Sir Robert Peel and those whom he can directly influence. In fact, we believe that it will be again as it was in the autumn of 1845; Lord John Russell will be stimulated to extremities, on which *mero motu* he would not have ventured, by the rivalry of Sir Robert Peel, who may be, we fear, disposed—as, from a mixture of zeal and vengeance, sudden converts usually are—to push liberalism beyond the views of its ordinary professors. The real key, therefore, of our position is the exact strength and *ductility* of that party which Sir Robert Peel so sedulously cultivates and so solemnly disclaims. We have stated that it is estimated to us at 80. We ourselves—looking at the long list of new members, and considering the strange disturbance and consequent indecision created in men's minds by recent events—should suppose the *doubtfuls* to be a larger class than they are reckoned; and that the numbers who may be inclined to try a middle course between the Whigs and the Protectionists, and who would therefore naturally fall in with Sir Robert Peel's position, if not with his views, may swell the third party to at least 100; but it must be remembered that very many—probably a majority—of those who before followed or who may now join Sir Robert Peel, were and are actuated by the same principles and in the same reluctant choice of difficulties that influenced the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst; and we see no reason to suppose, and in fact cannot believe, that even half our conjectured number would implicitly follow Sir Robert in support of any revolutionary measures to which Lord John Russell may be led or driven. We ourselves see not a few names in this (so-called) Peel muster-roll, which we no more expect to be found in the same divisions with Whigs and Radicals on organic questions than Lord George Bentinck or Sir Robert Inglis. We trust, therefore—even though Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel should openly or secretly coalesce, or, which would come to the same result, continue bidders against one another in an auction for low popularity—we trust, we say, that the Conservative body is sufficiently powerful to prevent any great mischief from either the combination or the rivalry of the late and present ministries.



It is in this confidence that we have endeavoured, as far as our opportunities allow, to inquire, and shall now proceed to explain what we understand to be the views and policy of the Conservative party on some of the important questions to which we have alluded.

The first of these will probably be an attempt to introduce into the House of Commons a Jew lately elected by the city of London under the name of the Baron Lionel de Rothschild. We have in our preceding article been looking at this matter in its moral and religious bearings chiefly—but there are some secular and political considerations which seem to us of great practical weight, for which we have thought this a more appropriate place. The first is an argument which applies with great force to Mr. Macaulay's tirade already quoted, and which is in fact the great political objection to the admission of the Jews into Parliament—namely, that they belong not only to a separate creed, but to a separate nation—that they in truth fall under the category of aliens; that we do not exclude them, but that they intrude upon us. They are real citizens of the world, and have no country. The very gentleman who stands prominent in the present question, and in whose person the trial is to be made, announces himself as the *Baron Lionel de Rothschild*. Baron of what?—of what nation? He is no Baron of England. We hear that he is a baron in Austria. What does an Austrian baron do here?—and how does Mr. Macaulay's declamation apply to a person of foreign name and blood? But he is not merely a Baron—he is the *Baron Lionel de Rothschild*—which means that he is one of three or four brothers or cousins, of whom Solomon is a *German*, and Jacob is a *Frenchman*, and Charles a *Neapolitan*, and Lionel an *Englishman*:—that is to say, none of them are any of these, but all are *Jews*.

The best statistical authorities rate the Jewish nation at 5,000,000; the Jews themselves swell the number to near 6,000,000 (*Archives Israélites*); and this probably exaggerated statement gives no more than 20,000 for the whole Jewish population of this empire. We ourselves do not believe that, of natives having a regular and permanent domicile in England, there are anything like that number; and without descending to any observations that might hurt individual feelings, we must ask, is this body of sufficient importance to require, or even to excuse, a departure from the most fundamental principle of our Christian constitution? But appended to the general question is an incident which we think of great importance. The Prime Minister of England has voluntarily, actively, and ostentatiously associated himself to a breach—nay, a defiance—of the law. The law may be bad, and Lord John Russell, if he thinks so, had a perfect right, and it was even perhaps his duty, to have brought a bill into Parliament

Parliament last session to repeal it; but it was, we cannot help saying, a gross violation of duty and decency that the Prime Minister, the person most specially bound by his position to maintain—by force when necessary, but by example at all times—the power of the law, should have *headed* so flagrant a rebellion against it. We have never shown any disposition to deal harshly by this, for the moment, inevitable minister. We were inclined to attribute somewhat of the weakness and much of the error of his measures to the difficulty of his position between his two stools—the Peelers and the Repealers—but this affair of the London election was his own; and passing over other questionable circumstances of this affair not connected with our present subject, we must say that we shall be curious to see what defence he can make for his not attempting ministerially to repeal the law in June, instead of publicly breaking it in July. What hope can we have that Leaguers, Repealers, and Chartists will respect any law which they may find inconvenient or deem to be impolitic, when the first Minister himself gives the signal for revolt?

But how is this inchoate violation of the law to be perfected? We hear, but we can scarcely believe it possible, that the Ministry intend to attempt to effect the admission of the Jews into Parliament by a simple vote of the Lower House. It is needless to waste words in proving the monstrously unconstitutional character of such a step. We have looked at the statutes, and have consulted high authorities, and can discover no loophole through which any such juggle can be, with any colour of legality, practised. All therefore that we can do, after having thus endeavoured to alarm the public as to the principle of the change, is to awaken the jealousy of the legislature, and of the country at large, as to any attempt at an *unconstitutional* solution of a very grave political question. All friends of the constitution—if any such there are—who may be favourable to the admission of Jews, must still think that oaths and forms prescribed by statute can only be altered or repealed by the authorities which created them. We however suppose that the proceeding will be by bill—that the Baron Lionel de Rothschild will postpone taking his seat till his colleague shall have passed an Act for his legal admission;—and for our opinion of such a proceeding we refer to the preceding article.

From the addresses of the present Prime Minister to his constituents, fraught as we think with illegality and mischief, proceed to examine a similar address of the late Prime Minister, which, taken in connexion with the whole course of his proceedings for the last two years, seems to us to be of a still graver aspect.

At the eve of the General Election Sir Robert



the necessity of issuing, under the guise of an address to the voters of Tamworth, a general defence of his measures, which—although he is of no party—was clearly intended rather for the use of his friends, than about to struggle with a variety of constituencies, than for his own undisputed election at Tamworth. It is not specifically called an *Answer to the Quarterly Review*. That would be doing us too much honour; but we think that no one who has read our articles and this address will doubt that somehow the articles have produced the manifesto—the longest and the most detailed—in its scope and object the least lofty and in its effect the weakest apology that any ex-minister was ever reduced to the humiliating necessity of making—with, we think, the still more humiliating issue of having made it in vain.

Sir Robert Peel occupies full three-fourths of his pamphlet with a very superfluous defence of some of his former measures, of which the great body of his old friends never complained. We, at least, can have no disposition to quarrel with his eulogy on his foreign policy, or on Lord Aberdeen's able, discreet, dignified, and successful administration of that department; nor with his justification of his Charitable Bequests and Maynooth Bills by the authority of Pitt and Burke; nor, in some instances, with the favour extended by his tariff to the raw materials of manufacture. In three-fourths of his address dedicated to the defence of his administration up to 1845, there is not a topic, and hardly a sentence, of which the substance and import are not to be found in the various articles in which we successively treated of these matters as they originally arose; while the more debatable parts of his policy are either passed over in utter silence, or so slightly touched as to be almost imperceptible; and of the grand question of all, the repeal of the corn-laws, the only explanation offered is the old enigma:—

‘When I proposed to the Cabinet, on the 1st November, 1845, the temporary suspension [to which he had just before said ‘there would probably have been no serious resistance’] of all duties on foreign corn, it became necessary for me at that time to decide whether I could undertake to support, after the period of suspension should have expired, the restoration of the pre-existing law.’—p. 26.

The whole question stands on that supposed necessity; but not a word is vouchsafed to explain what constituted that necessity—why it existed in this instance and not on former occasions, when the ports were freely opened to meet temporary distress, and as often closed again when the necessity ceased—why, when called upon to meet so sudden, so strange, so unprecedented an emergency, of which the cause, extent, and duration were unknown, it should become necessary to anticipate futurity, and to set about devising, in a hurry and in

schemes for organic changes in the most important and most solid of all national interests. Necessary, forsooth! Was it even *rational*?—would any man of common sense have so acted in his private concerns? Impossible; and no arguments, no sophistry, will ever persuade mankind at large, but more especially those who know anything of public affairs, that Sir Robert Peel was not anxiously waiting for some opportunity of giving way. A surrender to Mr. Villiers would have been a mortification to his pride as well as a forfeiture of office; but the Irish famine—in that sense, as we before said, quite a godsend—gave him an excuse for doing, with some colour of spontaneity, that which fear prompted and pride forbade him to do. This, already evident, is confirmed by the confession which follows the passage already quoted:—

‘Such an undertaking [to maintain the old corn-law] implied, of course, resistance, with the whole weight and authority of the Government, to any proposal that might be made in Parliament by others for the modification of that law in its principle or in its leading enactments.

‘I found it impossible, consistently with my sense of public duty, to give an assurance to that effect.’—p. 26.

Where was the *impossibility*? He had come into office by ‘giving *such an assurance*’—he had specifically repeated ‘*such an assurance*’ in every subsequent session, and so recently as on the previous 10th June—after which date, be it never forgotten, the victorious eloquence of Mr. Cobden had never been heard—on that day, Sir Robert Peel—the already converted (if converted by Mr. Cobden)—made a vigorous speech, and exerted the ‘whole weight and authority of the Government’ in resistance of Mr. Villiers’ annual motion—which was rejected by no less a majority than 132. But the truth is he had got weary of this parliamentary struggle. The ‘impossibility of resistance’ of which he speaks was real enough—because it existed in his own character and nature—and it may have been assisted by the personal vanity of doing a popular act of great difficulty and *éclat*. He felt that to get rid of the troublesome question would be a great convenience, and he may have expected perhaps a more desirable species of popularity than he has attained. Of the mixed motives that operated in his mind we form our estimate from the scanty yet not insignificant evidence which he has chosen to give us; but of one thing we are every day more and more certain, that the Irish scarcity had no more to do with his change of sentiment on this subject than it had with his change on the Catholic claim, on Currency, on Criminal Law, or, in fact, even on any of his political life, round which respectively planet, in the alternate phases of full c

sition.

It



It may seem to some of our readers that these, or at least similar, observations had been already sufficiently pressed upon the public, and we should have thought so too; but when Sir Robert Peel chooses again to enter the arena in person and to challenge his adversaries, we must always pay his station, his talents, and his private character the respect and deference of giving him at least an answer.

The remainder of Sir Robert Peel's address is dedicated to what he means to be a practical defence of his Free Trade measures, by an appeal to their actual effects on the revenue and commerce of the country. But here he has found in Lord George Bentinck an antagonist more powerful than the Quarterly Review. We need not enter into all the details of the statistical controversy. It will be sufficient to state the principle involved, and a few leading points of the argument.

The main object of Sir R. Peel's defensive apology was to show that since his reduction of duties began in 1842 the revenue, instead of diminishing, had, in consequence of the spring and activity which those measures had given, rapidly and largely improved. 'I found,' said Sir Robert Peel, 'a deficit; I left you a surplus. I took off 7,625,000*l.* of impolitic taxation; and yet by this operation so encouraged and extended consumption, that while the 7,625,000*l.* were saved to the pockets and added to the comforts of the consumers,\* only 363,000*l.* was lost to the Exchequer.' This, if it or anything like it had been true, would have been a great triumph, not indeed for free-trade measures in the abstract, but for the particular scale of protective and differential duties adopted in the tariff of 1842. But the way in which, and the object for which, Sir Robert brings forward this proposition is an assumption on his part that, at the same rate of improvement, even this small deficiency would be speedily effaced, and we should then have achieved the grand problem—discovered the philosopher's stone of the modern economists, by which the more you diminish taxation the more productive it becomes. This was exactly the principle advanced in the celebrated Whig budget (see Quarterly Review, vol. lxxviii. p. 247) which Sir Robert Peel, in *contemplation of the general election of 1841*, held up to the ridicule and indignation of the public, so truly and so powerfully, that he was called triumphantly to office to correct and defeat that very same mischievous and delusive pretence which, in *contemplation of the general election of 1847*, he produces as the chief glory and claim to public confidence of himself and his followers.

It is obvious that if Sir Robert's new views be just, his former

\* To the repetition of this assertion we beg leave to repeat our answer, that much the greater part of this sum went into the pocket—not of the *British consumer*, but—of the *foreign producer*.

reproaches against the Whigs are a woful record either of bad faith or want of political sagacity. We will not here stop to inquire which of these was the real cause, or whether there was not a mixture of both—our present business is with the alleged result.

Any man of common sense must have anticipated that a result so contrary to the nature of things could not be real, and that the appearances presented by Sir Robert Peel must be the product of financial legerdemain—and so it was very soon proved to be. Lord George Bentinck, of whom we must be permitted to say that his zeal, diligence, and ability in the position to which an unexpected and, by him, we have no doubt, undesired concurrence of circumstances, has called him, have been really extraordinary—Lord George Bentinck, in a speech in the House of Commons on the 20th of July, made short work of this portion of Sir Robert Peel's manifesto, and exposed, shortly, cleverly, and completely, the juggle of the great conjuror. He showed that, though the sum total of the revenue at the two periods was truly stated by Sir Robert, an examination of the *items* composing it proved, with the most indisputable certainty, the very reverse of Sir Robert Peel's conclusion, and established beyond all contradiction that his measures were a mischievous failure, and his manifesto a mere deception.

The ordinary revenue at the commencement of Sir Robert Peel's administration was	47,917,000 <i>l</i> .
Of that sum the articles on which Sir Robert Peel tried his experiment had produced	10,528,746 <i>l</i> .

Now mark the results:—

The 37,388,254 <i>l</i> . with which Sir Robert Peel did not meddle grew up to	41,538,578 <i>l</i> .
While the 10,528,746 <i>l</i> . on which he experimented dwindled down to	6,019,427 <i>l</i> .

from which should be, as Sir Robert Peel himself admits, deducted 416,000*l*. produced by *additional* revenue from foreign sugars admitted by the Whigs. Thus, says Lord George, the revenue of 10,528,746*l*. had in fact

'dwindled down to 5,603,427*l*., showing a loss to the revenue upon that part of it upon which Sir R. Peel attempted his financial experiments of no less than 4,925,319*l*.—or 44½ per cent. And when you bear in mind that this sum of 10,528,746*l*. forms but *two-ninths* of the entire ordinary revenue, just see what would have been the condition of the country if Sir Robert Peel had tried his experimenting hand upon the whole of what are called the ordinary sources of the revenue.'

This clear demonstration improving, had *dimin*

P ' instead of the revenue on



on which he experimented, while that which he let alone had, we may say, spontaneously increased just 10 per cent. — this demonstration of the main proposition is so complete as to require no confirmation; but we may beg leave to add a corollary — viz., that as the undisturbed revenue increased 10 per cent., so it may fairly be concluded that the rest would, if left to itself, have advanced in the same proportion. The 10,528,746*l.*, therefore, would have produced about . . . . 11,550,000  
So that, deducting the actual produce, . . . . 5,600,000

There remains a defalcation of . . . . £5,950,000

Thus it results, that Sir Robert Peel's boasted improvement has been an actual loss of nearly 6,000,000*l.* a-year—a greater sum than the income-tax, which, under what the *Elbing Letter* authorizes us to call false pretences, he induced the too credulous country to permit him to impose upon it. Then will follow a second corollary: if Sir Robert Peel had dealt moderately and prudently with his relaxations, and not made wild and injudicious sacrifices that did no good but to one or two special classes who had got his ear—as of the duties on brandy, auctions, glass, timber, cotton, &c.—the natural progress of the revenue would, we now see, have enabled him to keep his promise as to the expiry of the income-tax, which might then have ceased at the three years, as originally proposed, and at all events at the extreme limit of five years. If the professed object of meeting a temporary difficulty had been the real one, we should not have seen him spending with a profuse hand on one side what he was wringing with a hard one from the other; but that would not have been the secret policy since revealed in the *Elbing Letter*.

It may, adds Lord George—

'perhaps be argued, that though it is true that Sir Robert Peel lost a great revenue upon those items with regard to which he legislated, still that, "by taking off the weight"—that is the expression—"which hung upon the springs of industry," he had given such an impulse to the great staple manufactures of this country, that he occasioned an increased consumption in all other articles—the necessities of life, and the luxuries consumed by those numerous bodies of the people engaged in the great staple manufactures—and that thus it was he indirectly regained all he had primarily lost through these reductions; and besides, if it were true that the dead loss upon cotton and wool amounted to 658,360*l.*,\* still that this loss was, nevertheless, amply indemnified by the great impulse given to cotton and woollen manufactures.'

Lord George does not satisfy himself with a mere theoretic

\* Sir Robert Peel, we think, stated the duty remitted on cotton alone at 650,000*l.*

answer to this theoretic assumption. He takes the first five months of 1845, prior to the reduction of the duty on cotton—a sacrifice of 680,000*l.*—and compares it with the first five months of 1847. What was the result? Of course this great relief to the cotton trade produced a corresponding improvement; and as we had been for above a year importing foreign corn duty-free, of course according to the free-trade doctrine we should have proportionably increased our exports; and thus, under the concurrence of these two causes, no doubt the exportation of our cotton was largely increased! Alas! no.

Declared value of cotton goods exported in the first five months					
of 1845					
1845	.	.	.	.	£10,289,868
1847	.	.	.	.	9,820,772
					£469,096

The same experiment of a sacrifice of revenue was tried on two other of our most important staple manufactures—*wool* and *glass*—and with the same result!

Declared value of manufactured woollens and glass exported in the same period:—

		Woollens.	Glass.
1845	.	£3,464,086	£215,639
1847	.	3,110,568	131,739
Decrease.		£353,518	£83,900

Thus on those three staple manufactures, favoured not merely by the relief from general taxation, but by special remissions and the free trade in corn, there was in those five months a falling-off of above 900,000*l.*—that is, at the rate of 2,160,000*l.* a-year! Other manufactures would present similar results; but these are infinitely the most important, because they were the selected tests of Sir Robert Peel's theory, and the especial objects of his partiality. We beg our readers to observe that we do not (nor did Lord George) enter into the general question of the effect of taxation on manufactures, or on the causes that retard or accelerate production and exportation. We advert to the topic, as his Lordship seems to have done, merely as an answer, and a most conclusive one it is, to the allegation that Sir Robert Peel's sacrifice of revenue on particular articles was compensated by the effect which the increased consumption of such articles must produce.

To Lord George's most effective speech, and to a subsequent address, equally able, which he published to his constituents at Lynn, an answer under the title of 'Plain Facts' has been attempted by one of the Peel partisans—generally said to be Mr. Goulburn. This, however, we entire because we doubt whether it speaks Mr.



next, because we are quite certain that Mr. Goulburn *could* not make such gross blunders, and *would* not practise such disingenuous shifts as this pamphlet exhibits—of which, though its general scope is beyond our present purpose, we must give a specimen or two that happen to affect the topic on which we are treating.

It is the pamphleteer's business to exalt the Peel policy, to bolster up the Tamworth manifesto, and to show how manufactures have thriven under the late administration; and he accordingly produces an account of cotton '*entered for home consumption*,' in 1841, which of course he wishes to keep low; and in 1845, which he wishes to carry high. To help this object (though the increase was really great enough to have dispensed him from the use of such a trick), he gives for 1841, as his title purports, the entries for *home consumption*; but for 1845 he gives the *gross* importation, making a difference of 37,000,000 lbs. in favour of his argument. We suppose this to be a trick, and not an accidental mistake, because it is subsequently repeated with regard to wool, and in the same direction—that is, 2,600 000 lbs. in favour of the writer's argument. This seems a paltry deception; but it is worth notice as characteristic of the pamphlet and of the school whence it issues. In the same spirit the writer picks out for comparison such periods as suit his purpose—and now adopts one denomination and measure, and now another. Sometimes he gives the *declared* value, sometimes the *official*—which are not only different, but absolutely incommensurable; and he shifts from one to the other as they happen to afford him some superficial advantage. So, also, he selects one year for one article and another year for another; because, if compared for the same period, the differences would, as it were, neutralize each other, and defeat his sophistry: but the main deception is that he generally adopts for his comparisons the years 1841 and 1845 *only*. We do not complain that he selects the last year of Whig misrule and the last year in which Sir R. Peel appeared to adhere to his old principles—but we do complain that, excluding all mention of the preceding and intermediate years, he keeps out of sight a most—the most important ingredient in the argument—the *natural* fluctuations and progress of trade—and sets down the whole apparent excess of the latter over the former year to the account of Sir Robert Peel's special measures. Thus, for instance, he boasts, as we have seen, of the increased importation of raw cotton in 1845 over 1841—comparing a most prolific with a blighted cotton crop; but if he had gone back one year only, to 1840, and had advanced one year only, to 1846, when the free-trade measure as regards cotton (passed only in 1845) was first in operation—fairly tested and staring him in the face—he would have been obliged to show that the importation in  
that

that year, while Sir Robert was still a Protectionist on the opposition benches, exceeded that subsequent to the abolition of the import duty on American slave-grown cotton by 1,117,999 cwts. (125,215,888 lbs.) Indeed, had he even condescended to compare 1842 with 1846, one bad American cotton crop with another, he would have exposed a falling off of 343,464 cwts. (38,467,968 lbs.) in the home consumption. We cannot waste further time and space on the details of a work that thus alternates between the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*—one short but comprehensive specimen of the author's candour will close our account with him. He states that Sir Robert Peel's reduction of the duty on silk raised the home consumption of that manufacture thus—

1843	.	.	.	.	5,480,630 lbs.
1845	.	.	.	.	6,328,128 „

These few figures swarm with misrepresentations. In the first place, the first item is the *home* entry; the second is the *gross*; making a convenient difference of about 100,000 lbs. in the writer's favour. Next he begins with the year 1843—quite gratuitously—and as gratuitously ends with 1845. Let us correct this error and these omissions, and see how the comparison will look:—

1842	.	.	.	.	5,725,503!!!
1843	.	.	.	.	5,480,039
1844	.	.	.	.	5,679,706
1845	.	.	.	.	6,244,220
1846	.	.	.	.	5,352,229!!!

Thus we see that the year following Sir Robert Peel's measures showed an immediate decrease of near 300,000 lbs.; and though 1845 afforded a considerable increase, 1846 has again fallen 400,000 lbs. below the starting-point of 1842. The writer's statements, even if true, are of no importance to the questions raised—for nobody doubts that as a general rule, *et ceteris paribus*, the removal of duties would create an increased importation. If true, we say, it would prove nothing as to the general policy of reduction;—but it happens from special causes not to be true, and we have only to wonder at so gross a falsification for so paltry an object. Yet this is the pith of the whole pamphlet—it considers every increase of importation a proof of Sir Robert Peel's success, without attempting to show that the increase was not produced by causes totally foreign from Sir Robert Peel's policy. In some cases, indeed, there is no doubt increased importation may be mainly attributed to the removal of duties. We confess we have rather wondered at the author, who produces them as

\* A still more

tion of the  
dearer



dearer articles of dress is found in the increasing net receipts of revenue from the importation of silk manufactured goods.

	1844.	1845.
Silk manufactured goods of Europe .	£277,155	£311,338

*Plain Facts, p. 34.*

Oh, ye starving manufacturers of Coventry and Spitalfields!—what say you to such a proof of your prosperity as this increase of French and Italian ribbons and silks? And this strange advocate produces the following table as a proof of Sir Robert Peel's triumph, where we see nothing but a presage and prospect of the ruin of *all* domestic industry.

Description.	Date of Lowering the Duty.	Net Receipt of Customs' Duty.	Net Receipt of Customs' Duty.
China or Porcelain Ware, gilt, painted, or ornamented . . .	1842, 9th July	1841. £3,802	1845. £5,025
Clocks . . . . .		7,722	13,894
Embroidery and <i>Needlework</i> . . . . .		9,066	9,212
Gloves (Leather) . . . . .		26,100	33,314
Musical Instruments . . . . .		5,129	5,481
Watches . . . . .		1,736	7,837

Sir Robert Peel boasted of his admission of *raw materials* for domestic industry; he will, we think, not much thank his unlucky advocate, who exhibits amongst his triumphs the introduction of the foreign articles enumerated in this table—things none of which conduce to 'the labourer's recruiting his exhausted strength with untaxed food,' but, on the contrary, shut up so many important channels through which the fancies and fashions of the rich flowed to encourage and reward the industry of the poor. Oh, glorious triumph of Peel policy! The workshops of England may be empty and her workhouses may be filled with ruined tradesmen and starving artificers, while the shops of Regent-street and the salons of May-Fair contribute to increase the revenue on foreign china, foreign clocks, foreign watches, foreign gloves, foreign laces, and even foreign *needlework*. Accursed be such a revenue! and we should pronounce the same anathema against a French minister, who from any motive should pander to an anti-national spirit in favour of English manufactures, to the ruin of the working classes of Rouen, Lyons, or Paris.

But even when there has been an increased consumption of articles to which no such objection as that we have just stated can be made, on what principle of common sense is all that to be attributed

tributed to Sir Robert Peel? In the first place, as we have before said, *any* lowering of duty will of course produce an increase, or at least counteract a decrease, of consumption; but the profit on the increased consumption may not be, and indeed seldom is, equivalent to the loss sustained by the revenue, and the injury which that loss must inflict on other interests; for be it recollected that no *ten shillings* of an old duty are anywhere remitted that the public at large have not to pay *twelve or fifteen shillings* in some new form. But on the general subject of the increasing consumption of this and, we believe, every other country—even of the waterlogged Peninsula itself—it needed no manifesto from Tamworth, and no silly echo in a pamphlet, to inform us that the natural progress of the capital and population of this great empire cannot in ordinary circumstances retrocede—that it must necessarily triumph over the weak, or the false, or the fraudulent policy of this or that administration. The real question for statesmen is as to the degree in which ministerial policy may advance or retard these natural results. For our own parts, friendly as we were to a great part—and, above all, to the discriminating principle—of Sir Robert Peel's tariff in 1842, but dissenting as we did from many of his then measures, and still more from his subsequent remission of taxation, we are willing to allow a longer time for the complete development of his experiment before we pronounce it, in a commercial point of view, so utter a failure as most practical men consider it to be. So great is the confusion into which the later measures of his administration have thrown all parties and all interests, that—with a strong anticipation that every future test of his policy will work its condemnation, as every test already applied to it has done—we still defer forming a definitive judgment till his measures, and particularly his corn-law policy, can have something like a fair trial; for up to this moment all we know is, that he abolished the old law, and that he enacted a new one; which proposed to meet a special emergency, was repealed as soon as the emergency arose; and what with the famine in Ireland and scarcity abroad, the prices at home have been such as, *practically* speaking, to have little or no effect on domestic agriculture. If—instead of Sir Robert Peel's bungling bill—strangled as a monster as soon as it was born—the old sliding scale had been kept in activity, the rise of prices would have operated the gradual diminution and ultimately the temporary suspense of the duties on corn, and every advantage derived from the absolute abrogation of the corn-laws would have been effected smoothly, and without shocks, reactions, and acting principle. Nothing has ha



which would not have occurred under the former laws; but under the former law, though we should have had food duty free during our distress, moderate protection to the home grower would have been retained when returning abundance had entirely relieved us. We showed, in our last Number, the extravagant fluctuations which immediately followed Sir Robert Peel's scheme for securing steady prices. We have now to refer, with deep regret, to the extensive ruin which it has spread over the commercial world. The extravagant alarm that (no doubt for his ulterior object) he in the first instance created—the giddy spirit of adventure that he excited—the abrogation of that most wholesome and only effective check upon wild and greedy speculation, a duty graduated by prices; and finally, the general derangement of business and the feverish disturbance of men's minds which his proceedings produced, have been the main if not the sole cause of ruin directly to thousands, and consequentially to hundreds of thousands. The victims of this tremendous commercial earthquake have to return the bitter thanks of their misfortunes and misery to Sir Robert Peel. 'Long live Sultan Mahmoud,' said the vulture in the apologue; 'while he reigns we never shall want ruined villages!' 'Success,' says the official assignee, 'to Sir Robert Peel! while he legislates we never shall want bankruptcies.' He expressed a hope, in his last *ad captum vulgi* speech, that he might be 'remembered in the cottage when the labourer recruited his strength with untaxed food.' That celebrated peroration was printed in golden letters on a blue card, with a splendid gilded border, ornamented with allegorical decorations:—Bees and a beehive in one corner—ships and corn sacks in another—weavers and looms in a third—ploughs and wheatsheaves in the fourth!—and largely circulated gratis. How has this golden promise been kept? The labourer is in a worse condition than ever, and Sir Robert Peel may be better remembered than thanked in the chambers of misery, where tears of anguish moisten the untaxed but *dearer* bread which the discharged artisan cannot earn, and which charity scantily, or the parish grudgingly, supplies. No minister in the world ever ventured to make such violent experiments, and of course such unjustifiable havoc, with the fortunes of individuals and of the public as Sir Robert Peel, by a system of unparalleled delusion—deluded himself and deluding others—has been enabled to do. Of the ultimate result on the general interest we have, as we have said, refrained from passing a premature opinion; but it is impossible to conceal our conviction that as men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, so nations cannot reap any solid advantages from measures designed and executed in deception,

tion, and marked in their first steps by so much individual ruin. The first fruits of this new policy appear to be the clustering bankruptcies of the *London Gazette*.

Of one result of Sir Robert Peel's conduct we can speak more positively; his financial measures have all failed—not perhaps in accomplishing his secret object, but in the promise and pledge he gave to the country, when he proposed a three years' property-tax at 7*d.* in the pound, just to keep our heads above water till the natural increase of the revenue should enable us to swim without that bladder. Yet in this alleged penury of the Exchequer, and under the veil of this temporary income-tax, calculated at 4,500,000*l.*, he by degrees slips off 7,000,000*l.* of old established taxes, and makes it now a flagrant, as it always was a designed, certainty that, as long as his principles prevail, the income-tax should not only never expire, but must be doubled, tripled, and, in short, loaded till its back breaks, with all the burthens of the State. This astonishing deception was tardily confessed in the *Elbing Letter*; but it had been presaged, as we are now apologetically told, by a series of preparatory steps: the confiding majority was lured on by almost imperceptible degrees, and it was not till Sir R. Peel saw the country irretrievably entangled in the Income-tax that he ventured on his Corn-law project. But even then he did not quite throw off the mask; his measure professed to be preparatory and experimental; he said not a word about perpetuating the income-tax; he never, we believe, let fall the words *free trade*. The repeal of the corn-laws was a sufficient tub to the whale—'sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof;' and it was not till the *Elbing Letter*, addressed to a little Prussian town, that the British nation learned how deeply and prepensively they had been involved in this, perhaps, irretrievable difficulty.

But we return willingly from motives which may be doubtful to results which, unfortunately, are too real. We have already said that the effect of Sir Robert Peel's measures on agriculture cannot be yet fully appreciated. We lament to see such fluctuations in the prices of corn, as 120*s.* a quarter in June, and 45*s.* in August—we ourselves having paid within one month 11*d.* and 6*d.* for the same size and quality of bread. We grieve at the ruin which speculation in foreign grain has spread round the country, and the baneful influence of these violent vicissitudes on the work and wages of the labouring classes. We were told by the unadorned eloquence of Mr. Cobden that our national prosperity depended on the extension of our foreign imports, and this Sir Robert Peel adopted as the foundation of his new statistical and financial system. 'Take their corn,' he said, 'and they *must* take your manufactures.'



The most deceptive theories have generally some basis of truth. It is perfectly clear that if we take any commodities from others, *something* must be given in return—but how has the result proved the practical working of this truism? We have taken largely and extraordinarily, and the *something* given in exchange has been our gold, the abstraction of which to the extent only of five or six millions has thrown the whole complicated machinery of our industry into utter confusion. It is impossible to estimate the change operated in the value of property of every description by thus spending the medium of all internal circulation to meet the foreign balance against us—funded, railroad, and every description of property largely depreciated—the interest of money doubled—the assistance of credit withdrawn from all but the most powerful capitalists—all traders of moderate means either reduced to bankruptcy or in hourly dread of it. It would probably be no exaggeration to rate the depreciation of property consequent upon this abstraction of the precious metals at ten times the five or six millions withdrawn from the Bank. The economist treats this view of the case with utter contempt—gold and silver are with him of no other importance than any other merchandise—but the commonest experience of every practical man teaches another lesson. Neglecting domestic production and taking without limit that of foreign countries, forces, it is true, a return of *something*, but that *something* is in the first instance your money; and when that is exhausted, it does not follow that you shall have the means of commanding the foreign article at all. You may cease to take it from absolute inability to pay for it. Another year of scarcity might have brought us to that. It was in vain that we, and others, of more authority than we, endeavoured to show the economists that this reasoning was not more unsound in principle than unfounded in fact; we proved (Q. R. LXXVIII. 541), by the Custom-house documents, the extraordinary fact that, for a series of years, our commerce with the four great corn-growing countries of the Continent had exhibited so extraordinary a phenomenon, as that the more of their produce we imported, the less of our manufactures they took in return. The same principle seems also to hold good in our commerce with America. We have been favoured with the following table of our exports and imports to and from the United States, in the substantial accuracy of which we have full confidence, though we have not ourselves been able to follow the complicated details, picked out from a vast number of official returns, of which it is composed:\*

\* The main difficulty was the adjusting the different measures of value—*official*, *declared*, and *real*—employed in the various returns, to one standard; but we have no doubt that the table is a near approximation to the real values.

REAL VALUE of EXPORTS to the United States, contrasted with REAL VALUE of IMPORTS from the United States, in three several periods of 5 years each.

	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
1815	£13,255,374	£2,844,345
1816	9,556,577	2,758,019
1817	6,930,360	3,414,652
1818	9,451,010	3,993,197
1819	4,516,780	2,812,479
1st period of 5 years	£43,710,101	£15,822,686
Balance in favour of England . . .		£27,827,415
1826	£4,659,018	£3,838,178
1827	7,018,272	5,598,072
1828	5,810,315	3,725,171
1829	4,823,415	3,783,948
1830	6,132,346	4,858,096
2nd period of 5 years	£28,443,366	£21,803,465
Balance in favour of England . . .		£6,639,901
1842	£3,528,807	£10,668,584
1843	5,013,504	13,899,854
1844	7,938,079	15,055,352
1845	7,147,663	11,932,606
1846	6,830,460	14,580,058
3rd, Peel's period of 5 years . . . }	£30,458,513	£66,136,454 !!!
Balance against England . . .		£35,677,941 !!!

This table—a portentous one surely, though we only produce it as one of *approximation*—will be illustrated by our remembering that in 1828 Mr. Huskisson, in the House of Commons, threatened the United States that, if they persevered with their restrictive Tariff, England would retaliate, and, by a protecting duty on cotton, would foster its growth in our own Asiatic colonies—until British India should supply the whole world with cotton, as under protection she had supplanted Guatemala and already supplied the world with indigo.

Mr. Canning, too, had threatened in 1825 or 1826 to treat *cleaned cotton* (i.e. cotton cleaned with the *saw-gin*) as a *manufactured article*, if the United States persevered in their high Tariff. But Canning and Huskisson are gone—and though Peel and Cobden pretend to have caught their mantles, and America has



persevered in her high Tariff, England has not retaliated—and the public accounts as well as the history of the two countries tell us that whilst in the first *five years* after the peace with the United States in 1815, we exported to them British produce and manufactures to the declared value of £3,710,101*l.*—against an import in the same period of 15,822,686*l.*—under the rule of the Peels and the Cobdens, the United States have turned the tables upon us, and in the last five years, from 1842 to 1846 inclusive, the declared value of our exports has dwindled to 30,458,513*l.*—whilst the real sterling value of the produce of the United States imported into the United Kingdom, *inclusive of freight* (of which the United States' share is more than two-thirds), was not less in the *one year*, 1846, than 15,907,275*l.*; and we do not think it too much to estimate that in the year now current this sum will have swelled to a considerably larger sum. And this, whilst Marshall (*Official Tables*) tells us that by virtue of her raised Tariff the American Republic was enabled, between 1815 and 1830, to pay off no less than 27,000,000*l.* sterling of her federal debt—25-27ths of all her taxes being raised from FOREIGN IMPORTS, and, as stated by Mr. Huskisson in 1828, *half of the whole* from the produce and manufactures of Great Britain.

In face of these historical events, resulting from the commercial policy of England and the United States, we cannot but wonder how the author of '*Plain Facts*' should have been permitted by his leaders to say to the world—

'These statements evidently show that, while we have encouraged other countries to send us more of their commodities, they have taken a large quantity of our produce and manufactures in return. Official documents furnish us with the following information by which we may judge for ourselves whether those countries who supply us with the *greatest quantity of the raw material do not in consequence become better customers to us!!!*'—p. 34.

The official documents establish, we see, the very contrary proposition; but reasoning and facts are equally disregarded by the philosophers of the new school—a *principle*, as they call it, is to them what Johnson said a pun was to Shakspeare, 'the fatal Cleopatra for which they would lose the world and be content to lose it.' The economists hold that imports and exports are like the action and reaction in physics—*equal*, though *contrary*—and they sacrifice British to foreign agriculture, in the hope and promise that, though the former might be ruined by the importation of foreign grain, the manufacturer must thrive by a corresponding export of goods to balance the account. We denied that, even if this were true, it would be eventually beneficial to the several commercial and manufacturing interests of this country; but how lamentably different from the truth has it turned out to be! No  
great

great experiment on the commerce of nations was ever brought to so early, so remarkable, and so favourable a trial:—the world was at peace—the countries within themselves prosperous, and similarly and simultaneously so in an unprecedented degree—all were vying with each other in the happy and profitable arts of peace. The Bank of England in March, 1845, had 16,204,220*l.* of gold and silver in her coffers. Sir Robert Peel took that favourable opportunity to try his grand experiment: he opened our ports to foreign manufactures by low duties; and the unexpected events in Ireland—wholly unexpected in their extent and duration—brought into immediate trial a branch of the experiment which might otherwise have been wanting. The Government pretended\* that we required a large importation of corn, and they encouraged, nay, pressed and stimulated this importation in a confidence (we hope sincere) in the truth of their economical dogma, that every pound of imported food must be paid for by an equivalent of exported manufactures—nay, we were promised a large balance in our favour at the winding up of the account. Well! we have made the largest imports ever known, and what has been the result? It is, alas! that our exports are diminished and less profitable—that with our greatest customer, instead of a great balance in our favour, there is in the five years of the experiment a fearful balance of 35,000,000*l.* against us—that a considerable portion of our manufacturers, merchants, bankers, and brokers are ruined—that the wealthiest firms are breaking and oldest houses tumbling down in all directions—that great manufactories are closed, and closing—that the terrified operatives themselves are imploring their masters to *work short time*, that is, to allow them to work for short wages rather than starve altogether. We find in the London papers of the 9th of September the following extract from the ‘Manchester Guardian’:—

‘*Proposed Reduction of Wages.*—The mill-owners of Mossley and the neighbourhood have resolved upon reducing the wages of the operative spinners in their employ 10 per cent. This determination of the manufacturers was made known to the work-people on Friday evening by the following notice, which was posted up in each mill:—“Notice. On and after the 17th September instant, a reduction of 10 per cent. will take place in the wages of the spinners in our employ.” This step has given much dissatisfaction to the operatives, *who wished to work shorter time rather than be reduced.*”—*Standard, 9th Sept.*

During these calamitous vicissitudes bread rose for a time to an unprecedented price—but there was no proportionate rise of

\* From the 5th of June, 1845, to the 5th of June, 1846, we actually lived on grain of British and Irish growth, with the exception of 1,300,000 quarters of corn of all descriptions.



wages; bread has now fallen again to a rate comparatively cheap, and wages have not only fallen, but the mills and workshops are absolutely closed. In the state of confusion into which the political and commercial world *has been thrown*, we are unwilling to take upon ourselves to affirm that all the mischief and misery that have so suddenly come upon us are traceable absolutely and entirely to Sir Robert Peel's measures. We believe that they are in a very great measure. It is at least certain that they have followed closely on the heels of the measures which Sir Robert promised should prevent such calamities. Another fact, too, is indisputable, that there was not one single prospect of advantage, personal, economical, or national, held out to us by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Villiers, or their disciple Sir Robert Peel, as the result of free trade and the repeal of the corn-laws, which has not been within these eighteen months miserably disappointed and reversed.

We need not trouble our readers with details familiar to every eye and ear of commercial failures and manufacturing distress; but we cannot omit to notice the strong and growing evidence which every day brings of the truth of the opinion which we long ago stated on the principle of *free trade*. We do not believe that there ever can be any such thing. *Free imports* we can understand, and that experiment Sir Robert Peel has been making, with what success we have just seen; but without a reciprocity there can be no free trade, and where have we found the slightest response to our invitation? As long as nations have and make debt, and levy and maintain armies and fleets—and alternate between expensive war and peace almost as expensive as war used to be—as long as there are independent countries and a diversity of national interests—as long as there is a diversity of internal interests within the respective nations—there will be and must be a revenue of Customs, and the duties will in every country be imposed in the manner most beneficial to their own national interests in the first place, and in the next to the most important classes of their manufacturing population. Free trade is an absolute Utopia which never can have any real existence between independent manufacturing nations, and the pursuit of which is as vain, and will, if proceeded in, be as destructive, as the search after the philosopher's stone ever was to any crazy alchemist.

This in any case we should have thought that the most ordinary common sense must see; but that such a man as Sir Robert Peel—a man of great experience, great talents, and, when not warped by some monomania, of great integrity and sagacity—should propose that England should take the lead in this dance—this dance of death—seems altogether astonishing. England with  
800,000,000*l*.

800,000,000*l.* of debt, for the interest of which mere dead weight she raises 26,000,000*l.* of taxes every year—England, which is assessed with local and poor-rates to a greater amount than the income of most monarchies—that England, with such a millstone round her neck, should be able to compete with the comparatively untaxed foreigner on terms of absolute equality, is a flagrant absurdity, and can end in nothing but ruin. Though we are unwilling to lengthen our paper by details with which every newspaper teems, we cannot resist offering one striking example of the impossibility of English manufactures existing under a system of absolute free trade. If there is anything in which England may be said to have peculiar advantages over other countries, it is in hardware; she has herself the best iron in Europe except the Swedish, and the Swedish iron is at least as accessible to her as to any country on the Continent. We also possess beyond all countries the great mastery over iron conferred by *coal*, and we have also the greatest power of machinery, and our people have, of all the world, the greatest aptitude for its management: who therefore could hope to undersell us in hardware? What can we, with our native iron, our abundant coal, our skilful artizans, fear from any rival? The ‘Standard’ of the same 9th September states the following evidence:—

‘Mr. S. Thornton, manufacturer and merchant at Birmingham—

‘There are half a dozen large screw-manufacturers in and about Birmingham. My inquiries among them lead me to conclude that three or four years ago nearly one-half of the quantity produced went to the American market; at present, not more than 5 per cent. finds its way there. A neighbour of mine, an extensive screw-maker, informs me that his returns alone to that market were of the value of 20,000*l.* per annum. They are now reduced to not more than 500*l.*

‘The following are the prices at which some articles of common use, and of qualities about equal to those of English manufacture, of which the prices are also annexed, are imported from Germany and sold at Birmingham:—

Knives manufactured at Solingen, Rhenish		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Prussia		5	3	per dozen.
<i>Ditto manufactured at Sheffield</i>		9	2	„
Scissors manufactured in Prussia		7	1	„
<i>Inferior ditto manufactured in Sheffield</i>		12	0	„
Common gimlets, manufactured at Hamburgh,				
price at Birmingham, including duty and carriage		5	6	per gross
<i>Ditto, manufactured at Birmingham</i>		7	6	„
An ornamental cast in iron of the statue of Guttemburgh made at Hamburgh, price in Birmingham 9 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> , would cost to make at Birmingham 25 <i>s.</i> ?				

And



And again—

‘The staple trade of Wolverhampton, Bilston, Willenhall, Darlaston, Wednesbury, Sedgely, &c., consists of the making of hinges, bolts, nails, locks, screws, &c.; articles, the *main part of the cost of which is that of the iron, and the coal for working it up.* The high price of coal and iron has driven a great deal of this trade to Prussia and Belgium, which countries are now successfully competing with our own producers of these articles in neutral markets. America now makes nearly all her own rails. *This has occurred within the last four years only.* The production of iron in Germany, Belgium, France, and America has greatly increased.’—*Ib.*

We have no wish to lay undue stress on the ordinary fluctuations of manufacturing prosperity—it is so essentially the nature and the misfortune of that species of industry to be liable to those vicissitudes, that prudent statesmen have always viewed the predominance of that interest in a country with apprehension, and if we do not mistake, Sir Robert Peel himself expressed an opinion that the increase of such a population, already too prolific by nature, ought not to be stimulated by any special encouragement—yet soon after the expression, if we correctly remember it, of this very just opinion, he, with no other object that we can imagine than the stimulating this already overgrown branch of industry, removes the whole duty on cotton-wool. We repeat and record our decided opinion, that against an open trade with the untaxed or lightly taxed countries of Europe or America, no species of our industry, agriculture, or manufacture, encumbered as they are with the heavier weight of our taxation and the superior condition of our people, and the general complication of our system of society and government, can successfully struggle. Our whole fabric of national prosperity—and, whatever minor defects may be attributed to it, a glorious fabric it was—arose from this protective system: if you could succeed in totally destroying it, you remove your foundation, and the edifice will fall on you—the insane heads that have undermined it.

Of this opinion was Sir Robert Peel even so late as in 1841, when he and his Apologists now represent him as having already thoroughly adopted and even occasionally indicated those deplorable hallucinations called free-trade principles. On the 18th of May, 1841, Sir Robert said—

‘The honourable gentleman (Mr. Villiers) says that his principles, and the principles of his friends who concur with him, are, that without reference to any other consideration whatever, our true policy is to *buy in the cheapest market.* Now, if these are the principles of the honourable gentleman, and to be uniformly and invariably applied, without  
reference

reference to the circumstances under which, and the time at which they are to be applied, I can only say, that in those principles, or rather in the application of those principles, I do not concur. I do not contest them with reference to countries in which, if it were possible to conceive such a case, there are no pre-formed relations of society; but, as my noble friend (Lord Stanley) justly said, in a country of such complicated relations, of such extensive empire, in a country where there exist moral and social obligations wholly independent of mere commercial considerations, I say invariably and uniformly to apply the principle of buying in the cheapest market would be in my opinion to involve the country in extreme embarrassment."—*Speech on the Sugar Duties.*

Five years later, in a similar debate on these same sugar duties, Sir Robert Peel expressed directly contrary opinions, and made the principle he formerly condemned his boast and his guide. We suspect that the boast is not now a very sincere one. We should not be surprised if he himself were beginning to be alarmed; and it is evident that other bolder advocates of free trade are already looking out for excuses for their miscalculations and scapegoats for their failure.

We have been led farther than we intended into a renewal of the free trade controversy as regards foreign countries; we now turn to subjects of still more pressing importance to which we have reason to fear the attention of the new Parliament will be called—we mean the system shadowed out in Sir Robert Peel's *Elbing Letter*, and (as now appears) long before contemplated by him and woven into many of his most innocent-looking measures—of a large, and eventually universal, substitution of direct for indirect taxation. We will not repeat what we said in our two last numbers against the principle of such a proposition, but we have since then seen more serious evidence of the deeper design with which it is now made, and of the nearer danger with which it threatens us. The Ministerial and Radical Journals (in this respect identified) have been putting out *feelers*, as the phrase is, to prepare the public for this change by a proposition for the repeal of the Assessed Taxes, and the ground taken is *prima facie* plausible enough—they are, say these writers, 'only an insidious *Income Tax*.' This we readily admit, and shall defend them on that very ground. The following is exhibited as the produce of the assessed taxes of 1843. Why this year has been selected we know not, but it will serve for the argument as well as any other:—

'The window-tax	.	.	.	£1,545,281
Servants	.	.	.	200,251
Carriages	.	.	.	428,903
Horses for riding, &c.	.	.	.	376,001
				Horse-dealers



Horse-dealers . . . . .	£10,860
Dogs . . . . .	151,857
Hair-powder . . . . .	4,212
Armorial bearings . . . . .	67,137
Game duties . . . . .	127,130. <sup>1</sup>

All these it is proposed to abolish, and to replace by a *property*—not an *income*—tax. It is not very difficult to show that these taxes may be in some respects objectionable—that on hair-powder, paid by about two or three hundred persons who still delight to be waited upon by powdered footmen, seems as absurd as the practice itself; but we must recollect that all these taxes were imposed by Mr. Pitt, and were the other day increased by the Whigs, and were maintained by Sir Robert Peel, when he was revising our system of taxation, for the very reason on which they are now objected to—that they are indirect—that they distribute the burden to be borne over various classes proportionably to their means and enjoyments. It is perfectly true that they are in fact a species of income-tax—for as men generally live in houses and keep servants, carriages, and horses, in some degree proportionably to their revenues, it would matter little to them whether they paid the same amount under the name of assessed or of property tax. But the change would eventually be decidedly in their favour, and it is one of the insidious features of the scheme that it is calculated to captivate support both in and out of Parliament by seeming to favour the more opulent classes, which in truth it is meant to oppress and indeed to destroy. As they are the chief payers of these taxes on residences, servants, and equipages, no doubt, if the same sum were raised by a general addition to the present income-tax, the richer classes would be proportionably relieved by spreading the burden more generally; and therefore it was that Mr. Pitt, and all his successors down to Mr. Baring and Sir Robert Peel in our own day, have wisely preferred keeping the general taxation lower, and maintaining those special duties that operated as an income-tax, graduated in some measure to the means of the persons assessed. It abates, too, the envy and odium of wealth when the taxes on its enjoyment are direct and visible. The tradesman who visits Chatsworth, or the farmer who hunts with the Belvoir hounds—paying himself no duty for his shop-window nor for his shepherd's dog—is in some degree reconciled to the taxes he does pay by seeing that the noble owners, *in addition* to their proportionate contribution to the income-tax and all other general taxes, pay a special contribution for their conservatories and their carriages, their horses and their hounds. And so we hold that in principle it should be; let those

those who have peculiar luxuries pay for them in addition to whatever may be taken as the average rate of necessary taxation. It makes, as we have said, a species of graduation in the income-tax, and is the only kind of graduation that can be established without danger of absolute confiscation; and accordingly, the object with which the abolition of the assessed taxes is proposed is *confiscation*—and nothing less. We have the alarming indications before us—and we must entreat every man of property in or out of Parliament, and who may be for a moment led astray by the agreeable prospect of getting rid of the window-tax, or the horse-tax, or the dog-tax—not to look at items but at principles, and for their own sakes to weigh maturely the following warning.

This project of absorbing all direct taxation into an income-tax is to be found in many of those crazy pamphlets which abound on all subjects, but most on finance—but it never received, that we know of, the assent of any rational man, till Sir Robert Peel avowed in the *Elbing Letter* that such had been the secret object of his whole policy. This, which we should two years ago have called a wild and extravagant vision, begins now to assume some consistency. A London newspaper, conducted in general with ability, and which, though unprecedentedly cheap, and of course professing *Radical* principles, has shown itself on various occasions to possess the confidence of the Government, has lately put forth an article exceedingly weak and indeed ridiculous in the details of its argument, but very portentous as an indication of the views of her Majesty's Ministers. After enumerating the amount of the assessed taxes already quoted, and proposing their abolition, the journalist includes in the same recommendation

‘the *unredeemed land-tax*, 1,139,148l.’—

Here again it seems as if the Radical writer was advocating the cause of the landed interest—and so he is—with just as much sincerity as he had before proposed to relieve the upper classes by the abrogation of the Assessed Taxes:—

‘This last item is the fruit of one of the greatest blunders ever committed by an English Chancellor of the Exchequer. The *aggravated difficulties* in which the occupant of this office for the time then being was involved, *about the year 1789*, made him grasp at any means of filling his coffers. Amongst other expedients, he offered for sale *the fixed revenues* of the state. The landowners were enabled to liberate themselves from a long-established, equitable, and far from heavy burden on their properties, *at a very inadequate price*, by the Land-tax Redemption Act.’—*Daily News*, Sept. 14.

This statement is inaccurate in almost every point. The date of



1789 is obviously a mere error of the press for 1798; but it is a mistake to call the land-tax the *long-established fixed* revenue of the state—it used to be voted annually, and the amount was a frequent subject of discussion from time to time; during the reign of George II, important political struggles used to take place on voting a shilling more or a shilling less of land-tax. Mr. Pitt's scheme of redemption was intended to assist public credit by absorbing a quantity of stock equivalent to the amount redeemed; but he gave up nothing, for the land-tax was and is still redeemable only at its value in the existing price of the funds, and that price, so far from being 'very inadequate,' was and is so little favourable to the redemption, that not half of it, we believe, was redeemed at the time, and little or none has been redeemed since. But the real object of these lamentations about the land-tax is soon revealed:—

'This, however, is the least part of the mischief that has been occasioned by the measure. Had the land-tax been completely redeemed, instead of partially—had the measure been compulsory and of universal application—it would have *left the field clear for the imposition of some more equitable tax*. As it is, however, it furnishes a never-failing plea against imposing any further taxes upon land.'

And this is followed by a proposition—that the redemption of what is still unredeemed shall be made compulsory—not to free the land from the imposition—not that those who have already redeemed, and those who are to be compelled to redeem, shall derive any advantage for their money—but, on the contrary, in order that all the land of the kingdom may then be equally liable to some new imposition of the same sort—'*a more equitable tax upon land*:'—

'Were the redemption of the yet remaining land-tax made compulsory, land would be placed for the future, in respect of national burdens, on the same footing as other property. There would then be no longer any shadow of plausibility for the sophistical allegation that, because a part of the land is encumbered with an hereditary burden, none of the land ought to be taxed. And thus *a revenue of from ten to twelve millions* annually might be raised by the simple and just process of a direct impost, the collection of which would, in a short time, be felt less grievous than the existing vexatious and inquisitorial taxes alone.'

There is no revolutionary confiscation of property, that we ever before read of, equal in violence and injustice to this. Landowners are to be *compelled* to redeem their land-tax without any inquiry as to their means of doing so—and not that they are really to get any return for their money, but that, on the contrary, the newly-redeemed land, as well as all the old redeemed land, is to be thereby made liable to a new and general land-tax—computed in  
the

the proposition at 10 or 12 millions, being more than double the present tax on *all kinds* of income and property together!

But this, bad as it is, is not the worst. If this system of direct taxation could be universally and fairly applied, it would (as we have before admitted) be plausible as an internal regulation:—(it never can supersede custom-duties as long as national independence and rivalries exist.) But we have before shown, and former advocates of direct taxation have confessed, that it is not possible to devise any mode by which it can be *fairly* applied. In fact, *direct* taxation on the mass of mankind is impossible—and would be intolerable. But no such difficulty will stand in the way of the new school. The income-tax at present begins at 150*l.* per annum—all incomes below that are only reached by the indirect taxation;—upon Sir Robert Peel's 'grand principle, that the *'labourer is to recruit his strength with untaxed food,'* the malt, tea, and sugar duties must follow—and perhaps immediately—the fate of the duties on corn; and the whole weight of taxation must fall on property:—and not even by such a property-tax as we now pay. No—a new element is introduced—*income* is no longer to be taken into account—nor even, it seems, *property*, in the common meaning of the word—but what is now emphatically and significantly, it seems, called '*realised property*.'

'Substitute for the income-tax as it at present stands the same amount of direct tax on the rents and profits of *realised property*, and the aggregate revenue now raised in the form of income-tax and assessed taxes (excluding the unredeemed land-tax) might be collected by a much more simple and less expensive machinery. The weight of what is now levied as income-tax would also be by this means more equitably apportioned. The scanty stipends of the merchant's and lawyer's clerk, of the man of letters, and of the whole class to which they belong, would thus be thrown free; while the tax would be imposed upon those who, having *realised property* to be guarded, are fairly liable to pay for the protection of the laws in proportion to the value which they secure to them.'

We must here observe *en passant* that the two last lines of the foregoing extract completely nullify the earlier argument—for assuredly men's casual incomes and personal profits are more immediately dependent on and indebted to the *protection of the laws* and the good order and security of social life than *realised property*, which, if property is to exist at all, is the least liable to disturbance. But there can be little doubt—from the tone assumed by those who perhaps truly assume to be viceroys over the Government, and from the tone of the Government organs—that there are some designs of throwing the weight of the Assessed Taxes on what they denominate *realised property*—of attempting to



make a differential scale between *income* and *property*, which will end in relieving *income* altogether\*—of extending, probably, the exemption from 150*l.* to some higher sum—and finally, by perhaps some attempt at a direct graduation of the property-tax:—a series of operations which will immediately amount to a partial, and will soon grow to be a more extensive confiscation of what has hitherto been called property. This scheme is now openly avowed. If we do not deceive ourselves, it will be one of the first as well as the most vital duties of the Conservative party to resist the introduction of this new system of taxation—on which we must prepare ourselves to encounter not merely the Government which may propose it, but all such as adhere to the principles of the *Elbing Letter*—while the essential character of the House of Commons itself (as exhibited in Mr. Dodd's Summary) will be more favourable than any that was ever assembled to such levelling experiments. Let us be well assured that a proposition for repealing large branches of our present taxation, and replacing them with an increased assessment—perhaps even a graduated one—on '*realised property*' above 200*l.*—or perhaps 300*l.*—will meet such encouragement, as it will require all the good sense and good feeling of the country, and the most cordial union of all who do not look to a radical revolution in Government as well as in Property, to resist. This new peril—nearer and more serious, we fear, than is generally supposed—we owe to the principles of the *Elbing Letter*. It remains to be seen how many of the old Whig aristocracy and of the members classed as Peelites are prepared to follow out the principles of that *Magna Charta* of confiscation. Are the great or the small landed proprietors of those parties prepared for a financial revolution (and all revolutions have had their origin in financial difficulties) which must inevitably, if carried out to the extent of the enounced principle, produce a national bankruptcy and the overthrow of the aristocratical and monarchical branches of the Constitution? This entire revolution in the financial condition of the country, if really contemplated by men in high place, which we should think impossible but for the suspicious indications which surround us, would require a much more extended consideration than our present limited space can permit: we would on this subject recommend to our readers Mr. M'Culloch's late excellent essay on taxation. And we would specially

\* In looking at Sir Robert Peel's speech when proposing the tax, we observe that he promised that in three, or at most in five years, the Government would be able 'to dispense with the *Income-Tax*.' Was there some ulterior object concealed under that expression? Was there some intent to lay grounds for a future distinction between the *income* and the *property* branches of the tax? No one at the time could dream of any such juggle; but it is such a one as the authors of the Peelite pamphlets we have noticed would be likely to argue from.

recommend to those who are desirous of freeing from taxation the instruments of wealth, to consider the consequence of over-taxing the most important of all instruments—capital.

This danger menaces our internal interests—but there is another branch of the Free-Trade mania, equally, if not indeed more instantly menacing, and which affects our national existence—we mean the avowed, and in some cases already executed, intentions of the Government to overthrow our Colonial system, and their evident leaning to an abolition of the Navigation Laws. We will endeavour to recapitulate and enforce in the fewest words possible our objections to these projects.

We say in the first place, as to the Colonies, that the two new principles adopted—the giving them governments responsible to local legislatures, and the releasing them from all reciprocation of commercial favour with the mother country—are neither more nor less than *discolonization*. If Canada is to be governed by a native Cabinet responsible to her own Legislative bodies—if her produce is to receive no favour in the English market, and English produce no favour in hers—and if British or Canadian shipping is to have no more advantage in the transport of either produce than French or American—will Lord Grey be pleased to tell us in what way Canada will differ, with regard to us, from one of the United States, *except our being burdened with the expense of defending and the PERIL of losing it?* If the Mauritius is no longer to have her produce protected from competition with the slave-grown sugar of Cuba, why should she not ask—and will she not demand—to be restored to France, who will be too glad to embrace her old colony again, and cherish her with protection? Colonies are, we say boldly, of no *intrinsic* value whatsoever; it is only as they are nurseries for native seamen and markets for native industry that they are of any worth. ‘*Ships, colonies, and commerce*’ used to be a favourite toast, involving a wise and patriotic principle; but, without *ships* and *commerce*, *colonies* are a burthen and a danger, and the sooner we are rid of them the better. Modern wisdom invites us to throw away all their advantages:—if we must obey these oracles, let us, in the name of common sense, get rid of the expense and risk also.

But it is not in the loss of our colonies merely that this new system must involve us. If you repeal the Navigation Laws, you abandon your chief nursery for seamen. Adam Smith himself—the *Adam* of free trade—excepts from his general doctrine the Navigation Laws; they are, he says, special and essential elements of national defence. To Adam Smith’s authority, and to the arguments we adduced in our last Number on this subject, we must now beg leave to add two or three observations. The



carrying trade, considered in a merely economical view, must be engrossed by the people who can build and navigate ships at the cheapest rate:—and *that* never can be England, where the materials of construction and the wages of workmen and sailors must be dearer than in the less-heavily taxed countries: for instance, it is admitted that the ships of Northern Europe will engross the coal-trade along our east coast—the best perhaps of our nurseries, and deserving peculiar attention, because it is already likely to be considerably affected by railroads. Now observe how all this must operate. Steam has already deprived us of much of the natural defence of our insular position. If we add to that the diminution of our own mercantile and colonial navy, and affect to purchase ships and to hire freight in the cheapest markets, we must be satisfied also to resign that naval superiority which, like all other articles of special and transcendental necessity, never can be had—permanently and steadily—what is called *cheap*. Every one is aware of the facilities of invasion afforded by steam; and if steam-vessels alone are to be considered, the passage of the Channel would be to a French army little more difficult than the passage of the Rhine. Nautical skill and nautical difficulties would alike be of less account. The contest would be essentially military; and when it comes to that, *we shall have to fight for England on English ground*. But there is still, in spite of the equalizing powers of machinery, great room for naval exertion; and we have been informed, on what we consider good authority, that our great General, who has approved of extensive works along the coast to meet steam invasion, has also, with that sound judgment which always directed his genius, recommended a system of naval co-operation, by which the *seaman* (a peculiarly British production, that, like all other British productions, the free-traders would discourage) may be brought in to decide the struggle between rival machineries, which, without the command of the seas by great fleets, must always expose us to the shame and the havoc of actual invasion.

It is impossible to say what novel form maritime war may take under the influence of this new element—*steam*; but we see no reason at all to suppose that we should lose any of our ancient superiority; nay, we might even calculate on increasing it. Our materials are at least as good as any; our machines and our mechanics are better; and our seamen are not *yet* diminished, nor at all degenerated. In a *steam-fight*, therefore, we have still the same, if not a greater, prospect of success; but that would not ensure the safety of the English shores. We might capture twenty sail-of-the-line off Ushant, while 50,000 men were landed in Sussex. Steam-boats are a bridge. We may consider it as

too certain that steam navigation has changed the position of this country from being impregnable to being only defensible. If we abandon our old colonial and maritime system, we must be prepared to lay aside all the old prejudice of our ancestors against standing armies. We must have a standing army in England, and a great one, instead of what has hitherto sufficed for the national defence—a *standing navy*.

It is, we think, worth while to explain in a few words how that system, now threatened with so serious a change, operated. In times of peace a small naval force only was kept in commission, chiefly for the purpose of affording a nucleus to be increased on any emergency, and in the meanwhile to visit our colonies and trading stations. This force was, the year before the French revolutionary war (1792), only 13,000 men.\* In the first years of the present peace the Tory Government—under the Whig clamour for economy, and feeling moreover that a low peace establishment was by no means incompatible with larger exertions if they should become necessary—voted (from 1816 to 1824) only 13,000 and 14,000 men: but the true *standing navy*—the real safety of the country—is the *hundred or hundred and fifty* thousand seamen who are employed during peace in the general commerce of the country. The ships in commission are manned by voluntary enlistments for about three or five years; and for a number so comparatively small, voluntary enlistment sufficed, though sometimes not without considerable delay—for ships have been many months in commission before they could be manned. The good treatment, however, and lenient discipline, together with increased pay and comforts, and service-pensions, have latterly made the Royal Navy so popular with the seamen, and the class of seamen itself has under the wise system of our Navigation Laws so much increased, that there is found little difficulty in procuring 30,000 seamen—about the number which has been voted these last few years. Now this number, though nearly double the number employed in 1824, or which, we think, in an ordinary state of peace, ought to be employed, is barely sufficient for the various duties of late imposed on the navy. It would be totally inadequate for a war even with a single power; and we probably never shall again have only one enemy to contend with. In any emergency the services of the mercantile seamen must be called in, either by the slow and ineffective inducement of bounties, or by the more summary and productive process of impressment.

This was our cheap but most effective system of national

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\* Exclusive of the Marines, which are in the proportion of about two-fifths of the seamen voted; but it is to the *sailors* only that our observations apply throughout.



defence. Instead of keeping 100,000 men in commission at an enormous, and for the time useless, expense, they are encouraged to employ themselves in the coasting, colonial, and foreign trades. When war comes, and that they can no longer pursue their peaceful calling, and *become themselves liable to capture and foreign prison*, the Royal Navy calls them into military action, both of aggression against the enemy and of protection to those of their fellows still engaged in mercantile pursuits. At the end of the war they are paid off and return to their ordinary employment, where, instead of becoming less useful, they are, as if in a school, every day acquiring additional skill and aptitude for future service in the Royal Navy. To foster and encourage this admirable system, which trained men in peace to the highest duties of war, and which—when last tried—exhibited its results in a galaxy of victories too long to be named and too glorious to require it, was the main object of our colonial policy and Navigation Laws; and in fact all our colonial expenditure, and the additional increased freightage to which the Navigation Laws may have subjected our trade, was the price we paid for this *standing navy*. We did not directly pay these 100,000 men for their liability to be called upon to serve, but we indirectly paid them by the favour and encouragement which mercantile commerce received.

We used to hear violent complaints of the injustice and tyranny of *impressment*—nay, its legality was at one time disputed; but the duty of compulsory service in defence of the state is as old as society in England, or indeed as any civilized government; it is a law, we may say, of nature, and exists by land as well as by sea, as is proved in principle by the feudal services and the *posse comitatus* of old, and by the militia-ballots in modern practice. The landsman is bound to serve by land, the seaman to serve by sea—but there is always such a supply of landsmen willing and able to undertake a service which requires no antecedent education or skill, for a very small bounty, that compulsion is seldom actually necessary; while the seamen are a limited class—with special requisites only to be obtained by education, practice, and peculiar aptitude—a class who can always find employment in private trade, and who, therefore, will not, to a sufficient extent for the greater numbers required in war, voluntarily resign the personal independence, and often the higher wages of a private trader, for the discipline and restraint of a man-of-war—to which there used to be little other inducement than honourable danger. The real hardship and the chief cause of the reluctance was that we forced men to serve the public at lower wages than the merchant would give them. The superior advantages which have been gradually (but at a great standing expense)

expense) extended to the Royal Navy have wonderfully aided voluntary enlistment, and after a thirty years' peace people begin to look upon impressment as an antiquated abuse—an obsolete relic of the old oppression which never can revive. We tell them that they are egregiously mistaken: not only can the country never dispense with the power of naval impressment, but we are, we fear, destined to see not merely a standing army, but a *conscription* to maintain it, whenever it becomes too large to be recruited by volunteers—those adventurous youths who 'hang loose on society;' and when we are driven to a conscription ashore, it is very plain that this will be more or less extensive and stringent in proportion as we have a less or a greater number of *seamen* ready to stand in the first line and bear the first brunt of our insular defence. The maintenance, therefore, of the Navigation Laws, and every other possible encouragement that is given to the native ship and the native sailor, is so much saved to the country in the expense of the army and, as we shall find whenever a war comes, in the personal service that will necessarily be extorted from individuals at home. Let us recollect that even when Howe and Duncan, Jervis and Nelson, had swept hostile fleets from the face of the ocean, we were obliged to call out, in addition to the regular army and *compelled* militia, 50,000 of an army of reserve, and 300,000 volunteers. (*Ann. Reg.* 1803.) Against the constant and extended powers of steam no partial levies or voluntary enrolments will suffice; and we especially warn the new members of Parliament that, in addition to all other difficulties and objections, every step towards impairing the influence of the Navigation Laws is an advance towards the Continental system (for steam makes us almost a part of the Continent) of powerful standing armies and conscriptions to maintain them, and as a necessary consequence the probable shifting of battle-fields from Flanders and Picardy to our own shores—from Ramillies and Waterloo to Pevensey Level or Barham Downs. These are considerations which seem never to have occurred to the advocates for free trade, and which they will no doubt call wild and visionary; but long attention to subjects of this kind, and a distinct recollection of the situation of this country in its last struggle with Buonaparte, together with, as we believe, a just appreciation of the probable results of steam navigation, convince us of the justice of the apprehensions we have expressed, and of the vital importance to the safety of the empire of resolutely and decidedly resisting *any measure* that can tend in *any degree* to destroy or weaken our own natural peculiar MONOPOLY, our *insular position*, which has generated our shipping and our seamen, and of which in return these are the first and best protection and safeguard.



and which Sir Robert Peel and some of his friends attended with such remarkable assiduity and so evident a determination against that system, was little better than a solemn mockery—a vain and idle and delusive investigation, set on foot and pursued, we fear, only to endeavour to find some colour for the contemplated change. A statesman needs not inquire whether these laws do not, to a certain degree, trammel trade and enhance freights—that needs no inquiry. It is evident; but so do all measures of security and defence—so do lighthouse dues—so do the walls of fortified towns. The real question for both ministers and people is, whether the amount of impediment or dearness created by the Navigation Laws—even if much larger than any one pretends it to be—is too great a price to pay for the additional security that they contribute to our harvests and our homes—the inviolability of our territory—our independent national existence.

On a question so vital as we consider this to be, we cannot refrain from adding one remarkable fact of another class, which will develop the kind of tactics by which this free-trade fraud is to be imposed upon us. The unhappy Irish famine, that was made the stalking-horse of the repeal of the corn-laws, was also made the pretext for proposing the suspension of the Navigation Laws. It was pretended that there was not British freight sufficient to supply the wants of Ireland. There was, in fact, no want of shipping for all *legitimate trade*; and, though the immense speculations in particular ports created a partial glut before shipping could be prepared to meet it, the truth is that no ships (or none worth mentioning) were eventually employed that might not have equally brought their cargoes under the Navigation Laws. But this outcry helped to increase the public panic, to swell the clamour against the corn-laws, and to create prejudice against the Navigation code—and so it was passed; and the result of all this irregular legislation—all these stimulants to speculation—all these undue and unnecessary incentives to importation, has been to *swamp* the markets, and drown most of those who were rash enough to yield to these delusive impulses.\* The device was in character with the rest of these insidious proceedings, and the result has been even more immediately calamitous.

We have thus treated—very imperfectly, we are aware—the three great subjects which are likely to be brought into the earliest discussion—the Christianity of our constitution—the security of property and public Credit—the elements of our maritime power, colonial empire, and national safety. Upon the first of these we

\* At one time 30,000 tons of shipping had congregated at New York, which could obtain no loadings; freights that had jumped up to 14s. fell to 2s.; and we have seen in the newspapers of a fortnight ago, that *Indian meal* was actually sold in Belfast 1l. per ton cheaper than *guano*.

have no indication how the third party may be disposed to vote: on the two latter their *Leader*—for so, in spite of his *Nolo episcopari*, we must presume to call him—has given in his *Elbing Letter* so distinct a pledge—not merely of opinions, but of actual designs if his ministerial career had not been arrested—that we have little doubt that, with perhaps some special reserve—some *tertium quid* to preserve a colour of individual consistency—Sir Robert Peel will substantially forward these measures, whoever may propose them. We know that some persons for whom we have great respect have even of late expressed a reluctance to break altogether with Sir Robert Peel, and a hope that the Conservative party might be again united under his command. We should most heartily join in the same wish, if we could hope that Sir Robert Peel would or could rejoin his ancient banner; but we are reluctantly obliged to declare that we hold such a hope to be a dangerous delusion. The thing is impossible; the attempt would produce nothing but disappointment and mischief. Sir Robert Peel is not merely pledged to all the measures that the Conservative body deem so perilous to the country, but he is in the first degree the author of the danger; and, putting out of consideration all older causes of complaint and distrust, the Conservative party can never have any confidence in the speaker of the *Revolutionary Speech* which closed his administration, and the not less revolutionary *Elbing Letter* which followed it. We deeply and on every account, personal and public, deplore it; but we believe the schism to be utterly irreconcilable, and we think it our duty to express that opinion.

In conclusion, we have little more to do than to repeat, with additional earnestness, the advice respectfully offered at the close of our last Number, that the peculiar and indeed unparalleled position of the Conservative Party requires the most cordial union—the firmest resolution, and at the same time the greatest caution—we should say reluctance—in taking any step or in raising any questions of their own. They must recollect that though one element of their strength is the division of their opponents, they themselves are—as their party has been for half a century, ever since Mr. Pitt's unfortunate mismanagement of the Catholic question—divided on that important subject; that since then other shades of difference on minor matters have supervened, all of little importance compared with the great interests that we have treated of, but sufficient to distract and divide the party, if imprudently pushed into discussion. We conjure them therefore to forget, or at least to postpone, all their minor differences in presence of the revolutionary attack with which we are menaced—to take up a defensive position, and not be tempted from



have enough to resist. If they attempt to advance, they will assuredly give their enemies a greater advantage over them, and Lord John will again be able to quote the triumphant exclamation of the great Whig of the Commonwealth at the indiscretion of the Tories—'*The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.*'

We well know how irksome such a line of policy must be to men of honour and spirit, indignant at the treatment they have experienced, and alarmed at the danger with which the Constitution is menaced; but it is the imperious necessity of the state of parties and the country.

Sir Robert Peel, it is evident, means to assume the convenient station of arbiter between opposing interests: he means to sit apart in the cloudy recesses of his own Olympus, and weigh in his supreme scales the fates of contending parties. We warn the Tories to allow him no such a position—to dethrone this mock Jupiter—to provoke no conflict which *he* can come forward to decide—but, on the contrary, to take up themselves that neutral position—to wait to see how Sir Robert and Lord John—who cannot long go on like the two kings of Brentford smelling at the same nosegay—dispose of their respective pretensions. Let the Tories maintain, as we think it possible for them to do, the power of arbitration between those parties. We have said that in the most important points of danger to our institutions there is a likelihood that the Whigs and the Peelites may be allies—but they must also be rivals. Lord John will not submit to Peel's supercilious protection, nor Peel to Lord John's ministerial dictation. There will probably be many occasions in which the only true Conservatives, even if unable to carry good measures, may prevent mischief, and will at least have the choice between bad and worse. If they will be satisfied 'to bide their time,' and to wait their opportunities with prudence, steadiness, and discipline, they will find that, even in this strange-looking House of Commons, they are in numbers greater than any other distinct party, and that it is only by a combination (too probable, we admit) of jealous and discordant factions that they can be on any point overpowered. They may be assured that, in spite of the influence of the Government—of the great accession of strength which the Radical and Dissenting factions have received—and of the defection of Sir Robert Peel—the old true-hearted party has still such a superiority of weight and influence in the country at large, as must give them both intrinsic and extrinsic strength in resisting all threatened innovations of serious moment; with every fair hope, 'when this tyranny shall be overpast,' of replacing substantially the government of the country on its ancient principles, Commercial, Constitutional, and Christian.

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END OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST VOLUME.





